

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

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## NONE FOR THE ROAD

A POLICE campaign in New South Wales to reduce road casualties by a stricter check on traffic breaches has met with some success.

*Any method which helps to minimise road dangers is worth a trial.*

There is one aspect of the problem where the cure lies largely with the public itself. It is in the attitude to drink and driving.

*While everyone theoretically deplors a drunken driver, too many people set elastic standards of what constitutes fitness to drive.*

At parties it is common to hear guests joke about the fitness of those with cars for the homeward journey. The jokers would be unutterably shocked if an accident occurred.

There are a few men who refuse to drink at all if they have to drive. Not necessarily teetotallers, they choose between the two.

At present they are sufficiently exceptional to be remarked upon. The great majority exercise, so they believe, caution in "not drinking too much."

But one of the most dangerous effects of alcohol is that in impairing the drinker's judgment it automatically impairs his judgment of his own sobriety.

It would be better if the majority followed the example of the few and regarded drink and driving as incompatible.

*One for the road has become a phrase too dangerous to leave in the language.*

Cars, which are potential instruments for murder and suicide, should be handled only by people in full possession of their faculties.

Alcohol, of course, is by no means the only cause of road accidents. But it is one which is easy enough to diagnose, and therefore easy to remedy.

## Our cover:

• The two puppies on our cover, who look as if they are posing for a modeller of book-ends, are Australian terriers. They are the offspring of prize Australian terriers owned by Miss E. Williams, of Randwick, Sydney. Staff photographer Eric Donnelly took the picture.

## This week:

• Larry Foley, of our New York staff, sent us the lively story on Ma Ashton (see pages 12 and 13). Ma, mother of the acrobatic troupe "The Flying Ashtons," lives in a luxurious caravan about half an hour's drive from the centre of New York. The caravan is complete with bathroom, radio, television, and is sound-proofed. It is in a caravan park, the kind of small community where Ma feels at home, because it reminds her of circus days in Australia.

• Our "Fireside Feature," showing things you can make while sitting by the fire on winter evenings, begins on page 27. This week's novel, which is included within the paper, begins on page 49. Turn to pages 16 and 17 for color pictures taken along the route for this year's Redex reliability trial.

## Next week:

• Color pictures of the wedding at Westminster Abbey of Viscount Althorp and the Hon. Frances Roche appear in next week's paper. Viscount Althorp accompanied the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on the Royal tour as Master of the Queen's Household. The Queen and other members of the Royal Family, including the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, were among the wedding guests, and pictures of them are among those we will publish.

• Cooks are appreciated all the year round, but they reach the height of their popularity in winter. Next week we present a winter cookery section with recipes to provide the answer to that nightly question, "What's for dinner?"

• "Alibi Innings," a murder mystery by Barbara Worsley-Gough, is next week's complete novel. Murder-mystery connoisseurs will like the setting, the annual cricket match on the village green arranged by the squire, whose house guests provide a long list of suspects.

## Letters from our readers

IT distresses me to hear the superfluities and horrible refinements that are now added to our grand old English language. I suspect radio announcers are partly to blame. Why must we always say "Good-bye for now" instead of the beautiful old word, "Good-bye"? Why is everything now "proven" instead of proved, and why, oh why, are there no such beings as men, women, and children, but only "persons"? Everyone is a "nice person." I find these ghastly gentilities of speech less excusable than downright bad grammar, or English mangled because of lack of education. Could not our schools start a movement to restore our mother tongue to its original simplicity and beauty?

(Mrs.) A. D. Wright, Perth, W.A.

IT horrifies me to see that Australians are accepting a gift of 3000 items of handicrafts from Japanese school-children as a "gesture of friendship" to Australian children. Didn't we have enough of the Japs' "gestures of friendship" during 1942-45?

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TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

It seems to me that many people forget too quickly the horrors and atrocities of this nation of barbarians.

W. Hainsworth, Turramurra, N.S.W.

WE often read of painful and sometimes serious injuries accidentally inflicted on players on the football field. Recently there was a tragedy, when a 15-year-old boy collapsed while playing football, and died soon after. Would it be possible to make a medical test imperative for all boys under 18 years of age before they were permitted

to take part in this strenuous sport?

(Mrs.) S. Stewart, Goulburn, N.S.W.

AN alarming outbreak of diphtheria in N.S.W. emphasises, I think, the need for some "parent legislation." In my opinion, an act should be passed immediately carrying a salutary penalty for criminal parents who are too thoughtless or lazy to have their children immunised in the early months of their lives, as advised by the Government and clinics.

(Mrs.) Winifred Smithers, Sydney.

COULD anyone explain to me why the country's big private colleges . . . hotbeds of snobbery . . . are called "great public schools"? I attended a public school when I was a child, but it was the free State school. All State schools were then, as now, called "public" schools. Why then are these private colleges which restrict their pupils to boys whose parents can pay the fees called "public schools"?

James Phillips, Killara, N.S.W.

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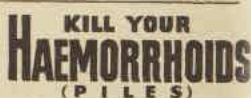


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Gabriella wanted security in her life and she was sure she wouldn't find it with this young man who said so gaily . . .

BY ALICE REEVE

# Call me Darling

THE telegram from Aunt Cassandra was the last straw, because John, being a product of Boston, would undoubtedly go off to a hotel when he found there was no chaperon.

And Gabriella did want everything to be just right, for she was certain he was on the verge of proposing to her. His acceptance of her invitation to spend the night between lectures in San Francisco and Los Angeles seemed the final touch.

And then, as if the telegram wasn't enough bad luck, her order from the butcher's was three hours late, and John due any minute.

She had only one neighbor up here in Toyon Canyon, in a small but charming house somewhat like her own, so she ran next door to see if the delivery boy had left her order there by mistake. When the blue door opened at her knock, she said breathlessly, "You haven't seen a chicken, have you?"

The man in the doorway grinned and said, "Sure, I've seen lots of chickens—I was brought up on a ranch."

Gabriella stamped her foot, and in her red-and-white striped pinafore and the scarlet bow perched in her dark hair she looked like a spoiled brat of twelve.

The man laughed at her, and she was suddenly conscious of Clark Gable ears, a black cowlick, and amused grey eyes. Then she gave a start of recognition. Why, this was the man she'd crossed swords with at the nursery shortly before she'd moved out here. They had both wanted a dwarf lemon tree and the nurseryman had only one.

"If you were a gentleman," Gabriella had said, "you'd let me have it." He'd grinned at her and said, "My mother always taught me it wasn't polite to hand a lady a lemon,"

and after more words, somehow, he had gone off with the 'tittle tree, and Gabriella had gone off in high dudgeon.

And now he said, "I hope you haven't come to borrow a lemon. Remember, I've only had the tree for a week."

"No," Gabriella said, "all I want is my chicken. I only moved in next door four days ago, and I thought the butcher might have delivered it here by mistake."

The man said, "So you're my new neighbor! Well, at least you're close enough so you can enjoy the smell of my lemon blossoms when they start to bloom."

Gabriella was in a perfect panic now, because John would be arriving any minute, and the chicken ought to cook an hour and a half.

She suddenly wished her five-day a week radio cooking hour hadn't made her famous as a cook, and that he wasn't a gourmet and that she could give him scrambled eggs or corned beef hash. She said, "You're sure your wife wouldn't know anything about my chicken?"

"Me—a wife! Are you kidding?"

"Some men do have them!" Gabriella said a little stiffly.

He turned quickly then, because Gabriella's eyes were fastened incredulously

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"Ah," said Bill in a voice of triumph as he pulled the battered slipper from under John's bed. "Here it is."

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**"There's always trouble," he said, "it's best to expect it" . . . the strange words built up the surge of fear she had felt from the moment he had got into the car.**

SHE was just tired and nervous, that was all. And it was late. That's why she'd decided, thirty miles back, to take the old road. It was shorter, and there was less traffic to contend with. In less than an hour now she'd be home; in ten minutes she'd be in Cumberton, and all this would be over. Ten minutes. . . . Jill's eyes flicked over to the illuminated face of the dashboard clock; after twelve o'clock now—

Her passenger's rugged profile, which she half-glimpsed, sent her logical thoughts scattering like the fluffy heads of the dandelions she'd blown that afternoon at Connie's new home. Her pleasant week-end visit seemed days ago, not just hours.

The man beside her so dominated and colored the present that the past faded into a grey monotone. But she wouldn't allow herself to be mastered by the fear that was gathering in her; she pushed it back, so that it hung like low-massed clouds on the landscape of her imagination.

The narrow sandy road unwound before her like a dirty ribbon. The occasional farmhouse she'd passed had lain quiet and deserted-looking under the pale moonlight. Here, on each side of the road, was a thick growth of trees. Dark, unfriendly woods.

"Don't go so fast; it makes me nervous when someone else is driving." Her passenger's voice was soft, but edged with authority.

Jill's fingers tightened on the steering wheel but her foot eased on the accelerator. She could say, "I'll drive as I please. It's my car—" but she didn't, and she knew why she didn't. She was placating him, trying to keep things from coming to a head.

But what things? Even as the thought whirled darkly into her mind, she shut it out. Mustn't think, she cautioned herself. I must not appear afraid, but I'm not going to talk to him any more. It leads to . . . things.

She knew the quality that alarmed her in this man. It was his incongruous air of assurance, of being in command, when, by all the facts, she was in that position. It was her car and he was only someone to whom she'd given a lift. But some secret knowledge of his had subtly dispossessed her shortly after he'd got into the car. How had it happened? It hadn't been there when she'd stopped for him. Then, he appeared normal and grateful, but that had changed almost as quickly as her first idea of him.

When she had seen him plodding along the road, with the little dog at his heels, she'd taken him for a workman, or a farmer walking home from the small town she'd just passed. It was the dog that had deprived the man of any appearance of transience, that made him a resident. So when he turned and threw out his arm to her approaching car, she'd braked the car quickly, almost on impulse.

From the back, and walking, as he'd been when she first saw him, she'd unconsciously thought "old," but as he got into the car she'd discovered that he wasn't old at all. His age was as indecipherable as the strange air about him now.

She'd had her first qualm of uneasiness when he'd shut the car door behind him, leaving the small dog outside.

"You're not going to leave your dog, are you?" she'd asked, looking at him carefully.

His body was short and powerful-looking; she'd mistaken this stockiness for the thickness of age. His head was long, his eyes deep-set, and his nose large and jutting. There was a stillness in his face; a stillness that reminded her of a portrait. His face looked as if it had never known animation. Altogether, there was something curiously ageless in his looks, something medieval, she'd thought, in her swift appraisal.

"It's not my dog," he'd said. "Just a stray who followed me."

Jill hadn't liked the scrutiny he gave her, and abruptly started the car. "Where are you going?"

"As far as you'll take me," he said. "But you surely must have a destination."

"Just—south."  
A man out of the night and going nowhere, Jill had thought apprehensively. Just a hitch-hiker, and she had been foolhardy enough to offer him a lift. . . . because of a dog that, she'd realised belatedly, had evoked a small ghost of her childhood. Her dog had also had long white hair and a tail that curled over its back.

"I'll take you to Cumberton."  
"Thanks." She'd felt his eyes on her. "Nice of you to pick me up. Have you done this often?"

"No, never. I thought you lived near by."

"Oh . . . No, I haven't lived round here for years—" abruptly, he'd stopped as though he'd said too much. "Pretty country," he'd added, "but lonely."

"I hadn't noticed."  
"Awfully lonely. Why did you choose the old road to Cumberton?"

"It's shorter."

"M-m-m, yes, and hardly any traffic. But what would you do if you had a puncture, or—just got in trouble of some kind?"

She'd felt like a child being questioned to see if she knew the right answers.

"I'm not expecting any trouble," she'd told him coldly.

"There's always trouble," he'd said softly. "It's best to expect it."

Had there been a covert warning in his words? Whatever it had been, her pulse had quickened, her

By GERTRUDE VAN PELT



# THE PASSENGER

eyes darting to the mirror. There were no car lights behind her on the road, and none ahead of hers.

She'd remembered seeing only three cars since she'd turned on to this road and they were gone from sight now. It was a lonely road, indeed. What would she do if—there were any trouble?

"I never look for trouble," she'd told him calmly, but inside she'd felt a shiver of uneasiness. "Why did you pick such a deserted road if you were trying to get a lift?"

"A good question, but I wasn't really looking for a lift on the road. I was going to call on a relation of mine round here."

"I'll drop you off at your relative's house."

"No, I've changed my mind about going there," he said. "This is better."

His words had come out so casually that Jill's mind had been mo-

mentarily relieved. "It is rather late to disturb people."

"I didn't intend to disturb them; just borrow their car. They always leave the key in. They're on the stupid side of the family."

The queer, sinking feeling in Jill's stomach had acknowledged the portent of his remark before her mind had assimilated it. The steering wheel had become slippery under her hands, and even though she kept her eyes on the road ahead, her consciousness had been centred on the man beside her; a bulky figure with large hands resting on his legs. She hadn't been able to answer, partly from fear of what he would say next. She hadn't wanted to know anything about this man or his plans.

Restlessly, she'd shifted in her seat and had seen his head turn quickly, peering at her. She'd realised then that he was as aware of her as she of him.

"Where are you going?" he'd asked, his eyes still on her.

"Home."

"Been on holiday?"

"Yes."

"Have a good time?"

His persistence, his air of calm assurance, had suddenly angered her.

"The holiday was fine," she'd said calmly, "but I don't like to talk when I'm driving."

"All right, I'll drive."

There'd been so much finality in the words, she'd felt the panicky blood pressure at her temples, had clutched the wheel tighter. "No, thanks."

When he hadn't insisted, she'd felt that she'd somehow averted trouble. She wondered if he was conscious of her alarm. Almost childishly, she'd clutched at the hope that if she didn't think it, perhaps he

wouldn't feel it, and that somehow, in a sort of dead calm, time would pass and they'd be in Cumberton. She'd drive fast . . .

Only he wouldn't let her drive fast. And how could she keep her mind blank when he loomed beside her now, larger than life, more menacing than anything that had ever happened to her?

"It isn't that I mind fast driving," he said unexpectedly, almost apologetically. "It's just that I like to be at the wheel at any speed over fifty."

Jill sensed his waiting for her response, and tried for a common-

place. "I don't like to drive too fast," she said unevenly.

"Don't you? If you've never had this car up to ninety, you've missed something. At ninety a car like this floats. I know. I had one once, for a while. Expect to have another—before long."

The words were all right, but the tone was all wrong. Had he just finished telling her that he expected to have her car?

The meaning was clear to Jill's suddenly craven body, but her mind refused to credit such boldness. Nevertheless, she couldn't ignore all

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As she ran in her stocking feet she could hear the thud of her heart.

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# Do You Remember?

A short short story by ALISON WALPOLE



"I didn't know you went in for romances in your youth," said Meg, looking at her husband as she closed her diary.

THE morning after the night before," read Meg. "Spent three hours staring out to sea while my heart pounded with the waves." Gracious, I wonder what I did the night before!"

"Can't you remember?" asked her husband, looking up from the evening paper.

"Remember? Twenty years ago? Don't be silly, dear. Let me see, what did I do?" Meg flipped back the pages of the worn diary she had unearthed from the bottom of a neglected trunk and patted the old book with affection. "This was the last one I ever kept."

"Do you mean to say you had more than one?" asked Gilbert irreverently.

"Twenty years ago, my dear, every self-respecting girl kept a diary—at least until she got married. I do wish I could find the others. I'm sure they had much more interesting romances."

Meg smiled reminiscently as she pored over the neat writing. "Ah, here's the beginning. We sailed about midday. Father went down to his cabin after dinner, but Mother and I stayed for the dancing. This must have been the trip they took me on to forget Maurice."

"Who was Maurice?"

But Meg had turned another page. "I know what I did the night before . . . I fell in love with the wireless operator."

"What was his name?" Gilbert asked with interest.

"I don't seem to have written it down," she discovered.

"And what happened to him?"

"I suppose he went back on the return trip," Meg said vaguely. "I do remember we stayed on in Cairns for a few weeks."

"Weren't you upset?"

"I was broken-hearted."

"But, Meg dear, you couldn't have been if you can't remember his name."

"Just because you're so prosaic yourself, can't you understand how a girl can have ten love affairs in ten weeks and recover from all of them?"

"No, I can't. If you really had cared you would recall every detail . . . what the orchestra was playing, what dress you were wearing, what you said. Why, I can still remember all about my first romance."

Meg closed her diary with a loud snap and stared at Gilbert. "Tell me, I didn't know you went in for romances in your steady, solid youth," she teased. "Was she worth remembering?"

"I thought so," Gilbert said gravely. "She was wearing a trailing blue sort of gown and a scarlet flower in her hair. I had just arrived in Sydney to take over a case. I'd been working very hard and hadn't had time for girls."

He grinned at the mental picture of himself he had recalled. "I don't think the girls had time for me, either. I wasn't the sort of young man they could write about in their diaries. Rather tongue-tied and stiff, they must have thought me."

"Dear Gilbert," murmured his wife.

"But this girl was different," said Gilbert emphatically. "The band was playing a Strauss waltz, and I asked her to dance. She had a beautiful, slow smile, and strangely enough she let me fill up all the vacant spaces on her card."

"Her mother was a bit of a nuisance; she kept barging over and wanting to introduce her daughter to celebrities. The daughter was just making her debut, and her mother didn't want her to be side-tracked by a nobody like me the whole evening, as you can imagine."

"And did the daughter go like a good little debutante?"

"Sometimes she had to—to keep the mother quiet—but you could

see she wasn't really interested. So we danced most of the night or sat and talked."

"What did you talk about?"

"About the country and going for picnics. And how much we both liked cats and hot-water bottles."

"You both sound very adolescent and stilted," pronounced Meg starchyly. "Was she pretty?"

"I thought she was beautiful," Gilbert said, staring into the fire.

"Prettier than me?" asked Meg suspiciously.

"My dear, she was a lot younger than you are now," said Gilbert, rather brutally.

"All right, seeing your memory is so good, what was her name and what happened to her?"

"Of course I would have remembered her name, but I forgot to ask her. We were so engrossed in each other that we didn't get around to ordinary things like names. Her mother finally managed to hurry her off and the next morning I was left with only a beautiful memory and no way of tracing her."

"Do you mean that was the only time you ever saw her?" demanded Meg, disappointed but secretly relieved.

"No, I'm not quite at the end of the story. For a week I was nearly frantic. I used to go to all the most expensive places, hoping to see her. But I didn't—at least, not until about four years later."

"Why, Gilbert, you never told me about this. I thought I was the first girl you ever cared about . . . You always said so."

Gilbert smiled into the flames, but he went on as though he had not heard.

"One day I saw her in a restaurant. She hadn't changed much. Her eyes were just as blue and her

hair as soft . . . you see I hadn't forgotten one detail. But I found that she didn't remember me at all. And it seemed rather silly to say, 'Excuse me, didn't I once meet you at a party?'"

"Besides, I wasn't particularly keen that she should remember me as I was then. I was rather proud of the way I had improved. I didn't want her to associate me with the shy, rather gawky youngster who had asked her for a dance in her first season."

"So what did you do?"

"When I spoke to her, she obviously thought I was trying to pick her up. But she didn't really mind. I believe she was rather flattered. Women always are, although they pretend to be annoyed . . ."

"Gilbert," said Meg meekly. "I know it sounds silly, after we've been married all these years, but I'm beginning to feel a little bit jealous. Haven't I had enough punishment for boasting about my former suitors?"

"Not quite," said her husband firmly. "Don't you want to hear the end of the story?"

"Then it has an ending? None of mine ever had," she added enviously. "Nobody ever died or married my best friend—they just faded away until I forgot all about them. Well, what did happen to her? Did she die, or marry the wrong man to save the family fortune, or stay at home and support her invalid mother, or . . . ?"

"No," said Gilbert. "She's still alive and the story has a happy ending. You see—I married her."

His eyes turned back from the flames, smiling into hers. "And that, my darling, is my whole point about women having such really shocking memories."

(Copyright)

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# Something for the Heart

Our romantic  
new two-part  
serial

By VINA  
DELMAR

**A**TENTION MISS VINCENT: A trunk call has come for you. Irene stared at the notice board feeling again the old anger, the old trapped feeling that she had known so well when she had first arrived at Myrtle Cliff School.

It was perfectly absurd that, in the matter of telephone calls, the mistresses had no more privacy than the girls. Why couldn't the message be left for her neatly and properly? But no. Miss Shaw would insist that Miss Vincent come to her study to get the

message and Miss Shaw would generously offer the use of the telephone on her desk and Miss Vincent dare not refuse.

Betsy Wingate began to slide the tennis racquet from under Irene's arm. "Let me take this, Miss Vincent, while you find out about your telephone call. I hope it's not bad news."

Irene shook her head. "It won't be."

Bad news? How could it be? Bad news came from a distance only to those who loved and were loved. How could it come to Miss Vincent of Myrtle Cliff School for Girls? Miss Vincent, who had no life beyond the gates of Myrtle Cliff?

Betsy said: "Well, I'm glad you don't think it's bad news. I'll keep my fingers crossed for you," she added hopefully.

"Uncross them and work on that backhand of yours," Irene said. "Ten to one the call isn't for me at all."

You couldn't tell Betsy about complacency. You couldn't tell her how it was achieved. It came from only one source. It came from the bitter knowledge that you were almost a forgotten woman, that nobody in the entire world needed you. Forgotten people were calm and unworried. They did not need to cross their fingers to ward off disaster. Disaster had come and gone.



Irene climbed the wide staircase to her room, carelessly greeting those she passed.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle."

"Ah, Miss Vincent — your trunk call? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I don't imagine so, Mademoiselle. Thank you."

She was thinking how the thirty minutes' rest she was permitted after each two hours on the courts would be consumed by washing, dressing, telephoning, and then returning to the tennis courts again.

On the landing she was stopped by Lisa, the little one from Belgium. Lisa clutched her arm in a frenzy of delight. "I am to have tennis. Starting tomorrow I may cease the extra maths and have tennis. Isn't it thrilling?"

Irene smiled. "Too early to say," she warned.

"Oh, but you have had a telephone call, Miss Vincent. I hope it's an exciting one!"

Irene walked down the corridor to her room. Mrs. Christopher was waiting for her at the door. Christopher with the lined and weary face. Forty and she looked fifty.

"I am only twenty-seven! Irene spoke sharply to the sudden cold terror that often gripped her at the sight of Christopher. Besides, Christopher taught maths, poor soul."

"You simply cannot get anywhere in the world without a firm foundation in mathematics," she said. And the girls screamed, for there was not one of them who could not get on in the world far better than poor Christopher.

"Did you get your message?" Christopher asked anxiously.

Irene nodded and Christopher followed her into the room.

"I can't help noticing each time I see it

—how pretty it is here, Irene. They have given you the nicest room in the house."

Irene said nothing. Her room was the same as Christopher's, only Christopher had no enthusiasm. She didn't bother about ornaments and pictures, and her room looked depressingly black and brown.

"Remember when you first came and we shared a room?" Christopher asked.

Idiotic question. Of course she remembered. She thought of turning to Christopher and saying, "No, I don't remember." That would send the old girl quite potty.

"Yes, I remember," Irene said. She remembered well. Christopher used to cry in bed. She cried because nobody at Myrtle Cliff would admit that mathematics was the most important branch of learning.

"I'm a widow, you know," she used to sob, "and nobody seems to realise what that means."

Christopher glanced at her watch. "I hope your call isn't bad news," she said.

Irene thought: If I don't put a card on the notice board explaining what the call is I'll be a beast.

It turned out that the call was from London, from Georgina. Well, it couldn't have been anybody else, could it? Who but Georgina would have anything to say to Miss Vincent of Myrtle Cliff?

There was only one other person in the world who would be ringing. Only one. And the thought of that other person even after five long years still brought a dizzy excitement.

"Darling," Georgina said, "I rang because I've the most wonderful idea for the week-end. Let's visit Grandpa."

Irene said: "I can't, Georgina. Really, I can't."

"Now, don't be silly! I can't, either, but I'm going all the same. Do you realise how long it is since you've seen Grandpa? Do you realise he's old and might die at any moment, leaving you to feel an absolute beast?"

Miss Shaw's eyebrows quivered slightly. Her smooth grey chignon seemed to experience a tremor of dismay. Was Georgina's voice actually filling the study or was it just imagination?

"Irene, you must arrange the week-end and come down to Grandpa's. I can't go alone. What would he think? He'll think you got out of coming just because he's old and ill . . ."

Irene held herself rigidly. She wanted to lean against the desk, but you never leaned against anything when Miss Shaw was watching. How could she go to Grandpa's? How could she go back to the house with the crest? How could she be in the same village as Warren?

The hurt that was beginning to lessen slightly would throb again. The old agony would be waiting for her if she went back to Grandpa's village, to Grandpa's house. And suppose she saw Warren?

I couldn't stand it, she thought. I couldn't stand it.

"Irene, are you there?"

"Of course."

"Well, answer me. Tell me you'll come this week-end. Don't forget Grandpa's house was our home whenever we wanted it. He did a lot for us and now he's old and—"

"Georgina, I can't. A school isn't like a shop, you know. It isn't closed for the week-end. We don't put dust sheets over the girls and forget them till Monday morning. I'm not free this week-end. I can't possibly—"

"If you wanted to you would. I think it's perfectly dreadful if you won't—"

Irene didn't hear the rest. Miss Shaw had tapped her on the arm with her gold-rimmed glasses. Good heavens! Was she to be told that she had been talking for too long? Evidently not, for Miss Shaw was smiling the little puckery smile she used for special occasions such as the week before the Christmas holiday when she gave the housemaids their presents.

At the moment she was rather kittenishly waving a scrap of paper before Irene's eyes. Upon it she had written in red crayon:

You are free this week-end. I insist.

She was nodding and beaming benevolently. Oh, confound Georgina with her high, shrill voice. Miss Shaw probably knew that it was a visit to Grandpa they were discussing. Miss Shaw would definitely approve of a visit to one's grandfather.

Between the insistent pips came Georgina's voice.

"Irene? Irene? Are you still there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Well, are you coming?"

"Yes, I think it'll be all right, Georgina—"

"Oh, bless you! Dear, beautiful Irene! I love you! I'll see you on Saturday. Good-bye, darling. Good-bye."

Irene replaced the receiver and turned to Miss Shaw. Miss Shaw was waiting to hear squeals of delight, Irene supposed. It was difficult to produce a single squeal.

"You're very kind, Miss Shaw." It was the best she could do.

Miss Shaw smiled serenely. "No, I'm not really kind, my dear."

How true, Irene thought. How depressingly true.

"It is only," Miss Shaw went on, "that I try to be fair. It is a long time since you have asked us a favor."

Miss Shaw was being Queen Victoria today. The royal "us."

"We want you to be happy, Miss Vincent. We feel you deserve the week-end off, especially as you did not want to trouble us by asking."

Irene dropped her eyes and did not reply. She felt deceitful and sly. Miss Shaw wasn't to know that in Grandpa's village there waited everything from which Irene had run. The old desires, the old temptations that Irene had tried to forget at Myrtle Cliff.

Miss Shaw said: "I do not think, Miss Vincent, that you know how much we value you. There is no one in the school who is held in higher esteem."

Warren, shall I have to see you again? Will you have to see me? Will they put us through all that again? Must we once again say good-bye?

"It may seem odd that a games mistress could be regarded in quite such a way, Miss Vincent. It is not your scholastic ability that has impressed us but the person you are. The girls adore and respect you. We have watched you for five years and never in that time have you violated the smallest principles of good taste."

Warren, I will run from you. If you see a mad female disappearing round a corner it will be Irene Vincent running from you. Do you remember Irene Vincent, Warren? Do you ever think of her? I hope you don't, beloved, if remembering hurts you as it does me.

"For instance, take the small matter of the

way you are dressed at the moment. You found the time to change from your tennis shorts into a dress before coming to see me. We appreciate those niceties, my dear."

Warren, you run, too. If you see me first, run, I beg of you. It is all we can hope for now, that we may never meet again. What a sad victory, my darling, if we achieve it.

"And in giving you this week-end we feel that you really do deserve it. You asked for time off only once before. Do you remember?"

"I remember," Irene said.

"And your friends have never been an annoyance on the telephone. As a matter of fact, Miss Vincent, this is the first telephone call you have had since that first night you came here. That night you had a call and, of course, that was the night you asked for extra time off."

Irene nodded and was silent. Miss Shaw sat looking at her across the desk. There was a half-questioning, half-reproachful look in the sharp, dark eyes. They seemed to say: What was that all about, Miss Vincent? Surely you can tell me now. After all, it was five years ago. What happened that night? Who rang you? Why did you have to go out? Irene said nothing and after a time Miss Shaw seemed to realise that Irene would continue to say nothing about that long ago September night.

It was a night Miss Shaw remembered well. It was a night when the new games mistress at Myrtle Cliff had walked out into the rain when she should have been on duty. And she had returned with red eyes and a streaming mackintosh.

She will not do, Miss Shaw had thought that night. She will never do.

Miss Shaw turned her glasses now upon Miss Vincent, the most reliable, the most proper, the most correct member of the staff. Miss Shaw sighed. There is much I do not know about life, she said to herself. What happened that rainy September night to Irene Vincent?

"So we feel this week-end is due to you, Miss Vincent."

"Thank you, Miss Shaw. May I go?"

"Yes, my dear. You may go."

Irene turned and walked out of the study. She was remembering the telephone call that had come on that first night at Myrtle Cliff.

"Irene, I'm here. Come out and meet me, Irene, please come."

The pain had become almost a numbness. Now they were going to awaken it. Miss Shaw and Georgina. She was going back to the house with the crest, to Grandpa's house, and there would be Warren. Perhaps it will kill me. Perhaps I shall die. He will be there. Warren will be there.

Irene, I'm here. Come and meet me.

Georgina finished her telephone conversation and grinned at herself in the mirror. She had beaten Irene down. Irene would come for the week-end. Something very definitely would have been lost had Irene not agreed. I need her, Georgina thought. She's as important as the crest. Jim's simply got to meet my cousin Irene.

Georgina threw a quick glance at herself in the mirror. She liked what she saw. She didn't want to look like Irene. But it was nice to have Irene's well-bred face in the family.

A lovely face, she thought. Absolutely patrician.

She picked up a hat the girls had finished and tried it on. She swore mildly. They had ruined the balance. When she had designed it the feather had been a full eighth of an inch to the right. Well, they were clever girls, but they weren't designers. They hadn't got the flair. She put the hat on. It was divine,—allowing, of course, for the feather being in a perfectly impossible location.

My hair helps a lot, she thought. Even a drab hat would look something on that hair. Yellow hair. Nothing like yellow hair, so long as it was natural. Like mine, Georgina thought comfortably.

With yellow hair you caught men like Jim. She sat in front of the mirror with the new

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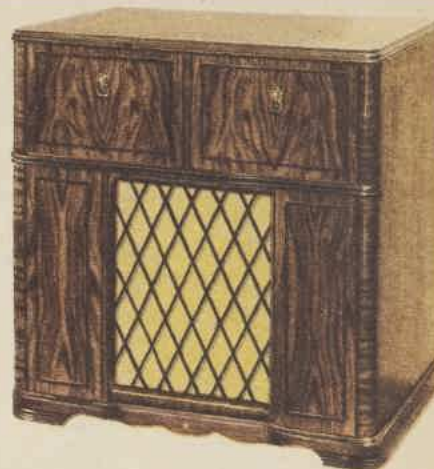
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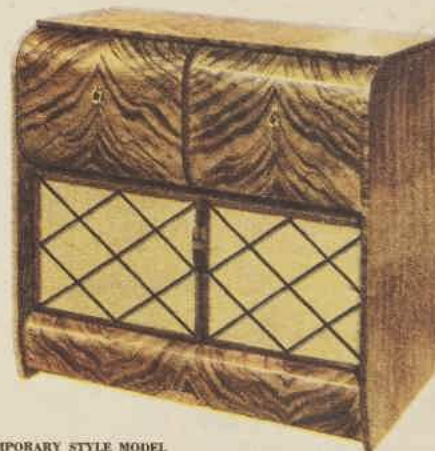
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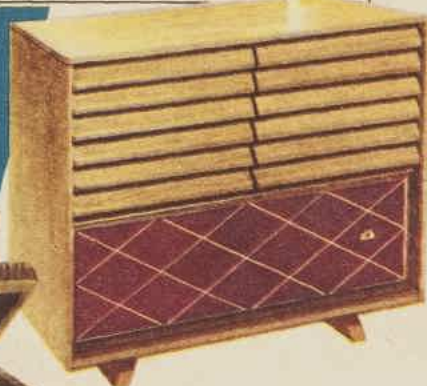
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# MA ASHTON

## Queen of the acrobats

● An Australian family acrobatic troupe which set out seven years ago to seek fame and fortune abroad is now the talk of Broadway. The troupe, billed as "The Flying Ashtons," is currently appearing twice nightly at the Latin Quarter, New York's famous nightclub at Times Square, on a year's contract at £1450 a week—a Broadway record for a single variety act. The secret of their success is their mother, known in show business around the world as Ma Ashton, and affectionately known in the family as Mumma.

A SHABBILY dressed, grey-haired, plain-spoken Australian woman appearing on a Chicago radio programme, "Welcome Stranger," nearly brought the house down with her opening remarks:

"I've got eight kids. I would've 'ad more only it was too late."

That was Mrs. Dorothy Hay, better known as Ma Ashton.

Ma Ashton and her kids don't speak very posh and say "we was," and "she don't," and they drop their aitches and final g's with nary a blush all over the place, even before kings and queens—but they get their name in big letters and bright lights and they make plenty of money. And plenty of friends.

Ma is made of pioneer stuff. She now rides home in a Cadillac but she could still handle a team of horses and a wagon and a mob of squabbling children over the sun-baked deep-rutted tracks of the Australian outback.

She could live in a swank hotel or an expensive apartment with maids to cook and clean, but she lives by choice in a three-roomed trailer with a door at either end—"real 'andy, that," she says, "for sweepin' dirt. It's in one end and the other, quick and smart."

### Old clothes

SHE could dress like a queen in silks and satins and diamonds and mink (and in fact she occasionally does get out her "good clobber, some duds I got in Paris and places") but mostly she wears old-fashioned scuffed shoes and plain skirts, jumpers and jackets, and heavy old silver rings and brooches.

She could, as so many rich ageing Americans do, get herself regularly beautified.

But Ma doesn't go in for that sort of thing. She is not ashamed of her grey hair and the deep lines. ("Don't see no sense in 'avin' young hair with an old face," she says). For Ma is not pretending to be anything but what she is and what life made her. People must take her as they find her. Invariably they like what they find, for Ma is genuine. If

asked to describe just such a woman as herself, Ma would probably say:

"She's all right, there's no bull about 'er."

Ma is a battler. She is indomitable. She feeds her family steaks and strawberries and cream now, and buys them expensive cars, but not so long ago she was counting every penny and cutting loaves of bread into scrupulously equal slices lest one of her brood protest indignantly, "Aw gee, he got more than me!"

Ma is 59 and her six sons and two daughters are grown-up now. With three of them married, she could be taking things easy; but she still toils for them, for that is her way of life.

"I've worked 'ard for my kids," says Ma.

Ma grew up in a tough school. She is a product of five generations of circus and vaudeville performers. Her grandfather ran Ashton's Circus, known far and wide throughout Australia. Her own kids took to circus-stunting like ducks to water. What Ma would have made of a larger family is an interesting speculation. What she made of the eight she had

time for was another act acclaimed wherever it has gone as the greatest of its kind. The Flying Ashtons' triumphant tour began in South Africa in 1947 and has now brought them to New York for the second time.

They spent seven months at the Latin Quarter in 1952. During their return engagement at the Quarter they are free to fit in one-night stands, or "club dates," when they can. For such single performances they command more than 500 dollars. For 2700 dollars they have agreed to appear four times during the year on the Ed Sullivan programme, America's top TV show.

They spurned a Hollywood offer of 20,000 dollars to make a film, confidently reckoning they were worth more and would eventually get it. For the same reason they also turned down an offer by Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis to appear in a film with them.

When I say they rejected such offers, I mean Ma did. Ma's the boss. What she says goes. She is the Ashtons' mainstay. She built the act up, took

it abroad—against the advice of their father—and now fights tooth and nail to do what few mothers ever achieve—prevent her grown-up family from splitting up. She even gave the act her own name. The family name is Hay. Ma knew that an old familiar name was a good thing for a new act to start with. Jimmy Hay, her husband and father of her children, agreed.

But he disagreed when Ma proposed trying their luck abroad. He was experienced in show business, too, as a trumpeter and all-rounder. He predicted failure for the Ashtons overseas. So when Ma and her brood set out for South Africa on a promise of £130 a week to appear with the 100-year-old Boswell's Circus, they left Dadda behind.

He had guessed wrong. The Ashtons were a hit. At the end of the year with Boswell's, there was no turning back, as they had promised, to rejoin Dadda in Melbourne. On they went to England. Success followed success—through England, Europe, and back to New York.

The Ashtons do a Risley act. This, basically, means

juggling one another on their feet. To see three

Ashton brothers lying on their backs while the rest of the troupe fly through the air, bouncing, leaping, somersaulting, and back-flipping from one pair of upturned feet to the next and the next, is to see the ultimate in this form of acrobatics.

Any one of their major stunts calls for a solemn build-up (you know the sort of thing: a roll of the drums, an impressive pause, a hush, then a triumphant blast from the band as the stunt comes off), and in most variety acts that is how they would be handled. But the Ashtons don't bother with theatrical effects and they go through their nine-minute routine without a pause.

They are in perpetual motion, and they expect the audience to be in a state of perpetual applause. The average audience would, in fact, be in such a state if its attention were not constantly being distracted from the business of clapping the last spectacular feat to consideration of the

next, which is even more spectacular.

As a result, it is a rare night when an audience, stunned by successive demonstrations of the impossible, is not shaken to its bootlaces by the raucous, outraged demand of an Ashton as he moves around the edge of the stage to take up his position for the next stunt:

"Go on, clap, can't ya? What's wrong with ya? Ya paralysed or somethin'?"

Sometimes they come off after their performance grousing amiably: "Lousy bunch out there tonight." Meaning the paying customers.

### Indifferent

THEY don't flatter or kid to an audience. Having presented a tornado of acrobatics, they line up more or less (usually less, for a couple are probably more concerned with retrieving their right capes which they had all flung in a heap at the side of the stage), give an indifferent wave to the audience in general and a whistle and wink at any blonde in particular who caught their eye and stroll offstage like Brown's cows.

Not that they are surly or bad-tempered onstage. Quite the contrary. The emphasis is on comedy.

If the Ashtons are a riot onstage, they are sheer bedlam backstage. The effect of six vigorous, muscular, superbly fit, good-looking young men blessed with devilish blue eyes and almost an excess of impudent charm on a chorus of showgirls is just what you would expect.

Throughout all the flirting, necking, minor scuffling, banter, chat-chat, squabbling, and parading between men's and women's dressing-rooms that fill the intervals between shows, Ma sits on a straight-backed chair outside the wide-open door of her boys' dressing-room, knitting or sewing, and treating the goings-on with what her sons describe as "colossal ignore."

For all her seeming indifference, Ma's sharp ears and shrewd, lively blue eyes don't miss a trick. As far as the girls are concerned, however, Ma refuses to be interested. She cannot tell one from another, and she doesn't want to.

By LARRY FOLEY,  
of our New York staff

## Minds the babies and mends the pants



**THREE GENERATIONS** of Ashtons. Standing, left to right, are Freddie (holding Ungie), Mickey, Duggie, Goldie, Neville (holding Sonny). Seated are Dingie, Jacqueline (Jackie), Ruva, Ma (holding Lorraine), and Shirley (holding Ruva, jun.).

**WHEN IT COMES** to keeping the Ashtons in order, Ma's needle helps, as well as her tongue. Here Duggie gets his pants patched while Dingie warns: "Don't move, brother!" Looking on are, left to right, Neville, Mickey, Jackie, Freddie, and Goldie.

She will leap into the fray instantly, mediating with strictly impartial swipes left and right with bony, beringed hands whenever it is a question of whose shirt, whose boots, whose fault, whose turn to do the washing-up or whatever it is; but when it comes to "You keep your hands off, she's mine—that one's yours!" Ma lets the boys settle it themselves.

Otherwise the boys leave everything to Ma. She coddles them. They haven't a thing to worry about. Ma attends to the costumes (there are twelve changes, and it's a constant "Mumma, sew this . . . Mumma, there's a button off!"), the props, the contracts, the travel tickets, everything.

Offstage, all that the boys are interested in is having a good time. In that side of family life Ma doesn't interfere. In her mind it is probably hard to draw a line between "The Act" and "The Family." The two are one and indivisible.

Consequently when you ask Ma about her daughters (because you notice that there is only one girl in the act now, and she speaks with a Lancashire accent), Ma replies vaguely: "Oh, Gloria went first—she married some joker in Germany couple years ago. She's with 'im now, somewhere over there. No, I don't think she's got any kids yet."

Ma is equally uncertain about the whereabouts of her second daughter, Ruva, who married an American last year.

### Ma's worries

MA'S vagueness must not be construed as an indication of indifference or lack of interest or affection. It is simply that her two daughters are no longer part of The Act; and keeping the act together is, in short, what makes Ma tick. Uppermost in her thoughts at all times are the present condition and future prospects of the Flying Ashtons.

Keeping an eye on her six sons and the English girl who replaced Ruva absorbs Ma

completely. Ask her what her daughters' married names are and she would have to stop and think. She might remember. She might not. She would probably ask the nearest son. He might know. He might not. He would ask the next nearest. Someone among them is bound to know.

Ma lives in a luxuriously fitted trailer with the English member of the troupe, a nifty little blonde called Jacqueline Mary Wright.

The trailer is parked in a lot half a mile from the graceful George Washington Bridge across the Hudson River in New Jersey, about 30 minutes' drive from Times Square.

Four of the boys have cars ("Buy me a car, Mumma . . . What kind do you want son?") and one of them drives her and Jacqueline home after the last show each night, about 3 a.m. Then the driver may stay out at the caravan site, more likely he will have back to Broadway to pick up his current girl.

All the boys live in apartments at the same hotel, just off the lively Eighth Avenue near Madison Square Garden. Ma holds the purse-strings. She pays all the bills and doles out the boys' spending money each week. At least, she tries to make it a regular pay-day, but, as she puts it, "they're always puttin' the bite on me, every day it's 'Mumma, gimme ten dollars for this, Mumma, buy me that.' The other day one of 'em says to buy him a trumpet, and then the next up and says buy him a guitar. Next thing I know they've both popped the instruments in Uncle's. 'It's all right, Mumma,' they said, 'we only got twenty dollars on 'em.'"

"How much do you give them?" I asked.

"Oh, 'bout coupla hundred dollars each a week," she said casually. "Fair's fair, y'know. What I give to one I give to the others. Never 'ear the end of it if I gave one something and not the others."

When I interviewed Ma backstage it was a couple of days before Mother's Day. At intervals an Ashton would come up and dump a present

unceremoniously in her lap. Mostly novelty bottles of scent. "They're buyin' 'em from a bloke round the corner, I know," she whispered, with a wink. "When I go round there 'e'll give me the bill."

"Born all over Australia, they was," she went on, meaning her brood. "Lor', they was runnin' round like rabbits. I reckon there's not a place in Australia I 'aven't been in."

Eldest of her children is Edward, born in Maitland, South Australia, and known as Mickey. He hates the name Edward. He is 32, medium-

sized, dark-haired, with deep-set blue eyes, and is usually to be seen with a girl on his arm—or a girl on each arm. Ma is sure that Mickey is not married now. There was a time when she wasn't sure whether he was or not.

"Mickey 'ad this girl with 'im all the time, see?" she said, "and one day when we was in Switzerland — 'e'd brought 'er with 'im from London—someone asks me is he married, so I look over at Mickey and put it to 'im, and he gives me a sort of nod. Well, it turns out 'e wasn't."

Second is Neville, 30, born

in Forbes, N.S.W. He doesn't mind being called Neville, although the others are glad it is not their name. Neville is the biggest, nearly six feet and fifteen stone. With his great shoulders and wide moustache and long dark brown hair curling on the nape of his neck, Neville is beginning to get the look of an old time sideshow strong man. Neville is married, well and truly. He has five children, and a sixth on the way. His wife, Shirley, (maiden name Sloss) was a Tivoli soubrette. They married seven years ago. Their children were born abroad: the oldest, Neville Douglas (nicknamed Ungie), aged 6, was born in Brighton, England; the second, Sparkie (real name) aged 5, in Blackpool; the third, Sonny (real name) aged 3, in Lucerne, Switzerland; the fourth, Ruva (pronounced Roo-vay), 2, and the fifth, Lorraine, 1, were born in New York.

Neville is already teaching his kids the tricks of the acrobatic trade. Ungie could stand on his daddy's hands months before he could walk.

Sparkie was given her name by Ma Ashton. "I picked 'er name," said Ma, "from some piano bit that was being put on the records about the time she was born."

Sparkie is now in Australia. She is on loan to Leslie Warren and his wife, Maisie Sparks, and Joe Latona, an Australian acrobatic comedy trio. Leslie and Maisie are relatives of Ma Ashton. Maisie lost her own baby in England, and took a fancy to Sparkie, who was then about nine months old.

"We thought it would be good for 'er to 'ave a baby to look after for a while, after she lost 'er own kid," said Ma, "so Neville and Shirl lent 'er Sparkie. Oh that Sparkie's a bonzer little kid. Everyone loves 'er. Who was that American fella that wanted to buy Sparkie?" Ma's third-born, Stanley, hurried by. Ma grabbed his arm. "Oodie," she demanded, "who was that hand-leader that wanted to buy Sparkie?"

"Umm," pondered Stanley. "Umm. Now, I've got it! Xavier Cugat. 'E and 'is wife, Abbe Lane, fell for Sparkie in Singapore, I think it was."

"That's right," said Ma. "Cugat told Neville 'e just 'ad to 'ave the girl. And 'e's still after 'er. 'E came back 'ere not long ago and said 'is wife was still 'ankerin' after Sparkie and would Nev do something about it? Cugat said 'e'd settle a million dollars on Sparkie if Nev would give 'er to 'em."

"Neville just laughed at 'im. Oh she's a little beaut, 'is Sparkie."

Stanley Ashton is 28. He hates being addressed as Stanley, so they call him Oodie (short for Hoodie). He is a lean six-footer, with dark brown hair and a long humorous face, and is a past-master at that peculiarly Australian type of deadpan legpulling humor. He was born in the Queensland outback.

### Blue jeans

THEN came the twins, Gloria (Glorie) and Douglas, now 26, who were born in Peterborough out Broken Hill way. Douglas doesn't mind his name, provided you pronounce it Duggie.

Next is Morgan, named after the town on the Murray where he was born. He hates the name so they call him Dingie. He is 23. Dingie is the only son who doesn't care what he wears. He rolls up to work in blue jeans and any old jacket that happens to be around. The other boys go for pretty lairy togs. American styles suit them.

Seventh is Ruva, 21, born in Lithgow, and eighth comes Goldie (his real name) who was born in Newtown, Sydney, nineteen years ago.

And Dadda?

Dadda never saw them in their triumph. Beginning their long run at the Latin Quarter, and looking forward to a settled year, they invited him to join them here. He was just leaving the travel agent's in Melbourne, having settled his passage, when he slipped and struck his head. He died almost at once.



**CHRISTINE JORGENSON**, the ex-CI who changed his sex, joins the Ashton act backstage at the Latin Quarter.



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NYAL Chillsom Pain... 2/9

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NYAL Creophos... 3/9, 6/3, 7/6  
NYAL Croup Ointment... 2/9  
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NYAL Milk of Magnesia... 2/6, 4/3  
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic... 5/9  
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup... 3/6

Nell Hopman cables that it's

# Romance by airmail for tennis tourists



REX HARTWIG

KEN ROSEWALL

LEWIS HOAD

The Australian tennis team this year is the greatest letter-writing one that has ever travelled abroad. It's not a question of Harry Hopman checking on what time the boys come back to the hotel, but when the lights are turned out.

Of course, "in" mail is carefully scrutinised by the first person to reach the club each day, and there's much ragging about the similarity of the handwriting on envelopes to certain members of the team.

**KEN ROSEWALL** comes in for a lot of teasing because he has a special girl-friend, Wilma McIver, from Brisbane. I'm told that Ken has brought away eight photographs of Wilma.

He needs them because his team mates delight in hiding the one which adorns his dressing-table.

Rex Hartwig not only writes home regularly to his wife, Madge, but he also keeps a diary of his trips, and jots down the daily news after dinner each night.

Rex is a very careful shopper. He usually checks with me before he buys anything for Madge, so that the color is right for her and all accessories match.

He is also interested in baby wear because there'll be a young Hartwig in the family around Davis Cup time.

Should you sit down to lunch or tea with Mervyn Rose, he'll draw you a plan of the house he and his fiancée, Coral Stuber, are building near Melbourne.

Merv and Coral will be married on October 7.

Merv, who is full of fun, was telling Maureen Connolly it was only 16 weeks so many days before he would be home.

"How many hours?" chirped Little Mo.

With not a smile on his face, Merv looked at his watch and answered "Six."

He has the greatest fun on the Continent with taxi-drivers who cannot speak English. He asks first if they understand English, and when the reply is "Non," he orders them to drive carefully or he'll punch them on the nose.

The driver usually replies "Oui Oui," thinking he is being complimented. I have wondered what might happen

Second of a series of special articles by NELL HOPMAN

one day if one of them misinformed Merv.

At a few of the official functions in Paris where wine is always served with every course, Merv, who wouldn't know one wine from another, got a great kick out of asking the waiter what year champagne was before he'd allow him to pour out a glass.

Lew Hoad, in his quiet way, is doing his share of writing, too, and the address is mostly Hawthorn, Melbourne.

Neale Fraser keeps very quiet, but the boys declare he received letters from five different girls last week.

Neale is on his first trip abroad. He was to compete in a tournament in Oslo, but Hoad and Rose told him he'd go to Iceland instead.

They gave him a most discouraging account of weather conditions, saying very often they had to wait for the ice

to melt on the courts before play could commence.

Roy Emerson, another newcomer, is learning to weigh very carefully what the more seasoned travellers in the team tell him. Roy, aged 17, won the French Junior Singles from Frenchman Jean Grinda, and the boys tell me he immediately had a congratulatory message from Queensland girl-friend Joyce Auld.

Roy, like many other people making their first trip, is having difficulty with the currency in various countries.

Roy was in Brussels after Paris, and although service is included with the cost of meals he wanted to leave something extra for the waiter. He handed him a 100-franc Belgian note thinking it was the same value as the French franc, which rates 100 to 2/- in Australian money.

When the waiter left the room the boys had great fun telling Roy he'd just given away a tip of about 18/9.

When Maureen Connolly and I arrived in Paris there were 20 letters for her at the club, all from her fiancée, Norman Brinker.

"Hasn't that guy got anything else to do but write letters?" asked the Aussie boys.

Jean Borotra, one of the four famous musketeers who won the Davis Cup for France nearly 30 years ago, has lost none of the energy or charm which made him such a great tennis figure.

He is a very important person in French tennis administration. On arrival at our hotel we found magnificent and exquisite French perfume in our rooms from Jean.

The French championships proved a great thrill for me, as Maureen and I won the French Women's Doubles Championship together. Maureen was to have played with Doris Hart, but when the latter withdrew from the tournament a few days before it commenced it left Maureen without a partner.

Maureen wanted to play doubles particularly in order to practise her volleying and smashing, which Harry has concentrated on. I consented to partner her only to give her such practise, little dreaming she could carry me through to victory.



NELL HOPMAN poses off court with American tennis stars Julie Sampson (left) and Maureen Connolly. Mrs. Hopman is chaperon to the two young American players.



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Cool until slightly thickened, then dip biscuits singly and place on grease-proof paper. (If mixture thickens too quickly, stand basin in warm water.)

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# ROUND AUSTRALIA ON THE REDEX ROUTE

Experts predict that this year's Redex Trial will be by far the most strenuous car trial in the world. It begins on July 3 from the Sydney Showground oval and will end at the oval about three weeks later.

**L**AST year 192 entered and 187 started on the 6500-mile course, which did not include the Western Australian section. The route this year, which stretches right around the Continent, will cover nearly 10,000 miles. At closing date this year the number of cars entered was 264. This figure includes four

women team captains. Prizes in cash and products for place-getters in the Redex Trial exceed £10,000. Many companies associated with the motor world are also giving cash prizes for specific placings. Brian Chirlian took these pictures on the route while touring Australia with his wife, Sue.



**ANT HILLS** are a common sight on this section of the Redex route. Sue Chirlian inspects one nearly 15ft. high near Rum Jungle, in the Northern Territory.



**DESOLATE STRETCH** of road out of Camooweal. It is the longest distance on the route where water is unobtainable, so water bags are a necessity for drivers.



**HAZARD** for competitors in the Trial is this patch of road between Cloncurry and Mount Isa, Queensland. The 87 miles are about the worst of the whole trip.



**SCENIC BEAUTY** of the Western District, Victoria. This year, with the route stretching right around the Continent, it is expected that car speedometers will tick up 10,000 miles before completing the Trial, said by experts to be the most strenuous in the world.



**VIEW** of Mt. Gambier, S.A., and the famous twin Blue Lakes, which Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh visited during their tour of Australia. Police anticipate exceptional crowds cheering competitors along the route in all towns and States.



**STUCK IN THE SAND.** Outside Ceduna, S.A., Brian Chirlian, who took these pictures, toiled for six hours to move his Commer-Estate car while the temperature was well over the century. Arrangements are well in hand for a follow-up maintenance and breakdown outfit to deal with major breakdowns in competitors' cars. Official arrangements will be made for planes to fly on the route. One will carry a doctor.



**ONE OF THE CREEKS** near Katherine, in the Northern Territory. This is an overnight stop, and if drivers have the inclination they will have the time to take a quick, refreshing dip before they resume the gruelling competition.



**PORT AUGUSTA,** South Australia, wheat-growing district through which cars will pass. Heavily laden wheat trucks are blamed for 5in. corrugations in the roads in this area.



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# Marlene, 49, says age doesn't matter On £2000 a week in London she eats suet pudding

By  
ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

Marlene Dietrich, who flourished her passport to prove she is only 49 when she arrived in London the other day, thinks the British are a stuffy lot about age.

**T**HEY think of nothing but age, age, age," she said in a voice that has lost its German accent but nothing of its husky glamour.

"Don't be too old at 40!" hits you in their advertising slogans and "insure yourself now against old age" screams at you from their security policies, with an assurance that it isn't too late to start now since you're not a day over 35," she added.

Lovely legs Marlene needn't worry too much about insuring herself against old age. For her appearances at the wildly expensive — and exclusive — Cafe de Paris in London, she is receiving a reputed salary of £2000 a week.

When she goes back to sing at Las Vegas, Nevada, where gambling at nightclubs is the only industry, she'll be earning again a salary that makes London's cheque look like pin money.

I met the Queen of Glamour at luncheon with a handful of hand-picked Press people after I had braced myself on the way with a glass of champagne.

That's the way one felt about La Dietrich being in London. One automatically got on to the champagne level.

### Blue Angels

MARLENE DIETRICH, the husky heroine of the old German "The Blue Angel," gave us Blue Angel cocktails before luncheon.

But I have to think about my figure, so I settled for a sip of hock.

Some of the men among the journalists at the luncheon, particularly those just emerging from their salad days, seemed to me a little disappointed in Marlene.

They were nostalgic for the "vot you vill," but Marlene doesn't talk like that any more.

And those who expected to see her swallowing double gins and looking as if she were in a Western bar-room ready to leap on to a zinc-topped table and sing "See What the Boys in the Backroom Will Have!" must have felt a bit let down.

I'm sure that some of them had the sneaking feeling that maybe Marlene was just a grandmother after all. A grandmother, that is, with a lovely face and a neat figure, smart cut about her clothes, and a wonderful way of wearing a hat.

If the boys were disappointed, the girls weren't. We had a wonderful time.

Cutting dead the London columnist who had put her

age at nearing 60, Marlene turned to me over the luncheon table and said, "We who come from outside England understand these things about age. We don't think, talk, and become obsessed by it, do we?"

"I think they are most discourteous to harp on about my age. Nobody else does. I never think about it."

A moment later the chair in which the columnist had sat with shoulders hunched and head slightly inclined against the free character

"But, Miss Dietrich, not English suet pudding!"

"Yes," she said, "English suet pudding, English cooking, Yorkshire pudding, boiled food . . ."

The husky voice of Marlene Dietrich almost sobbed.

"And I couldn't get suet pudding when I went out to supper last night."

Marlene mentioned a famous hotel which in its long history of looking after the fads and fancies of famous film stars must have blushed with shame not to have been

veil to smoke—or have a sip of wine.

Marlene seems to have conquered age by not thinking about it.

"It doesn't count," she assured me. "Only in England does one hear so much talk about a woman's age."

"They are such nice people, too, but a few men keep them conscious of the years."

"On the Continent we don't. In Paris it never counts, and in America, why, you are just as old as you look and act."

Marlene turned to me and said: "I'm certain that in Australia your lively, lovely women haven't time to sit down and think they are growing old."

"You wouldn't have built such a wonderful country if you'd been harping on the age of your women."

### Like Royalty

WHEREVER she goes in London Dietrich is given the treatment accorded to Royalty.

But at the airport when she arrived, the Customs officer put a restraining hand on Miss D. as she swept through, and held her back for the routine examination of luggage.

Marlene has brought her allure to England because apparently even this glamorous creature must have the prestige of London to back up her career in America. Her £2000 dress, described as being "of rhinestones and nothing," won't hold audiences spellbound without the cachet of a London season.

At the Cafe de Paris, Dietrich is singing all her old numbers.

To see her in person — unless you care to join the crowds that stand outside her hotel when she is about to make a grand exit or entrance—would set you back quite a bit of money.

For the devotees who aren't in the plushy set, the National Theatre, a movie house, has organised a Dietrich Festival.

Here, from the doubtful comfort of a seat in the two and fourpennies, you can take your pick of a number of Dietrich films of yesterday.

Among the old movies which have been dusted off for re-screening are "The Blue Angel," "Desire," and "Morocco."

It was in "The Blue Angel," of course, that she made her starring debut in Germany.

Famous German director Josef von Sternberg chose her for the part after seeing her in a play in Germany called "The Two Cravats."

In "The Two Cravats" Dietrich sat with her back to the audience the whole time—but her dress was so low cut at the back that nobody had much interest in anything else.

At the end of the play Marlene had one line to say. She would rise to her feet and exclaim in that throaty voice:

"Three cheers for the gentleman who won the first prize!"

In return, gentlemen all over the world have been cheering her ever since.



MARLENE DIETRICH

reading Marlene was giving of the English was empty, and I moved closer to the woman I think is the most glamorous creature—dare I mention it?—for her age in the world.

"How do you keep your figure?" I asked Marlene without a blush for my directness. Since she had turned out to be so friendly and natural, I assumed we could have a heart-to-heart talk on all the fundamentals of femininity without skirmishing.

"It must be a question of glands," said Marlene, her lovely eyes laughing, and her tip-tilted nose still quivering slightly with contempt for the delvers into age. "Just glands, I'm certain."

"I don't diet, I drink if I want to, and I adore suet pudding."

"Suet pudding," I gasped.

able to satisfy her craving for a good homely suet pudding.

It appears Marlene had an English governess. She was brought up on English dumpings, and on food boiled and cooked the English way.

But it was hard, very hard, to believe the nursery fare was still the acquired taste of this glamorous creature.

We drank in every word Marlene said. Even when she talked practical common sense about things like income tax, stocks, how Ernest Hemingway sent his books for her to read, why she liked Givenchy's clothes. ("No, not because they are young, but the colors are so lovely.")

We learned a trick or two, like having thick-mesh veiling down to the lips, but no farther because there is nothing more ageing than lifting the

Kay Melaun says:

# Here's your answer

In the mail this week was a letter from a bachelor protesting that I had queried the wisdom of girls who always studied their escorts' pocket-books and that I had urged them—in some circumstances—to let their boy-friends spend money on them.

He signs himself "a struggling young bachelor" and is from St. Leonards, N.S.W., but, alas, his name is indecipherable.

THIS is what he says:

"After reading your article on June 2, I, as a mere male (undoubtedly you consider us 'mere'), protest.

"If a girl should do you the honor of accepting an invitation to escort her, then she should have enough respect, not only for her escort but for herself, to consider his finances.

"How can anyone who considers herself sincere knowingly set about preventing any young man from compiling the minimum sum necessary for him, with honor, to offer himself and all he possesses to the one he loves.

"You have missed the point entirely. Any man wishes to be loved, just as a woman does. He does not want to be with just anyone, let alone anyone who just wants his money.

"In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if you're not the cause of all these insincere young women, and after reading your article there will certainly be more.

"Quite sincerely, your article, in my eyes, was written without thought, and a subject as important as this should not be treated so. It is a definite problem for all energetic young bachelors who are trying to make a future not only for themselves but for the women they will marry.

"Men place women on the column marked The Moral Ideal. They don't like to see it shattered.

In reply, I do not consider men "mere males." Why, men make up quite half the population of the world. I do assure you that the average girl doesn't care what girl you will marry in five years' time. All she wants is the best seats at the movies tonight.

"I AM 20, but, because of my height (less than 5ft.) and general appearance, most

people take me for 16. I always feel out of everything and have no real girl-friends, and as for boys—they keep away from me altogether. Only once have I come home with a boy, and I've a feeling I won't see him again. Perhaps I've only myself to blame. I've always felt that I'm not as good as others at things. I've tried to play sport and can't, and am a hopeless dancer. I dress as well as I can afford to, but I'm not attractive. I have a reputation for being very shy (and perhaps a "goody-goody"). I try to join

you so modest? Unlike most of the world, you need to have a bigger and better opinion of yourself.

Are you—honestly—"not attractive"? Surely you're as pretty as many of the girls you meet? And don't let being tiny handicap you. One of the most popular girls I know is 4ft. 9in., but she turns her shortness into an advantage, and every six-footer who sees her thinks she's cute.

"JOHN and I are planning to become engaged in August. The trouble is that John's work takes him all over the State and by August he may be near Adelaide, which is 300 miles away.

We were going to Adelaide to become engaged and then go on to his people, who live another 100 miles up from Adelaide. What I want to know is: How long before the engagement can John ask my parents' permission? Could he ask before he left our district, or should he come back just before the engagement? Both John and I would be very grateful if you could help us.

J.A., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

You're worrying about nothing. Setting a time for getting married is a problem, but setting a time for an engagement is making a fuss over something that should be done quite simply.

John should ask your parents' permission right now. Then as soon as you've got the ring your parents can announce your engagement, and it won't matter whether John's work means that he's miles away or not. It would be nice, however, if he were with you at the time to enjoy all the excitement and gather the congratulations.

G.S., Brighton, Victoria: Have passed on your request to Carolyn Earle, our Beauty Editor.



"Here's two, if you don't mind sharing a table."

in with the crowd, but somehow I'm always on the outside. I have joined a Young People's club and take part in all its activities, but still when I go to a dance I miss nearly every one, and I'm rather lonely always. Now what can I do?

B.D., Victoria.

Have you tried being an office-bearer in the club? This, at least, would mean that people would have to seek you out, especially if you had the arranging of details of club functions, etc. This is often a job that no one wants because it entails a deal of hard work. However, it would serve your purpose of making people notice you.

You sound as though you'd be fun to know. But why are

I'd give my second-best pair of eyes to see The Duchess, that wonderfully rowdy ragtime pianist, but no one knows who she is and no photos are sent out. Her latest is Y6575—"Hometown Shout" and "John Peel Rag." The latter is a wee bit too contrived, introducing as it does pieces of "John Peel," but "Hometown" is as saucy and noisy as can be. It's my current favorite.

IN sharp contrast is Mantovani's "So Deep is the Night" on Y6576. You'll find it hard to resist 'cause it's one of Chopin's loveliest melodies. Reverse is the "Barcarolle" from "Tales of Hoffmann," a tune I've had in no uncertain

## DISC DIGEST

terms, but as usual Mantovani's playing is beyond criticism.

THE title "Pretty Butterfly" also disguises something you know—Dvorak's "Humoresque" on DO70062. The Mills Brothers give it rejuvenation treatment, with pepped-up rhythm and cheeky lyrics. It can't fail to please for your lighter moments. The boys back it with some of their typical close harmony for a little item called "Don't Let Me Dream."

ONE of the better country-style discs is "Pine Tree Pine Over Me." A really good

combination do it on DO70090—Johnny Desmond, Eileen Barton, and the McGuire Sisters. It's a waltz tune that's hard to forget. Some gang back it with another catchy piece of rustic rhythm called "Cling to Me." They make a refreshing double.

"BRAVE MAN," a song from the film "Red Garters," turns out to be a perfect vehicle for Burl Ives. He gives it quite an epic quality in the "High Noon" style, and you'll be touched by its simple poignancy. Backing is a ballad, also sung with a chorus and to Gordon Jenkins' orchestra. I think even non-fans of Burl's will endorse "Brave Man."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

## WHEN A DENTIST FINDS MOUTH ODOUR...



This leading Adelaide dentist has proved it... follow his advice. (Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held in our files.)

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M.11.WW143q

NAPRO knows how to keep a beauty secret — NAPRO Hair Dye will restore the colour and youthfulness of your hair in a way that completely defies detection.

Choose from the 18 fashion-right, "true-to-nature" shades.



## Napro hair dyes

### DIFFICULT AGE FOR WOMEN!

Around the age of forty, which can be the most difficult years in a woman's life, physical and emotional disturbances may take place which can have a profound effect on your health during the years ahead.

The most noticeable symptoms are headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, hot flashes, abdominal pains, bad complexion, depression, loss of confidence, while many women suffer from rheumatism, giddiness, exhaustion, palpitations and other allied conditions.

If you are in or approaching this age group, and suffer the slightest signs of any of these symptoms, don't take a chance. See your chemist about PRO-COL, the amazing treatment that is being relied on by more and more women to relieve

headaches and pain, counteract the nervous conditions, promote sound, restful sleep, tone up the system and create a state of radiant, vital health.

Many women say thanks to PRO-COL when they can face the future with full confidence, free from the fears, aches and pain that formerly beset them. PRO-COL will help you as it has helped other women to live serenely and calmly through what may otherwise be many years of ill-health and depressing emotional instability.

Price 17/6, active month's treatment.

**PRO-COL**  
**FREE!**

FROM  
YOUR  
CHEMIST

You can learn the full facts about the health difficulties that are every woman's problem by writing to-day for your copy of the FREE BOOKLET which tells about PRO-COL and explains why it is proving such an invaluable aid against attacks of faintness, flushing, dizziness and nerves, etc. TEAR THIS OUT and send for your copy to Vipsitile Laboratories, Dept. P.A.W.3 Box 3323, G.P.O., Sydney. It's FREE and POST FREE in plain wrapper.

Women and girls who suffer from Severe Periodic Pains find HOLLYWOOD ORANGE BLOSSOM a blessing. 25/-, several months' supply, all Chemists.

★★★★★  
MISSOURI's the "show me"  
State, they say—  
Girls looked, girls tried,  
girls loved TRUSHAY.

★★★★★  
OHIO girls are  
quick to say  
How much their hands  
owe to TRUSHAY!

Census quiz will be secret, but . . .

# How many servants do you employ?

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

Any day now a man will knock at your door and give you a form to fill in that will enable the Commonwealth Statistician to find out how many people are living in Australia and the type of dwellings they live in.

He may arrive by bicycle, car, camel, aeroplane, motor-cycle, or on foot, or on horseback, depending where you live. In parts of Papua-New Guinea he may even arrive by helicopter.

KNOWN as a census collector, he will be one of a vast army of men and women engaged to carry out, on June 30, a general census of everybody in Australia.

There will be fourteen and a half thousand of these census collectors delivering before midnight on June 30 and later collecting what are called "Householder's Schedules," which have to be filled in by the head of the house.

The head of the house or person in charge has to supply details of the number in his family, the number of visitors, boarders, domestic servants, or other employees.

The Commonwealth Statistician wants to know details of age, birthplace, religion, period of residence in Australia, nationality, and the kind of work you do.

But your privacy will be safeguarded. All information supplied on census forms is strictly confidential, and census takers have to sign an undertaking of secrecy.

And there are separate personal slips and envelopes available for people such as hotel or boarding-house residents who object to supplying personal particulars on their landlord's Householder's Schedule.

Most of the collectors will be civilians. In private life, they are retired businessmen, insurance agents, public servants on leave, or farmers and graziers glad of an opportunity to get around to see their neighbors in the off season before lambing begins.

But because of the nature of the country, some of them in the Northern Territory will be police patrol officers and some in Papua-New Guinea will be patrol officers.

For doing this job, each collector will be paid a flat rate of £3 a day, plus a daily allowance of 5/- for a bicycle, 15/- for a horse ("you have to feed a horse!"), £1 for a motor-bike, £2 for a car.

The Commonwealth Statistician advertised for about 320 women to transfer the information on the schedules to machine cards from which the final statistics will be taken.

To make work easier for them, the Commonwealth Statistician has had cards in several colors tested to find out which are more restful on the eyes.

After testing black, blue, and pink cards, he chose green and brown, one for recording personal details and the other for details of dwellings.

The women engaged for processing and coding will also have to take an oath of allegiance and sign an undertaking not to divulge information supplied on the schedules.

Half of them will work in Army House in Sydney, and the other half in Red Cross House in Melbourne.

In Sydney they will be trained by Miss Maureen Carroll, aged 36, of Sydney, who is known as "the trouble-shooter" because she has worked on so many census surveys.

Miss Carroll, a small brunette, started work with the Commonwealth Statistician in 1935, and was trained in coding and tabulation work.

The 1954 census is going to mean a lot of work for a lot of people, but it will produce vital statistics.

It will reveal not only Australia's present population,



CENSUS COLLECTOR delivers a Householder's Schedule to Mrs. A. Malla, of Sydney.

but also the age distribution of the population and length of time the average Australian can expect to live.

It will also reveal the size of families and whether more boys are being born than girls, or vice-versa.

It will show where the migrants who have come to Australia since the war have settled, in what industries they are working, and to what

extent they have intermarried with Australians.

The census will help in the planning of new schools by revealing the number of children who will be reaching school age, and will prove invaluable for town and country planners.

## Our Jigsaw Story Contest

Just imagine what you would do with £1000! Would you take a trip, buy a car, or furnish a home? You can do any of these things if you win our big, new £2000 Jigsaw Story Contest. The first prize is £1000 and other cash prizes total £1000.

ALL we ask you to do is to send us a story or dialogue of 350 to 500 words made up of sentences and phrases from eight consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The issues from which you may take your story material are June 16, 23, and 30, July 7, 14, 21, and 28, and August 4. Entries will close on August 25.

The passages you choose need not be used in consecutive order, and they may come from articles, fiction, or advertisements.

Some of our readers have written to ask us whether they may also take their "ready-made sentences" from our lift-out novels. This is quite permissible if they are the novels supplied in the issues mentioned.

Choose your own subject for the story. It may be anything from comedy to a thriller, but nothing may be added to the passages you take from the

papers. No phrase of less than eight words may be used. Each extract must have beside it the date and page number from which you took it. Sample jigsaw stories were published in the two previous issues of the paper. Now read the contest rules.

### Contest rules

ADDRESS your entries "Jigsaw Story Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send as many en-

tries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by the coupon on this page. Use one side of the paper only.

Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

Entries must be between 350 and 500 words.

Entries will not be returned to the sender, but will be destroyed when the contest ends.

The judges will award prizes according to the merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

### JIGSAW STORY CONTEST

June 30, 1954. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own work.

I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE . . . . .

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS (Block Letters) . . . . .

STATE . . . . .

# Glad hand . . . U.S. style



NOSE of the giant Globemaster aircraft (above) silhouetted against the night sky is reminiscent of a prehistoric monster. The Globemaster is a troop-carrier freighter.



NAVIGATIONAL officer of the Globemaster, Capt. David Tracy (at right), plotting the 16,000-mile "Operation Handclasp," a goodwill mission by the U.S. Air Force.

## American visitors here on "Operation Handclasp" hunt souvenirs

A team of 110 United States Air Force personnel, members of the U.S.A.F. 98th Bombardment Wing, has just flown in and out of the Commonwealth on "Operation Handclasp."

THREE Superfortress bombers flew from Okinawa, Japan, to take part in Australian Air Defence exercises over Sydney and Newcastle ten days ago. The three 70-ton bombers were accompanied by a Skymaster and a giant Globemaster, the biggest plane yet to land in Australia.

"Operation Flying Link," as the defence exercises were named, was an unqualified

success and American participation a vital stimulus for the R.A.A.F.

Aerodromes where the planes were stationed for the exercises were thronged with visitors eager to see the American planes.

The three battle-scarred Superforts and the Skymaster, used as an airborne office for the leader of the party, Major-General Kenneth McNaughton, and his administrative officers, received scant attention compared with the Globemaster.

The Globemaster was a fly-

ing workshop to service the other aircraft in the mission. It was stocked with everything from nuts and bolts to spare engines and teams of expert mechanics.

The only "spare" the Globemaster didn't carry was a spare wheel for itself. Major-General Chester E. McCarthy, commander of the 315th Air Division, had complete confidence that the newly fitted tyres, each of which is 5ft. in diameter, would stay the distance for the 16,000-mile operation.

Major Aras G. Thompson, paying his first visit to Australia, boasted that the big aircraft was as comfortable as a "bed at a good hotel," explaining that even when ploughing through rough weather, like a large ocean liner, it was made for smooth travel.

Versatile to a degree, the Globemaster's three spacious decks can cope with loads up to 25 tons, varying from 200 fully equipped paratroopers to 15 jeeps, three fire engines, and two single-decker motor-buses.

Also used as a "flying hospital" during the Korean campaigns, the aircraft can carry 136 air evacuees at one time, accommodating them in four tiers of stretchers.

The Globemaster is one of the few Armed Services planes to be designed with a separate toilet for "Ladies Only"; a snack bar with facilities for cooking food and keeping it hot.

"A lot of animals were airlifted in Globemasters into Korea to replace livestock casualties during the war there," Major William James said.

Like many other members of the mission, Major Thompson and Major James spent their one day in Melbourne souvenir hunting.

The souveniring had been begun at Darwin with a wholesale exchange of headgear between Australians and Americans when the mission landed on arrival in Australia.

Major Thompson left Melbourne confident of taking the lead in any war of nerves, armed with secret weapons he bought at a curio shop.

Calling them his "flying saucepans," the collection of primitive aboriginal weapons alarm even their new owner.

The Americans reached Sydney determined to have a good time, defence exercises permitting.

Their programme of for-



mal engagements had been cut to a minimum to allow them time for nightclubs, tours, and a final flutter of souvenir hunting.

Major-General McNaughton, a keen racing fan, eager for a glimpse of our racecourses though admitting he'd probably lose his money, as he didn't know much about Australian horses, headed a party to Canterbury Racecourse on Saturday afternoon.

He and 40 of his officers had a taste of the city's night life on Saturday at one of Sydney's best-known nightclubs.

Major-General McCarthy spent Sunday in a "sympathy flight" to Laverton, Victoria, to visit Brigadier-General William L. Lee, Vice-Commander of the 13th Air Force in the Philippines, "Handclasp's" only casualty.

Brigadier-General Lee was taken ill soon after leaving Darwin, and operated on for a dangerously infected appendix in Melbourne.

One of the few visitors with

COFFEE and hot soup are always steaming on the hotplate in the Globemaster's snack bar. Enjoying the soup are Major James (left) and Capt. John J. Kupke, one of the aircraft's pilots. Elaborate meals are not cooked in the snack bar; the menu is generally soup, sandwiches, coffee.

old friends in Sydney was Major Peter Spear, who spent the week-end in a car tour of the beaches, from Manly northwards to Palm Beach.

The Major thought Sydney beaches "just beautiful," and regretted it was far too cold to try out our surf.

Before flying back to Japan after their 17 days, 80 flying hours' mission, the men of "Operation Handclasp" spent the last of their time and money looking for typical souvenirs of Sydney.

They found them in postcards, pennants, and general bric-a-brac, featuring the Harbor Bridge, and added them to an already mixed bag of mulga wood, Maori tikis, war clubs, and spears gathered from Darwin, New Zealand, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



SOUVENIR HUNTING in Melbourne was successful for Major Aras G. Thompson, above, posing with his aboriginal shield and spear, and Major William James, right, who bought a striking painting of aboriginal women by Australian artist Elisabeth Dureck to mark his visit to the Commonwealth.



# Growth Graphs

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**really are!**



**You've always** known WEET-BIX to be a wonderful food. Now here, in this sensational growth graph, is actual *proof* of the goodness of these famous breakfast biscuits! Each crisp and crunchy flake is whole wheat at its delicious best! And remember that WEET-BIX are not only *better* but *cost you less*, weight for weight, than any other prepared breakfast food! Enriched with added Vitamin B1 and malt, they are by far the most nourishing breakfast biscuits sold in Australia today! Enjoy them with hot milk on winter mornings . . . or split, buttered and spread with honey, Marmite or jam.

# WEET-BIX Breakfast Biscuits

*Colourful 'Story of the Pacific' picture cards included in every packet! Start saving the complete set TODAY!*



**NAVAL GUARD OF HONOR.** Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Holister pass a guard of honor as they leave the Garden Island Chapel for the reception on board H.M.A.S. Bataan. The bride was formerly Maryvonne Baxter, of Lindfield.



**FILM PREVIEW.** Mrs. Bob Stephen (left) with her daughter, Mary, and Murray Robson at the preview of "Hobson's Choice" at Hoyts Double Bay Theatre to help defray expenses for the Black and White Ball. The Junior Black and White Ball Committee will go "back to the 'twenties" for their Darktown Strutters' Ball at Prince's on July 1.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**AMERICANS** all over Australia will be thinking nostalgically of home on July 4, which is American Independence Day. It's summer in the United States, and July 4 is usually celebrated with picnics in the daytime and fireworks displays at night.

In Canberra, the American Ambassador, Mr. Amos Peaslee, and Mrs. Peaslee will give a small morning reception at the Embassy on Sunday, July 4. On Monday, July 5, they will entertain American residents in Canberra at an afternoon party.

The Consul-General in Sydney, Mr. Donald Smith, and Mrs. Smith are giving a cocktail party—which will be smaller than usual—at their home in Darling Point on Friday, July 2.

**I HEAR** that it will be only three or four months before Mrs. Roy McCaughey's book, "Samuel McCaughey," is published. The book is a biography of Mr. McCaughey's late uncle, who was a very well-known pastoralist.

**JUNE CARNEY**, who has recently arrived home after five months spent studying interior decorating in the United States, has brought with her lots of souvenirs of her trip. June says she can't remember all she's brought, so opening her trunks should be an exciting moment. However, June tells me that she did bring home some delicately jewelled shoes, and costume jewellery from New York.

**"WHIRLWIND"** is certainly the word to use when describing the world trip of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Vicars, of Darling Point. They will be back home in the middle of July, just five weeks after their departure. Mrs. Harry Jerram (who was formerly Ann Vicars) says her parents flew first of all to America—for one day—then left for England—where they are spending a week—and they will fly home via Canada, where they'll stay for five days.

**ATTRACTIVE** Rosemary Hill Smith and her mother, Mrs. Gordon Hill Smith, of Killara, drove down to Victoria this week for a few days' holiday at the Hotel Nepean, Portsea. The highlight of their visit will be this Saturday, June 26, when Rosemary's brother Graeme graduates from the Officers' Cadet School at Portsea. Graeme will return to Sydney with his mother and sister for nine days' leave.

**BRIEFLY** . . . George and Paddy Osborne, of Tarcutta, have named their new baby daughter Jane . . . Mrs. Maurice Stack and Mrs. Ted Rowe are just home after a Canberra holiday.

Anne



**ARRIVING** at the New Commodore are Margaret Bailey (left), John Teulon, Gwen Stuart, and Geoff Wilkin, who were among guests at the dance held by members of Sydney Amateur Sailing Club.



**EX-STUDENTS' DANCE.** Clarinetist Les McGrath plays for Joy Lloyd and John Carroll at the dance given by the Queensland Old Girls' Union at the Pickwick Club. Joy wore pink-and-white tulle.



**YOUNG RACEGOERS.** Attractive sisters Mary Lou (left) and Jan Luft, of Pymble, were among the racegoers who went to the races at Ascot, in England.



**PRE-WEDDING PARTY.** Host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hall (left) with their guests of honor, Miss Elizabeth Northcott and Squadron-Leader Russell Nash, who will be married at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on July 3.



**CONSUL-GENERAL FOR DENMARK.** Mr. F. Henning Hergel, shows Lois Russell some of the glassware at the "Sweden at David Jones'" Exhibition, which was co-sponsored by the Swedish Chamber of Commerce in Sydney and the General Export Association of Sweden.



## COTY "Vitamin A-D" COMPLEX-CREAM

It's more than 12 months now since Coty Vitamin A-D Complex-Cream was introduced with tremendous success in England, France, the United States, Australia and other countries of the world.

Combining Vitamin A and Vitamin D with a unique beauty cream base containing more than 20% lanolin, this perfectly balanced skin food carries vitamins into "starved," dried-out skins, making them supple, youthful, attractive.

Satisfied users reveal that flakiness, dry skin, lines and rough patches in vitamin-deficient skins disappear with the use of Coty Vitamin A-D Complex-Cream; coarse-grained complexions show remarkable reduction of large pores and blemishes.

Beauty demands "young" skin; Coty Vitamin A-D Complex-Cream can be of infinite benefit to you.

22/6

*Coty*

LONDON PARIS, NEW YORK, SYDNEY



1. **MARTINET** bootmaker Hobson (Charles Laughton) runs his shop with the help of his three daughters. Alice (Daphne Anderson), left, Vicky (Prunella Scales), centre, and Maggie (Brenda de Banzie).



2. **HORRIFIED** when Maggie announces she will marry Willie Mossop (John Mills), his cobbler, Hobson points out that her marriage is not included in his plans.

## Hobson's Choice



★ Charles Laughton returns to his native England for the part of an unpleasant but pathetic old man in the new comedy "Hobson's Choice" (London Films). Brenda de Banzie, Daphne Anderson, and Prunella Scales play three rebellious daughters who blackmail Hobson in the matter of their marriages. John Mills is cast as an illiterate cobbler.



3. **HAPPILY MARRIED**, Maggie and Willie set up an independent boot-making business in opposition to Hobson and do very well for themselves.

4. **LEFT** to the tender mercies of his two younger daughters, Hobson has a hard time. Business falls off and he takes to drink.



5. **DRUNK** one night, Hobson falls down a flight of stairs. Maggie and the girls blackmail him into giving them dowries so they can marry the men of their choice, not the husbands Hobson thinks suitable.

6. **ILL** from his drinking bouts, Hobson is cared for by his crony Heeler (Joseph Tomelty) after his daughters leave him. His business goes from bad to worse.



7. **FRIGHTENED** when the doctor (John Laurie) warns him against excesses of drinking, Hobson is visited by Maggie, who says she will come home if he takes Willie as a partner.



8. **RELUCTANT** to look after himself any longer, Hobson is forced to agree to Maggie's terms. She and Willie move in with Hobson, who finds he has made a good choice in spite of himself.

## EDMUND PURDOM

If Sinuhe, the physician of three thousand years ago, was as good looking as film-star Edmund Purdom, who portrays him in "The Egyptian," there must have been some loveorn ladies left sighing by the Nile.

IT is reported that Edmund Purdom (born 1926), who has the lead in Twentieth Century-Fox's film, will leave women of all ages sighing after they've glimpsed him on the screen.

For Mr. Purdom, over six feet in height, brown eyed and brown haired, looks extremely handsome when his 12-stone frame is clothed in the white and gilt Egyptian trappings.

In these antique clothes he moves with the ease of a trained actor, and his fine speaking voice bears the marks of the stage experience he had with such performers as Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh.

With the Olivier company, he travelled from England to the United States several years ago, and appeared on Broadway in the stage plays "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Antony and Cleopatra."

After the season ended, Edmund Purdom decided not to return to his native Britain, but to try his luck in Hollywood.

Edmund and his wife, Anita, found a home in a garage, which cost them £15 a month, but could find no work.

Purdom's immigration visa permitted him to work only under contract to a major studio, but no contract was forthcoming.

When the visa was almost due to expire, he received his chance—which was caused by an attack of temperament on the part of singing star Mario Lanza.

Lanza squabbled with the studio over his role in "The Student Prince," and the part was offered to Purdom. In this film, actor Purdom mouthed the words which Lanza sang, and proved to the critics that he had great dramatic ability.

Then, when Marlon Brando's illness caused him to relinquish the role of "The Egyptian," Edmund Purdom received his second great chance.

Like many other people, Purdom had read the best-selling book "Sinuhe, the Egyptian," by Finnish author Mika Waltari. Suddenly he was Sinuhe.

He joined a cast which included Peter Ustinov, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, Victor Mature, and Gene Tierney.

In spite of this competition, Purdom proved outstanding, and before the film was completed heard that he had been chosen to play the lead in "Ben Hur," which is now being made.

Hollywood is a happier place for the Purdoms at the moment. They now live in a Spanish-style house, close to the studios.

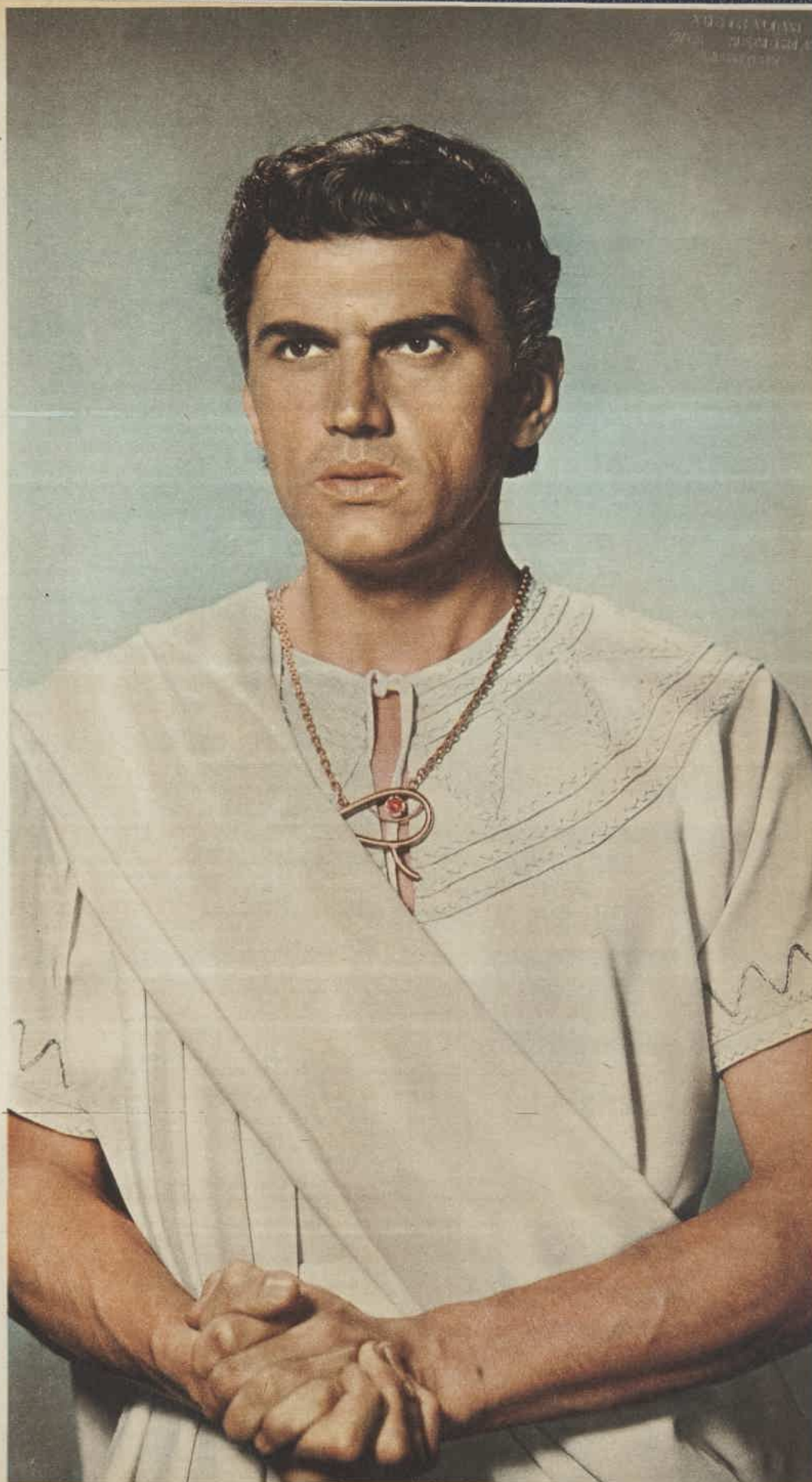
Their small daughter, Lilian Ellery, is almost two, and another baby is expected in July.

"Americans have been unbelievably kind," says Edmund Purdom. "When I needed help most, people went out of their way to recommend me for roles, lent me money, and even brought along food."

Those who see Purdom in "The Egyptian" will recognise him as a fine actor. Whether he will have the chance to prove that he is a great screen-lover is another matter.

For, as this goes to press, experts on the Egypt of 3000 years ago have not determined whether the young people of that period kissed or rubbed noses.

Still, knowing Hollywood, it seems highly probable that Mr. Purdom will be allowed to kiss—in CinemaScope and technicolor.



Mummy  
says I'm  
special...



So I wear  
ACTIL nappies.

- Super soft for baby skins.
- Greater absorbency for perfect cleansing.
- Hygienically packed in "Cellophane".
- Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals.



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AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

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In NEVADA,  
'way out west—  
The beauties love  
TRUSHAY the best!

INSIST ON  
**CARNATION  
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FOR INSTANT RELIEF  
AT YOUR CHEMIST

**VENCATACHELLUM**



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BEST  
CURRY**

**MADE  
IN  
INDIA**

The same Grand Curry Grandma used

**3 minute Breakfast!**

Running late? Then serve eggs. Can be fried, boiled, poached, scrambled or as an egg-nog in a matter of minutes. Highly nourishing eggs contain every food element the human body needs, including vitamins, protein and minerals.

**EGGS**

THE PERFECT All-round FOOD

Authorised by the Egg Producers Council.

★★★★★  
In MISSISSIPPI,  
say smart misses,  
"TRUSHAY'd hands  
attract the kisses."

★★★★★  
NEW MEXICO's  
senoritas say—  
"Bello, bello"  
for TRUSHAY.

## Australian Ron Randell's new movie offers

From BILL STRUTTON in London

**FILM** offers are starting to come in now for Australia's Ron Randell, who had notorious romantic success on British television as guest chairman of its most famous panel game, "What's My Line?"

Ron is dickering over a part opposite voluptuous blonde Diana Dors in a film bearing the suspicious title of "Miss Tulip Stays the Night." A couple of other scripts came through the letter-box from other studios, too, for him to read.

TWELVE pretty Australian deb, shepherded by chaperon Mrs. Leckstein, of Melbourne, swept through Elstree Studios recently and stopped shooting dead in their tracks. On rival sets stars Richard Todd and Errol Flynn fell over themselves to act as their hosts. On the "Lilacs in the Spring" set Melbourne's blond Barbara Fraser had heads turning and had gallant Mr. Flynn murmuring that he would be

pleased to show her the sights of London. On the all-male set of "The Dam Busters" a whole squadron of airmen goggled, stopped work, and broke into wide, happy beams. Richard Todd continued his hosting that evening. He was seen dining and dancing pretty brunette from Melbourne Alison May. The girls are here to do a social season and be presented at Court, and took in Elstree between races at Ascot.

IT must be nice when your star salary allows you to commute to the studio between continents. Jack Hawkins, for instance, sneaked home from Cairo by plane for a week-end of rest from making "Land of the Pharaohs" out there, then took the plane



CHARLES CHAPLIN (left) visits Pinewood. It was a great day for all when Charles Chaplin paid a surprise visit to the studio recently. There he renewed an old friendship with director Anthony Asquith and was introduced to French star Odile Versois. He also entertained the staff with stories of silent film production.

back again. Now the unit has moved to Rome to finish off. He should find commuting simpler from there.

BRITAIN has just lost her most brilliant color cameraman to Italy—Jack

Cardiff, the ace who gave us the superb color of "The African Queen," "The Magic Box," and dozens of others. They say Cardiff got tired of having to make do without the sun in Britain. He is going where it isn't rationed.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "The Caddy," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Donna Reed. Plus ★ "Alaska Seas," sea drama, starring Robert Ryan, Jan Sterling.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Escape from Fort Bravo," period color Western, starring William Holden, Eleanor Parker, John Forsythe. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Queen in Australia," official Commonwealth Government color documentary of the Royal tour. Plus ★ "It Happens Every Thursday," comedy-drama, starring Loretta Young, John Forsythe.

LYRIC.—★★ "Executive Suite," drama, starring William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck. Plus ★ "The Great Diamond Robbery," comedy, starring Red Skelton, Cara Williams. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "The Sword and the Rose," period drama in color, starring Richard Todd, Glynis Johns. (See review this page.) Plus "Below the Sahara," technicolor nature documentary. (Not yet reviewed.)

PALACE.—★ "House of Lost Women," drama, starring Freda Jackson, Rene Ray, Lois Maxwell. Plus ★ "The Inner Circle," mystery, starring Adele Mara, Warren Douglas.

PLAZA.—★ "Hell and High Water," technicolor CinemaScope sea drama, starring Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock on Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Night People," technicolor CinemaScope spy drama, starring Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford, Rita Gam. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Adorable Creatures," French-language comedy, starring Martine Carol, Danielle Darrieux, Daniel Gelin. Plus ★★ "Grand Concert," color Russian ballet feature.

STATE.—★★ "The Glenn Miller Story," technicolor musical biography, starring James Stewart, June Allyson. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rose Marie," Eastman color CinemaScope musical, starring Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Three Forbidden Stories," Italian-language drama, starring Eleonora Rossi, Gino Cervi. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "The Gentle Gunman," thriller, starring John Mills, Dirk Bogarde, Elizabeth Sellars. Plus ★★ "The Big Top," Russian color circus feature.

#### Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Appointment in Honduras," color thriller, starring Glenn Ford, Ann Sheridan, Zachary Scott. Plus "Desert Passage," Tim Holt Western.

EMBASSY.—"Father's Doing Fine," technicolor comedy, starring Richard Attenborough, Heather Thatcher, Virginia McKenna. Plus "The Yellow Balloon," drama, starring Kathleen Ryan, William Sylvester, Andrew Ray.

PARK.—"The City Is Dark," thriller, starring Sterling Hayden, Gene Nelson, Phyllis Kirk. Plus "High Sierra," thriller, starring Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino. (Release.)

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ The Sword and the Rose

WALT DISNEY delves into 16th century English history with varied success in his new all-live-action romance, "The Sword and the Rose."

Telling the story of a love affair between a princess and a commoner, the film is elaborately costumed and technicolored, and it has the advantage of a box-office cast, headed by Richard Todd and Glynis Johns.

There is a fair bit of action sprinkled throughout the story, but both the script and direction are over-leisurely, and there are some heavy-going patches when the characters become embroiled in Court intrigues.

Glynis Johns plays tomboyish Mary Tudor, the indulged, self-willed sister of King Henry VIII. Richard Todd is an athletic Charles

Brandon, the adventurous commoner with whom Mary falls in love.

There is a good deal of play throughout the picture upon the hero's skill at wrestling and his swordsmanship. Todd acquires himself efficiently in these sequences.

"The Sword and the Rose" goes to France when Mary Tudor marries ailing King Louis XII (watch for a smooth performance by Jean Mercure in this role), but returns to England again for the young lovers to find the happy ending that is made possible for them by bluff King Hal.

Hefty James Robertson Justice makes an interesting appearance as England's merry monarch, munching chicken and ogling pretty girls almost as robustly as did Charles Laughton in a similar role some years ago. In Sydney—Mayfair.



NEW CHILD STAR Vincent Winter, from Scotland, renews friendship with "Uncle" Theodore Bikel, with whom he appeared in his first film, "The Kidnappers." Vincent was puzzled to find a new, suave, guitar-playing Uncle in place of the Dutch-speaking doctor of their early film.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1954

# Fireside Feature *Handicrafts*



MOTHER puts the finishing touches to the hat (illustrated below) while daughter Wendy divides her time between the kitten and her knitting. Hours spent before the fire can be spent profitably and pleasantly in handicrafts.

● On this page are new, easy-to-sew accessories for winter elegance. Other wonderful things to make during leisurely fireside hours are shown on succeeding pages. Included are attractive articles for the home and practical items that every homemaker will take great pleasure in making.



BLACK LACE over pink slipper satin was used to make this evening bag. Any needlewoman can make it from remnants or left-overs from an evening dress. Drawstring handles are made of black velvet cords. Directions page 28.



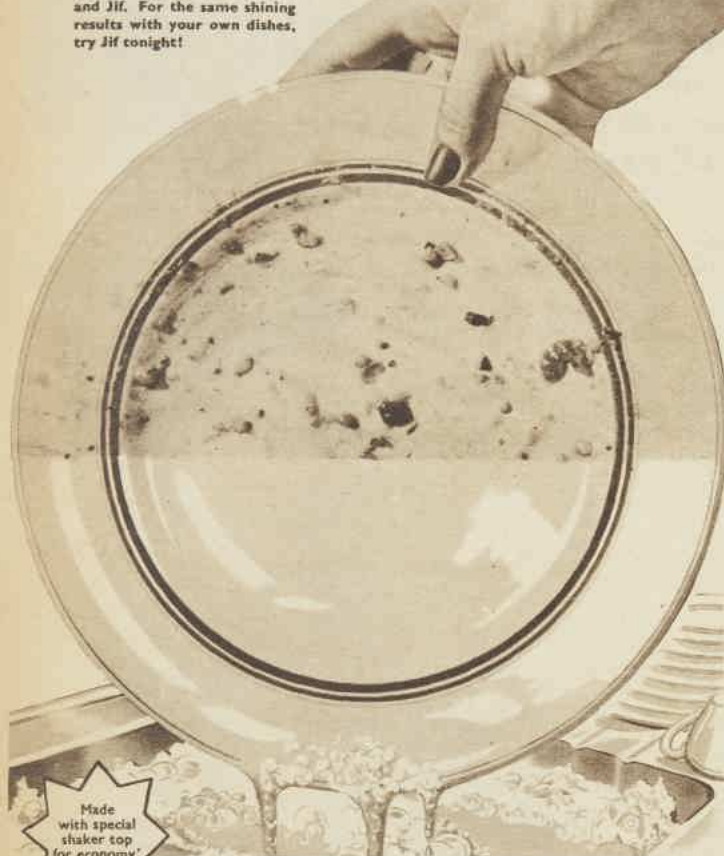
SMART PARIS-INSPIRED HAT-AND-BAG SET is made in broad-ribbed corduroy velvet. The hat is fez-shaped, with an open top and self-trimming of band and ends. The bag, a large, pouch shape, has a rope-lined handle of the same material. Both can be all hand-made and in any color. Full directions and graphs for patterns are given on page 28.



LEOPARD-SKIN FUR-FABRIC ACCESSORIES, comprising muff, cravat, and belt, will tone or contrast vividly with the woollen dresses and suits in your winter wardrobe. The muff serves a dual purpose. It contains a zipper-pocket large enough to serve as a purse. See directions for making on page 29.

# Jif Strips Grease instantly!

This photograph shows what happens when a greasy dinner plate is dipped in hot water and Jif. For the same shining results with your own dishes, try Jif tonight!



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## Drawstring evening bag

Black lace and pink satin were the materials used for the lovely evening bag which is shown in color on page 27.

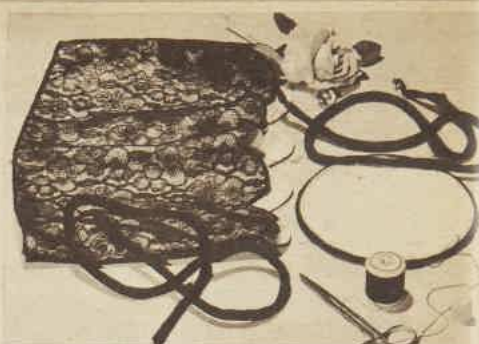
HERE are the directions for making:

**Materials:** 1/2 yd. black lace, 1/2 yd. pink slipper satin, 1/2 yd. or small remnants of black velvet, stiff cardboard.

Cut a strip of lace and a strip of satin 29 in. long and 9 in. wide. Lay satin right side up on a firm surface and along one edge mark with a pencil ten even scallops. You can use a port-wine glass for marking in the scallops. Allow for seams by beginning and ending scallops a good 1/2 in. from either end.

Tack satin on to the lace at the scallop-edge with right side of satin up, then stitch round the scallops; also stitch together the straight edge of base. Cut material a little more than one-eighth inch away from the scallop-stitching and turn, then tack turned edges evenly and close to each edge. Press well.

Join lace and satin together at side seam. On the inside, make a turned-in seam. This



THIS picture shows the evening bag sections made up and ready for assembling. The velvet drawstrings are threaded through a line of buttonholes around the scallops.

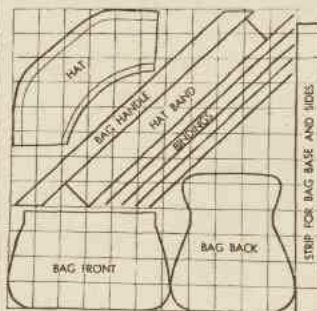
is the body of the bag as illustrated on this page.

Cut out two 6 in. circles of cardboard. Keep these together with small pieces of sticking tape. Cut a 7 1/2 in. circle of velvet, place cardboard on velvet and pull edges over evenly. Keep in place with sticking tape until it is smooth and evenly turned in all round. Now cut a 7 in. circle of satin, turn in 1/2 in. all round and tack on to the turned-in edges of velvet, and hem. This is the base of the

bag. (See picture.) With strong double thread sew a running stitch around straight edge of body of bag, pull in to size of base, pin, and stitch firmly to velvet base.

Fold each scallop in half, make a 1/2 in. buttonhole lengthwise through both thicknesses of material and 1/2 in. in from the fold. Do this on each scallop. For the drawstrings, cut two 1 1/2 in. wide strips of 30 in. long velvet on the bias. Hem and turn, then thread through the buttonholes.

## Corduroy hat and bag



GRAPH diagram, in which each square equals 3 in., shows the pattern pieces required for the hat and bag and how to position them.



POUCH-BAG and matching fez-shaped hat are made of wide-ribbed corduroy velvet. The set is also shown in color on page 27. Directions for making commence on this page.

A yard of velvet makes the hat and bag shown above. The additional materials required for each are listed separately below.

**Materials for Bag:** Half yard of lining, 1 yd. tailor's canvas, 3 yds. piping cord, 1 yd. 1/2 in. rope, a tailor's hook and eye. **Materials for hat:** Half yard of buckram, 1 coil millinery wire, a small piece of silk lining.

**Cutting Directions:** Rule up a 36-in. square of paper and mark off in 3 in. squares. Draw patterns as shown in the graph above and place on the velvet in the same position. Cut each pattern piece in velvet. For the hat, cut pattern again, once in buckram and once in lining, but this time follow the lighter inside line marked on the graph. For the bag, cut front, back, and strip that forms base and sides also in lining material and canvas.

**To Make the Hat:** Make a 1/2 in. turning at the top and bottom of the buckram, run a row of stitching 1/2 in. in from the top and bottom edge, and thread hem with millinery wire. Before threading, bend wire back to make a narrow

hook and it will thread easily. Fit buckram round head for size, cut wire and bend over ends to keep it firm, then sew up back by overlapping edges 1/2 in.

Join velvet up back seam, lay over the buckram shape and turn in at top and bottom. The top can be stretched slightly by ironing so that it turns in neatly and flat. Tack velvet in position.

### Fireside Feature

Turn in lining material 1/2 in. at top and bottom, join up back seam, pin into hat and sew neatly.

Hem trimming band, turn, and press flat. Turn in ends and finish neatly. The band should measure about 29 in. Lay band around the hat as shown and sew firmly, leaving the two ends free to stand out.

**To Make the Bag:** Tack canvas and lining for front and back sections to the corres-

ponding velvet sections with small stitches, but leave lining free at the flap and top of front section.

With a one-sided foot attachment, machine (or sew by hand) piping cord tightly into the bias strips to make the pipings.

Now take the strip which makes the sides and bottom of bag and tack canvas only to this piece. If liked, two thicknesses of canvas may be used for additional firmness. Machine or hand-sew together along the tracks of the corduroy; these rows of stitching give stiffness and firmness.

With a one-sided foot attachment, machine (or sew by hand) the covered piping cord to either side of this strip, leaving a length of cording at one side to go round the flap when the back and front sections are joined together.

Tack back and flap section to the corded band on the side with the length of extra cording, stitch firmly and finish the flap with cording.

Turn in edge of lining for

Continued on page 34

## Fireside Feature Looped collar and cuffs set

A demure looped collar and cuffs set in keeping with the "little girl" fashion trend will give a lift to your winter wardrobe.

**Materials:** 2oz. Patons' Beehive Fingering, 4-ply (Patons' brand) (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 crochet hook, size 12; 1 pair No. 1 knitting needles; 2 hooks and eyes.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to lin.; 6 rows to lin.

### COLLAR

Starting at outer edge of collar, ch. 107.

**Row 1:** 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. across (106 sts.), ch. 1, turn.

**Row 2:** Loop-st. row (loops will be on other side of work). \* Hold knitting needle close to work (working at end of needle), bring wool around needle, insert hook into st. and work 1 d.c., leave loop on needle \*, work another loop in same st. (increase), then rep. from \* to \* across row, ending work another loop in last st., ch. 1, turn (108 sts.). Slip needle out of work.

**Row 3:** Work 2 d.c. in first st., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 sts., \* dec. 1 st. by drawing up a loop in each of next 2 sts., work off as 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of next 8 sts., rep. from \* 8 times more, dec. 1 st., 1 d.c. in next 7 sts., 2 d.c. in last st., ch. 1, turn (100 sts.).

**Row 4:** Same as row 2 (102 sts.).

**Row 5:** Work 2 d.c. in first st., 1 d.c. in each of next 8 sts., \* dec. 1 st. over next 2 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 sts., rep. from \* 8 times more, dec. 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of next 9 sts., 2 d.c. in last st., ch. 1, turn (94 sts.).

**Row 6:** Same as row 2 (96 sts.).

**Row 7:** Work 2 d.c. in first st., work in d.c. across row, dec. 6 sts., inc. 1 st. in last st. (92 sts.).

**Row 8:** Same as row 2 (94 sts.).

**Row 9:** Omit inc. at each end and work across row in d.c., dec. 7 sts., ch. 1, turn (87 sts.).

**Row 10:** 1 loop in each st. across row (as in row 2) (87 sts.).

Rep. rows 9 and 10 twice more (73 sts.), then work 1 row

of d.c. around outer edge. Break yarn and fasten.

Trim with cord or as desired.

### CUFFS

For long sleeves, starting at outer edge, ch. 35.

**Row 1:** 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. across (34 sts.), ch. 1, turn.

**Row 2:** Work loop-st. (as on collar), inc. 1 st. each end, ch. 1, turn.

Cont. alternating d.c. rows with loop-st. rows, inc. each side on next 3 rows (42 sts.), then work even for 9 more rows (14 rows from start).

Break wool and fasten.

Join wool at wrist edge and work 1 row of d.c. around entire cuff on wrong side of work. Break wool and fasten. Fasten cuff with hook and eye.



COLLAR AND CUFFS SET from a New York designer. The collar is tied with gold tinsel cord, but if you cannot buy gold or silver cording make a tie of wool. Only two ounces of wool are required to make this set for which white or pastel is suggested.

## CHIC FUR-FABRIC ACCESSORIES

The cravat, muff, and belt shown here and in color on page 27 can be easily made in leisure hours by the fireside.

PLAIN or patterned fur fabric can be used to make this set. Directions are given for the muff and cravat; any width belt can be covered to match.

### CRAVAT

**Materials:** 1 yd. of fur fabric; 1 yd. of sateen. Make pattern to the measurements given in the diagram below, cut out once in fur fabric, once in sateen. Both materials should be cut on the double or if remnants are used neatly joined at centre back. Turn in a 1/2 in. hem on the fur fabric and sew lining in position.

### MUFF

**Materials:** Piece of fur fabric 19 in. x 13 in.; piece of lining material same size; pocket lining 7 in. x 8 in.; a piece of cotton wadding 19 in. x 11 in.; 7 in. zipp fastener.

### TO MAKE

Join the short edges of the fur fabric, right sides together, sew for 3 in. at each end, and insert the zipp fastener along the centre opening. Fold pocket lining in half, lengthwise, right sides together, sew up the short sides. Turn top edges under 1/2 in. and sew to zipp bands. Turn the muff inside out, tack wadding on with a margin of 1 in. at each edge. Make a 1/2 in. casing at both ends of muff, thread casing with elastic to required size and stitch. Fold muff lining in half, join the shorter edges together, place in position with pocket lying flat against side of muff. Sew lining to the edges of muff, stretching the muff edges as you sew, to gather the lining to the size of muff.



CRAVAT, muff, and belt set, illustrated in color on page 27. Left, pattern for cravat.



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# Attractive handwork to make in winter

## *Fireside Feature*

● A frothy ballerina lampshade, knitted hot-water bag covers in two sizes, a stab-stitch leatherette bag, and a basket in plastic or cane are fascinating and worthwhile pieces to make during winter. They are shown on this page.

**T**HE lampshade, hot-water bag covers, and the leatherette bag can be made by any needlewoman and knitter, but an elementary knowledge of basketry is needed to make the cane or plastic shopping basket.

Directions for making the articles illustrated begin on this page.

### **Ballerina lampshade**

**Materials:** A painted wire frame, 4yds. organdie (this amount of material is for a standard 20in. ballerina frame), taffeta or a firm, fine silk for the fitted lining, velvet ribbon for trimming.

**To Make:** The painted wire frame has first to be taped, then covered with a fitted lining. Bind the base, waist, and top rings of the frame firmly with tape.

For any fitted lining, measure round the circumference of the base of the frame for the width. For the depth, measure from the base to the waist, up to the top and down to the inside of the waist. Then cut material to these measurements.

Join side edges of material to make a circle.

With lining inside out and raw edge facing towards base wire, pin round the tape on the inside, then stitch firmly. Pull lining down and up over the wire, stretching tightly up to the waist. Mark waistline evenly all the way round, then with double thread run a drawstring round to pull in tightly to the wire, easing the fullness evenly all round, and sew firmly to the taped waist wire.

At top edge of lining make a small turning, gather to size of waist, fold over top wire, and stitch to the inside of waist.

For the ballerina skirt cut three 32in.

lengths of 36in. or 40in. wide organdie. Join the pieces together on the selvedge edges to form a circle, then fold in half to make a circle of double organdie. Taffeta, slipper satin, or moire may be used, but these are not washing fabrics and, as they would not need to be made double, only half the amount of material would be required.

At the folded edge, commence the tucks that trim the skirt, using the double material as if it were single.

Make the first tuck 1in. wide and about 2in. up from the folded edge. Above the first tuck make another 1in. wide and above that a third narrow tuck about 1in. wide. This makes the skirt.

Along the double raw edge, which comes into the waist of the shade, sew a strong running thread and draw into size of the top piece of organdie.

Now cut two 16in. strips of material, join together to make a circle, and fold over double as for the skirt.

Join the gathered-in waist of skirt to the raw double edge of the second circle, which is the top of the shade, run a line of stitching round to form a casing for a drawstring, then pull the skirt into the waist of the frame.

Around the top run another row of stitching for the top drawstring, which pulls in and is tied to make the shirred top of the shade.

When tying the top drawstring, pull in very tightly into a very tiny circle so that the top of the lamp is almost completely closed in.

Finish shade by tying a toning or contrasting velvet ribbon around the waist.

### **Knitted covers for hot-water bags**

**BLUE** with a motif in pink, green, and maize is suggested for the pattern of the covers, but any preferred combination of colors may be used.

Here are the directions:

**Materials:** Large cover—2 skeins "Twin-Prufe" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2090 (blue); 1 skein each of shades

*Continued on page 31*



**BALLERINA SHADE** designed for a standard lamp is of white organdie posed over a fitted pink taffeta lining. The double organdie skirt has a tucked edge and is gathered in at the waist and top with drawstrings. When the shade is soiled untie the drawstrings, launder, and replace on frame. The waist is trimmed with a red velvet sash and bow. See full directions given on this page.



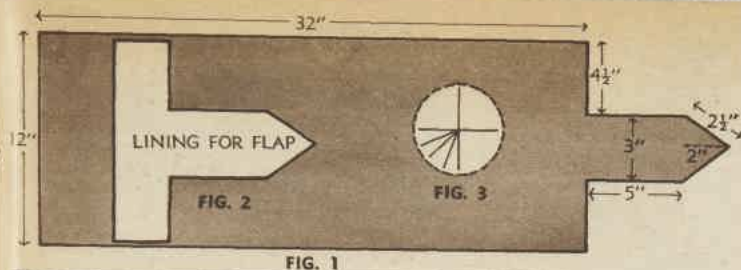
**HOT-WATER BAG COVERS.** Knitted in stocking-stitch with a pattern of dainty pastel-colored motifs, these covers are designed to fit a large and a small hot-water bag. The covers are made in two rectangular pieces and joined together with a simple scalloped edging or crochet. The covers would be a very quickly made and welcome gift. Directions for making begin on this page.



**LEATHERETTE BAG.** A remnant of upholstery leatherette was used for this useful knitting or work bag with colored stab-stitch finish. Lined with plastic, it would be ideal for beach or picnic use. See directions on page 31.



**SHOPPING BASKET.** Plastic cane is a popular material for baskets of various designs. Red and white plastic cane and ordinary cane were used for this basket. See directions on page 31.



## Leatherette bag

Stab-stitch in black embroidery cotton is a smart trim for this bag, which is shown in color on page 30.

### DIRECTIONS for making

**Materials:** A remnant of upholstery leatherette approximately 40 x 12 in., piece of lining material the same size, a large press stud, length of piping cord for handle, piece of cardboard 7 1/2 x 12 in. for stiffening base of bag, soft embroidery cotton.

**To Make:** Cut body of bag in leatherette according to measurements in diagram above (Fig. 1), cut the same pattern in lining material, but omit the flap, as this can be lined with leatherette for additional firmness. Cut two gussets 12 x 8 in., once in leatherette and once in lining, and cut eight 2 1/2 in. squares of leatherette for handle slot facings, a strip 9 x 1 in. for the flap tuck-under, and a strip 4 1/2 x 1 1/2 in. for handle casing.

First mark the position for the handle slots by making a mark 2 in. in and 2 in. down from the top edges of the body and gusset sections. On each small square of leatherette outline a 1/2 in. diameter circle and pin the squares through the centre of the circle to the markings on the

body and gussets with the right sides of materials facing. Back-stitch firmly around the circles, cut across the centre of each one both ways, cutting through both thicknesses of material, then cut each section into four (Fig. 3). Take care not to cut too close to the circle of stitching.

Turn the squares through to the wrong side, smooth out creases, and stab-stitch around all the holes about 1/4 in. in from the edges with soft embroidery cotton. Round off the corners on the back, stick with a strong glue and place under a weight to dry. Cut a strip of leatherette to line the flap (Fig. 2), sew top of press stud at shaped end, then stab-stitch lining to flap.

On the front of bag, cut two 1 in. slits on the perpendicular 2 in. in from the handle slots. Cut the strip of leatherette for the flap tuck-under in half, place wrong sides together, and stab-stitch along top and bottom edges. Sew base of press stud in position underneath the tuck-under, place tuck-under through slits and stab-stitch firmly in place.

THIS DIAGRAM shows the pattern for the body of the work-bag (Fig. 1), the flap lining (Fig. 2), and the method of cutting handle-slot facings (Fig. 3).

Glue cardboard in position in base of bag. Round off base corners of gusset sections and sew to bag at each side. Join the lining sections, place in bag, and stab-stitch around the top, cutting and sewing the lining neatly around each handle slot.

Sew cord into the handle casing nearly all the way round, thread through the slots, seam the ends of the casing together on the wrong side, press seam flat, and continue sewing the cord in the handle casing.

### HOT-WATER BAG COVERS

Nos. 2162 (pink), 2359 (green), and 2185 (maize). Small cover—1 skein "Twin-pruf" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2090 (blue); small quantity each of shade Nos. 2162 (pink), 2359 (green), and 2185 (maize); 1 pt. No. 10 needles; No. 13 crochet hook; 1 yd. ribbon for large cover, 1/2 yd. for small cover.

**Measurements:** Large cover—12 in. x 9 1/2 in.; small cover—7 1/2 in. by 6 in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 9 rows, 1 in.

**LARGE COVER**  
Using bl. wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 69 sts. and work

## Shopping basket

Colored plastic cane is suggested for the side weaving of this basket, but plain cane can be used.

### HERE are the directions for making:

**Materials:** Two lengths 8mm. cane, 96 in. and 28 in. long, 18 pieces 38 in. long and 36 pieces of 4mm. cane, 15 in. long, and about 7 long strips of 3mm. cane. These quantities should make the base, handle, and side stakes. For the body of the basket illustrated, 19 4yd. strips of red plastic cane and five 4yd. strips of white plastic were used.

Soak cane for the base, handle, and side stakes in water to make it pliable and to prevent splitting. Make a mark 6 in. and 12 in. in from each end, and also at the centre of the 96 in. length of 8mm. cane. Form a circle with this piece until the two 6 in. and centre marks are in line. This is centre of the base. The 12 in. mark is the length of the base.

Keep the 12 in. base as flat as possible and shape the rest

**REINFORCED** with durable plastic cane, this well-designed shopping basket will give long service. The basket is also shown in color on the opposite page.



into a nicely rounded handle. Now mark three 1 in. spaces each side of centre at the base. Take the 18 pieces of 38 in. long 4mm. cane, lay 3 pieces over the first mark, then lay 2 under the second mark, 2 over the third mark, 4 under the fourth mark, which is the centre of base, 2 over the fifth,

which form the handle. Secure these also with pins.

Take the longest strips of 3mm. cane, fold in half, and weave over and under the 4mm. stake for two rounds. Separate and weave between first and last 5 stakes and centre 4. Insert the 36 short pieces to make the double stakes all round and continue weaving until the base is about 7 in. wide. Secure to a board to ensure a flat base, tie a length of string loosely each end of the handle to hold upright the side stakes and weave in the usual manner with plastic or cane finish as preferred. Bind handle to complete.

## Fireside Feature

2 under the sixth, and 3 over the seventh. Secure temporarily with pins.

The short piece of 8mm. cane should be placed between the two pieces of 8mm. cane

### Continued from page 30

10 rows st-st. Now begin the patt., which is worked entirely in st-st, beg. with a k row, so only the color details are given. Use the colored wool in short lengths of a few inches for each motif. These wools can then hang loose until needed on the next row, but when changing wools pass the second wool round the first to avoid a hole.

1st Row (right side): 9 bl., \* 1 g, 1 bl., 1 g, 13 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 9 bl.  
2nd Row: 8 bl., \* 1 g, 3 bl., 1 g, 11 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 8 bl.  
3rd Row: 10 bl., \* 1 pk, 15 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 10 bl.

4th Row: 9 bl., \* 3 pk, 13 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 9 bl.  
5th Row: 10 bl., \* 1 m, 15 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 10 bl.

Work 11 rows in st-st, with bl. wool, beg. with a p row.  
17th Row: 17 bl., \* 1 g, 1 bl., 1 g, 13 bl., rep. from \* to last 4 st., 4 bl.

18th Row: 16 bl., \* 1 g, 3 bl., 1 g, 11 bl., rep. from \* to last 5 sts., 5 bl.  
19th Row: 18 bl., \* 1 pk, 15 bl., rep. from \* to last 3 sts., 3 bl.

20th Row: 17 bl., \* 3 pk, 13 bl., rep. from \* to last 4 sts., 4 bl.

21st Row: 18 bl., \* 1 m, 15 bl., rep. from \* to last 3 sts., 3 bl.

Work 11 rows in st-st, with bl., beg. with a p row.

These 32 rows form the patt., rep. them twice more.

Cast off straight across.

Work another piece in the same way.

### TO MAKE UP

Place the two pieces together with wrong sides facing and a right side uppermost, facing worker. Working through both pieces together, with No. 13 crochet hook and pk wool, begin at the top corner of left side, and work a row of 95 d.c. down the left side (by missing

Continued on page 34

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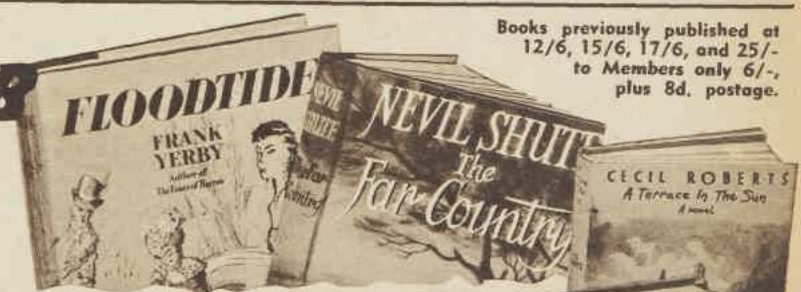
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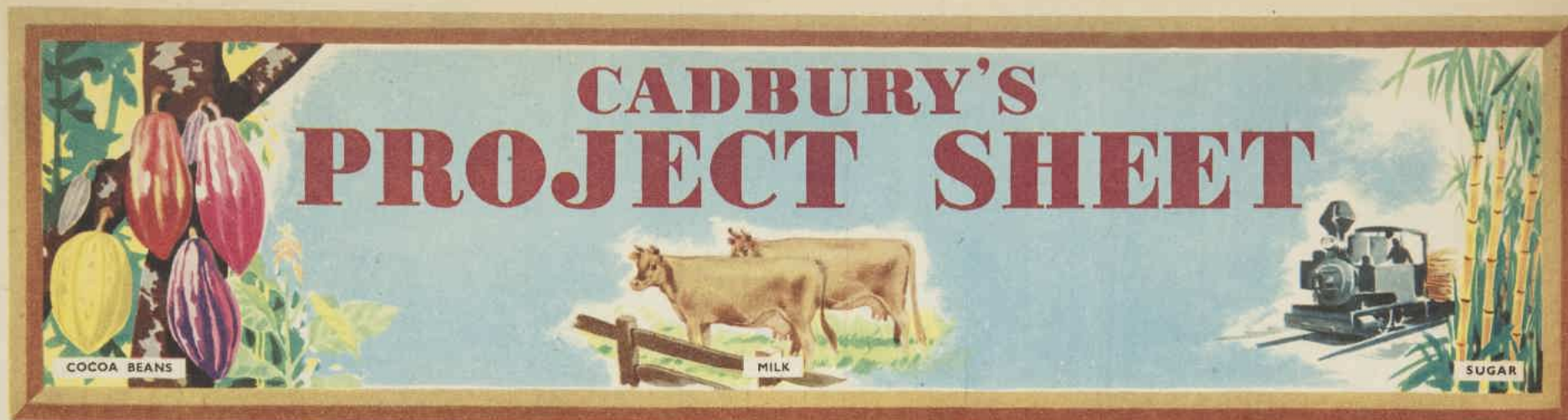
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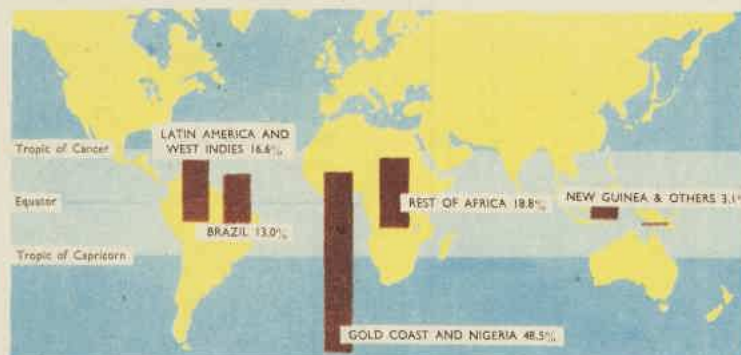
*Cocoa Beans, Milk and Sugar are the raw materials used in making Dairy Milk Chocolate.*

In studying the manufacture of chocolate you will learn about the production of the raw materials and the people who produce them, about transport, about the process by which chocolate is made today, and the way in which it was made centuries ago.

The set of notes I have prepared on a project on chocolate, which you can obtain free by sending a postage stamp to Cadbury's, has been designed as a guide to project work in general. It is hoped that these notes will help you with future project work.

*P.J. Penman*

(P. J. Penman, B.A., Dip. Ed.)  
Education Department of Tasmania.



#### THE WORLD'S COCOA BELT

Cocoa can only be cultivated in the hot, wet forests which lie between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. The most important of the cocoa-producing areas is West Africa—especially the Gold Coast and Nigeria.



#### HARVESTING PODS

Our story begins on the far away African Gold Coast where the cocoa beans are grown. Here is a native harvesting the bright, red-and-yellow coloured pods.



#### OPENING PODS

The pods are split open, revealing 30 to 45 beans, white to purple in colour. The beans are placed in fermenting boxes for several days. After fermentation they are dried, and packed into sacks for transport.



#### TRANSPORT OF BEANS

The waiting ships receive their cargo from African surf boats specially built to ride the breakers. The beans are loaded on to the waiting ships.



#### ARRIVAL AT HOBART

Overseas freighters unload beans at the wharf in Hobart. From there they are taken by trucks to the factory at Claremont, on the Derwent River, 9 miles from Hobart.



#### THE START OF PROCESSING

Thousands of sacks of beans are stored at Claremont. As required, the beans are tipped from the sacks into a pneumatic conveyor, and so start on their journey through the factory.



#### ROASTING

The beans are then heated in large, revolving roasting ovens. The roasted beans are then cracked in kibbling machines. The fine shell is then blown away, leaving the cleaned pieces of kernel which are called "nibs".



#### GRINDING

The nibs which contain over 50% of cocoa butter, are next ground very finely. The heat of grinding melts the cocoa butter so that the ground-up bean now appears as a rich, brown liquid which is called "mass".



#### FRESH MILK

While the chocolate is being prepared, thousands of gallons of fresh, full-cream milk are being brought to the factory in stainless steel tankers from the rich dairy pastures of Tasmania's North West Coast.



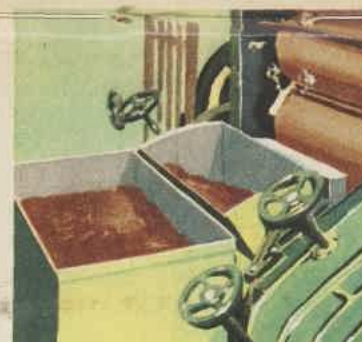
#### CONDENSING

All milk contains water and this must be removed under vacuum in these large polished kettles. This is why it is possible for a glass and a half of full-cream milk to go into every half pound of Dairy Milk Chocolate.



#### MIXING

The condensed milk (to which sugar has been added) is now mixed with the liquid "mass" in large mixers. The creamy colour of the milk and the rich brown of the mass look most attractive.



#### REFINING

The chocolate paste is now refined by being milled between a series of steel rollers which grind the particles very small. This process is essential in making a smooth-tasting, even chocolate.



#### CONCHING

After extra cocoa butter has been added, the conching machine beats the chocolate for periods up to 24 hours to bring out extra smoothness and flavour. The machines are warmed to keep the chocolate liquid.



#### MOULDING

The liquid chocolate is now poured into moulds which are passed through hundreds of feet of cooling chambers where the blocks of chocolate set hard, ready for wrapping and packing.



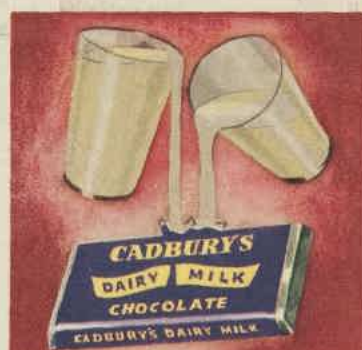
#### WRAPPING

Thousands of blocks come from the cooling chambers every day to automatic wrapping machines, where they receive their shining, purple and gold wrappers. This machine wraps 120 blocks per minute.



#### TRANSPORT

The chocolate is now ready for its journey to the shops. It leaves the factory by train and truck which carry it to the wharves in Hobart for shipment to all parts of Australia and some of the South Pacific Islands.



#### NOW YOU KNOW

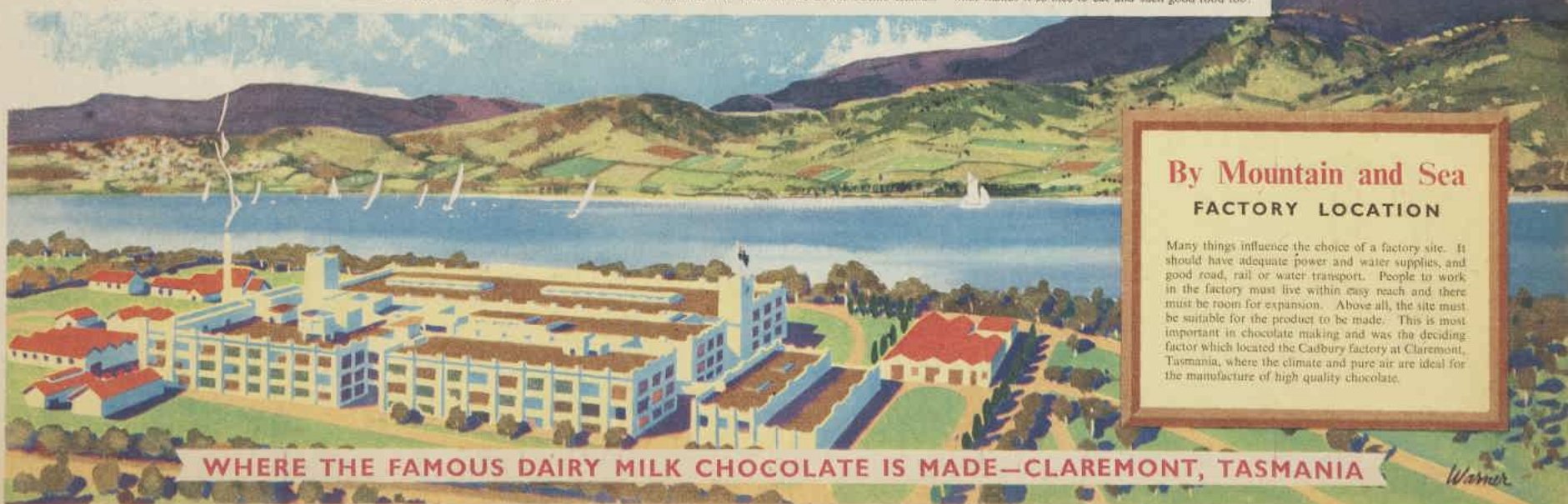
Now you know what this picture means and how Cadbury's put a glass and a half of Fresh, Full Cream Milk into every 1-lb. of Dairy Milk Chocolate. This is what makes it so nice to eat and such good food too!

### FREE to all school children

Just send a 3d. stamp and your name and address (in block letters) to

CADBURY'S SCHOOLS DEPT.  
CLAREMONT, TASMANIA

and we will post you FREE ★ Project Notes written by Miss P. J. Penman, B.A., Dip. Ed., of the Education Department of Tasmania. ★ Also a free copy of this page in colour on special paper.



### By Mountain and Sea FACTORY LOCATION

Many things influence the choice of a factory site. It should have adequate power and water supplies, and good road, rail or water transport. People to work in the factory must live within easy reach and there must be room for expansion. Above all, the site must be suitable for the product to be made. This is most important in chocolate making and was the deciding factor which located the Cadbury factory at Claremont, Tasmania, where the climate and pure air are ideal for the manufacture of high quality chocolate.

WHERE THE FAMOUS DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE IS MADE—CLAREMONT, TASMANIA

Warner



## Fire-side Feature

# Pretty hat trimming

THE idea, which was sent in by Mrs. F. B. Ringdon, Scotsdale, Denmark, Western Australia, is suited for work by the fireside, like the other needlework suggestions presented in this issue.

Here is Mrs. Ringdon's method of using the felt:

"Cut the good parts of old felt hats into simple leaf

**TWO WAYS of using felt leaves as a hat trimming are shown left.**

A simple but attractive idea for using the felt of old hats to renovate or make another hat wins the £3/3/- prize this week in our homemakers' contest.

shapes and use either to trim another hat as suggested in the sketch at left or sew the leaves on a felt or velvet band to make a wreath. This can be worn with an open crown or, if preferred, the top can be filled in with matching net.

"If you have a variety of felt, colorful variegated leaves can be used. Smaller leaves

will be given, so if you or a member of your family have any novel or useful ideas send them in. They may win a cash prize.

For the contest all you have to do is write down a full description of the old article and tell how you made use of it. A rough sketch or snapshot of the item before and after its transformation must accompany each entry.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## HOT-WATER BAG COVERS

Continued from page 31

very 10th knitted row), work d.c. into the corner st, work along the lower edge thus (1 l.c. into each of the next 2 sts., d.c. into next st.) 22 times, d.c. into next st., and 2 d.c. into corner st., then cont. up right side with 95 d.c. (by missing every 10th row), 2 d.c. into corner st., then cont. along the front top edge thus: 1 d.c. (2 l.c. into next st., 1 d.c. into each of the following 2 sts.) 22 times, 1 d.c. into last st. (375 l.c.). St-st to 1st d.c. to join.

### SCALLOPED EDGING

Work 1 d.c. into each of first d.c., \* miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c., 1 r., 2 d.c. (by passing wool twice over hook before inserting into st. and work off in pairs), tr., 1 d.c., all into next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next st., sp. from \* all around, 1 d.c. into last d.c. Fasten off.

Rejoin pk. wool to back edge and work a row of 90 d.c., turn,

and work scalloped edging. Fasten off. Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Cut ribbon into 4 lengths and sew 2 matching bows to the top.

### SMALL COVER

Using bl. wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 43 sts. and work 6 rows st-st.

Now begin the patt.

1st Row: 6 bl., \* 1 g., 1 bl., 1 g., 11 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 6 bl.

2nd Row: 5 bl., \* 1 g., 3 bl., 1 g., 9 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 5 bl.

3rd Row: 7 bl., \* 1 pk., 13 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 7 bl.

4th Row: 6 bl., \* 3 pk., 11 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 6 bl.

5th Row: 7 bl., \* 1 m., 13 bl., rep. from \* ending last rep. with 7 bl.

Work 9 rows in st-st. with bl. wool, beg. with a p. row.

15th Row: 13 bl., 1 g., 1 bl., 1 g., 11 bl., 1 g., 1 bl., 1 g., 13 bl.  
16th Row: 12 bl., 1 g., 3 bl., 1 g., 9 bl., 1 g., 3 bl., 1 g., 12 bl.  
17th Row: 14 bl., 1 pk., 13 bl., 1 pk., 14 bl.  
18th Row: 13 bl., 3 pk., 11 bl., 3 pk., 13 bl.  
19th Row: 14 bl., 1 m., 13 bl., 1 m., 14 bl.

Work 9 rows st-st. with bl. wool, beg. with a p. row.

These 28 rows form the patt., rep. them once more then rep. from the 1st to 5th rows inclusive once.

Work 5 rows st-st. with bl. wool. Cast off.

Work another piece the same way.

### TO MAKE UP

Work as for large cover, working 64 d.c. down left side, 2 d.c. into corner, 55 d.c. along lower edge, 2 d.c. into corner, 64 d.c. along right side, 2 d.c. into corner, and 55 d.c. along top front edge.

### SCALLOPED EDGING

Work as for large cover. Press and sew on ribbons.

## CORDUROY HAT & BAG

Continued from page 28

the flap, tack and hem it round smoothly. The lining should be sewn round flap about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. in from edge of cording.

For the front section of bag turn the top of the velvet and canvas over  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., but leave lining free for  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. from the folded top and lin. in from each end. Run a double-threaded drawstring and pull in top of front until it measures the same as top of back section. On the wrong side of front section stitch a tape firmly so that the drawstring will not pull away.

Now gather the lining for front into the same size and finish by hemming firmly inside. Run a double-threaded

**BUCKRAM SHAPE**, wired at the top and base, which is used for the fez-styled corduroy hat shown in color on page 27. See pattern graph on page 28.



drawstring across the flat bottom of the front section and pull in until it measures same as back section.

With sections inside out, now stitch front into the rest of the bag. Turn in side sections at level of front of bag. Trim off rough edges, and stitch lining of sides and bottom strip in position.

Cover rope with remaining

strip of bias velvet. This can only be done by hand, turning in and stitching firmly as you go.

Join rope end to end overlapping velvet and sew firmly. Tack and sew handle firmly with double thread and back-stitch into flap. Sew a large trouser hook on the flap and front. Cover with matching embroidery thread.



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for those who prefer them.

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## Continuing . . . The Passenger

from page 5

the warnings. She should be making some plans of her own.

Here the road crawled up an incline and ahead she could see the white posts and low railings that marked a ditch. On the other side, there was only undergrowth and trees. What if she swerved suddenly and hit the railings?

Her flesh crawled at the thought. She might injure only herself, and, on this desolate road, who would hear a crash? She could only wait and pray that she was exaggerating the menace of the man beside her, that a queer attitude of his had inflamed her imagination.

She had never yet met an unmanageable man, and she dare not wreck her car and risk injury just because it was late, and her body cried out in instinctive fear. Besides, they should be near the outskirts of Cumberton soon.

The man shifted slightly, and Jill realised her attention was still on him, even though her eyes were on the road.

"You're awfully pretty to be out alone this time of night."

Twice Jill swallowed to ease the tightness in her throat. "What does being pretty have to do with it?"

"Well, usually pretty girls learn young to be careful, and then they generally have men with them when they're out late."

What he'd said was true, she thought in surprise. She usually wasn't alone. But was that bit about being careful a not too subtle way of telling her that she had been foolish, that she was being foolish? His next remark made her reach back for the word "foolish," as though that description were safe and desirable.

"I like brunettes," he said complacently.

She felt the blood surge to her face, burn at her ears. And, like the vibrations of a sudden roll of drums, the aggressive masculinity of the man beside her hit her senses, almost overwhelming her. Her sudden impression of an animal-like sensuousness emanating from him was so vivid, it left her mouth too dry to speak, her mind whirling with discovery.

That had been the thing about him all along that she had felt without knowing! A deep-rooted, primitive strain in her had recognised this man's raw barbarism and had clamoured for self-protection.

Those terrifying words of his dropped into her consciousness like a stone into still water, the circles spreading in her mind until, overlapping, they became filled with fearful pictures . . . the man overpowering her . . . taking the car . . . her body in a lonely ditch.

The panic that welled up in her made her legs weak, her feet numb. Only sheer will-power kept her hands on the wheel, her eyes on the road. She now felt certain of the source of his air of command. It sprang from his intentions, conceived as soon as he'd got into her car.

In his mind, she was at his disposal, she and the car. It was as simple as that . . . and as horrible. To him, she was just a young woman who was going

to provide him with a nice car. Then the man moved slightly and she heard a faint click. Out of the corner of her eye she caught the bright glint and glanced over at him. She swung her eyes back to the road, her mind blank with terror. He had a long-bladed knife in his hand and, with the point of it, was carefully cleaning his fingernails!

He neither looked at her nor spoke and Jill felt herself tightening until it became difficult to breathe. She was conscious of the movement of the car, wondering how he could prevent the knife from running too far under the nails. Why was he ignoring her, concentrating on his ill-timed manicure?

She knew—oh, how well she knew!—the knife was intended as a threat, whether he mentioned it or said nothing about it. To say nothing was worse than open intimidation. The wheel under her hands was slippery with perspiration when she again heard the click. She knew he was looking at her again, but still he said nothing. She could only keep her eyes turned straight ahead, try to keep her lips tight to control the trembling.

They were running past a low hedge when the man leaned closer. Her nerves were so alert to him that she felt, rather than saw, him lean.

"After we pass this hedge there's an old quarry beyond, off to the right."

He paused, and Jill held her breath painfully. This was it.

"Before we reach the quarry, there's a road to the right. Take it."

JILL let out her breath, gustily, dizzily. Now that it was out in the open, an acknowledged thing, it was somehow less terrifying. It was as though the confirmation of her fear lessened it.

"I won't do it," she said, and pressed harder on the accelerator.

She didn't see him move, but thick, muscular fingers were suddenly round her throat, tightening, hurting, making her gasp. The road danced in front of her tear-stung eyes.

"I could choke you with one hand," he said, close to her ear, "if you'd like to have it like that. I'm on my way out of this country, anyhow. You'd be wise to do as I say."

Then her throat was released, his hand slipped from under hers. She saw his other hand on the wheel and realised that she'd forgotten all about driving when he attacked her. Automatically, her hands went back to the wheel, clutching it for control.

"Going to behave now?" "What do you want?" she cried desperately.

He didn't answer and she flung a glance at him. He was looking at her with that impassive strength in his face that gave him a touch of unreality. Then the illusion of immobility was shattered by the flash of his deep-set eyes as they

ranged over her. "You know what I want, well enough."

Jill shivered and swung her eyes back on the unchanged, unbending road. This couldn't happen to her, not just for obeying a kindly impulse, for giving a stranger a lift. But logic told her that it was happening, that it happened again and again to people.

She'd read of many such happenings—and there was the crux of the thing, she thought dully. She didn't identify herself with other people. She could read and hear about all manner of horrible crimes, but, because none of them had touched her life, she'd assumed that she had a special immunity.

The low hedge beside the road seemed to hem her in, to show her only one course to follow. The course of destruction, she thought dazedly. Why couldn't she snap out of this deadly apathy that was on her?

Then, too soon, the hedge ended and ahead she could see the buildings by the old quarry he'd mentioned. They must be close to the road and still she couldn't think, could hardly feel.

Beside her, the man leaned forward, peering. "Slow down," he said, and again she heard the click of the knife.

Why, he was afraid she might not do as he told her! Jill felt an idiotic urge to giggle and clamped her teeth on her lower lip. She couldn't have hysterics, not with that side turning coming into sight.

"Turn right here," he said, and she felt something press against her side.

It's the knife, she thought wildly. He's got it right against me. One part of her mind tried to imagine how the knife would feel plunging into her side, while another part silently shrieked with horror.

Jill slowed the car, fleetingly thought about screaming for help. She knew her last bit of control would leave if she ever started to scream. Besides, who could hear? She turned into the side road.

Agonisingly, Jill looked at the road, the headlights picking out every bump in it. It was an old road that hadn't been used for a long time. She straddled the ruts, noticing that the bushes on each side looked unusually green, or was it because she felt she was having her last look? The car was picking up speed, but apparently it pleased the man, because the pressure was removed from her side.

Jill knew it was futile to look for help along this road—he wouldn't have picked it, otherwise—but she couldn't resist the ceaseless, searching looks. Then, ahead on the left, she caught the glint of moonlight on a flat surface. She strained to see through the bushes and trees. It was a rooftop several hundred feet away from the road.

Without a conscious plan, other than escape, Jill suddenly jammed on the brake, her hand darting to the ignition key. The car skidded slightly, bucking, and she heard a grunt and a thud as the man was thrown

To page 38

## Australia's most popular breakfast treat



For sheer deliciousness of flavour and nourishing goodness, more Australians every morning reach for Vita-Brits—the golden-toasted, crunchy, whole wheat biscuits of unvarying freshness and quality.

# VITA-BRITS

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



### BY RUD



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suddenly discovered what  
Grandma knew—

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In addition, extra size makes Kensitas such a fine cigarette buy. Extra size at no extra cost.

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## DRESS SENSE

● I have designed the culotte skirt illustrated below for a reader who does not like the appearance of slacks but appreciates their comfort and warmth for winter wear.



by  
**Betty  
Keep**

D.S.101.—Culotte skirt in waist sizes 26in. to 32in. Requires 2yds. 54in. material, price 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HERE is the letter from the reader:

"THOUGH I realise slacks are comfortable and warm for winter, they just don't suit my figure. Could you design me some sort of divided skirt that would take the place of slacks? I did try for a paper pattern for such a skirt, but wasn't able to find one in any of the pattern sections."

Your problem can be solved by what in American fashions is called a culotte skirt. The culotte is a divided skirt which has the appearance of a tailored skirt plus the comfort and freedom of slacks. There it is illustrated (above). I do hope it is just what you had in mind and you will like it sufficiently well to copy.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 26in. to 32in. waist. The caption next to sketch will give you further details and tell you how to order. By the way, the same design made in a washing cotton would be excellent for summer.

"WOULD you kindly tell me how many frocks are the correct number for a trousseau, and how many sets of lingerie, etc., would I need? My frocks will have to last several years."

It would be impossible to answer your first query without first knowing the type of life you are going to lead, and where you are going to live. However, I can tell you this: before buying any clothes it is an excellent plan to itemise your fashion needs. Moreover, if you keep the lines of your clothes classic and simple they will date less quickly than

clothes selected with too many high-fashion details.

Here is a list of lingerie I consider adequate for the average girl's trousseau: One warm dressing-gown, one cotton dressing-gown, four nightgowns, four pairs panties, two girdles, two petticoats (one dark), 3 bras, one waist petticoat.

"I INTEND to buy myself a new winter coat, and have before this always had a dark shade, but now feel I would like something brighter. What colors would be suitable? I am 32 years of age."

This year deeper and brighter colors in woollen fabrics are being featured for coats. Dark sapphire, flower reds, a vibrant orange tone, cognac, garnet, and the bluish red of American Beauty roses are all colors you might consider for your new top-coat.

"I AM being married in late spring and would be so grateful for any ideas you could let me have about material and styles to be worn by brides."

The traditional bridal gown for spring is designed with skirt fullness swept to the back; the fullness often finishes

in a long train. The most popular material choice is silk, such as mousseline and organza, combined with fragile lace. The pattern in the lace is frequently seen re-embroidered or picked out with pearls or sequins.

Endorsed in the U.S. for the very young bride is a ballerina-length dress. The latter is generally made with a bare bodice-top and worn with a tiny matching jacket just covering the bosom. White satin and white moire are used for a large proportion of dresses in this category.

"WOULD you please advise me about an outfit for early spring? Here in the south the cold weather often continues up to late November, so it must be made in wool. I am no good with fashion, so will you tell me the sort of styles being worn?"

The ensemble has established itself for several seasons as a popular fashion and I think it is one that can bear repetition. You could, for instance, have a coat that covers its own dress, a dress with its own jacket, or a suit designed with a blouse to match up to the jacket lining.

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GOLF BAGS  
like NEW



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The gals in TEXAS,  
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Always keep TRUSHAY  
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beauties state,  
"TRUSHAY keeps  
hands immaculate."



★  
They can be a light snack — they can be a big meal . . . they can be anything from a salad to a casserole . . .

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Start preparing different, delicious dishes with MORTON Herrings now. There are no tastier fish than these, because Morton select ONLY herrings caught in the famed fishing grounds of the North Sea, when the fish are at their finest and their fattest. Big, plump, choicest-of-all herrings prepared with scrupulous care and cleanliness in spotless BRITISH canneries. They reach you sea-fresh and full of flavour — beautiful British fish and so much cheaper than expensive foreign fish.

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#### MORTON HERRING FRITTERS

1 large tin MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, 2 oz. grated cheese Pepper, Frying batter, Frying fat.

Split MORTON HERRINGS, remove skin and bones, divide each half into 3 or 4 pieces according to size required. Make batter in usual way, stir in grated cheese, dip pieces of fish, coating carefully, fry in hot fat until nicely brown. Drain well, sprinkle with pepper and serve piping hot.

#### MORTON HERRING PIE

1 large tin Morton Fresh Herrings, 1 onion, 3-4 med. sized potatoes, grated cheese, parsley, pepper and breadcrumbs.

Grease pie-dish, line with breadcrumbs, slice onion and potatoes very thinly. Break up herrings, add tomato sauce, sprinkling with cheese, parsley and pepper, cover with breadcrumbs; dab liberally with butter. Put lid on and bake for 30 minutes. Remove lid so brown crumbs, 10 minutes.



MOTHER



"Don't get in a flap, Mam . . . Everything is all right . . . he's still breathing!"

BUTCH



"If your husband wants you to know, he'll tell you how much was in his wallet when he wakes up."

## It seems to me

I HAD a slight stab of parochial excitement on hearing the announcement by the New South Wales Railway Commissioner, Mr. Winsor, that he has ordered a new Sydney-Brisbane mail train.

Once, after writing some rather sharp things about trains, I received a bitter letter suggesting that I was in the pay of the airlines.

As the writer gave no address, I was unable to tell him or her (I think it was a him, the letter was so statistical) that as a matter of fact I adore trains, which is why bad ones make me so cross.

It is now some years since I said "never again" to the Sydney-Brisbane mail, but this announcement promises delights likely to woo travellers, especially the reference to a "single-berth, two-level sleeping-car."

There is absolutely nothing to stop me from ringing up the railways and asking how such a car would be constructed. But it conjures up such a delightful picture of a carriage with self-contained attics on top, approached by, say, a spiral staircase, that I prefer to let my imagination run riot.

I suppose it would be too much to expect a lift.

SYDNEY is mad with the flying saucers at present.

What surprises me is not that flying saucers should be around (I am quite ready to believe that the sky is thronged with interplanetary space ships taking a dekho at us), but that so many people should be abroad on these cold nights to see them.

A friend of mine is quite furious to see that the Americans are building a flying saucer.

"They have no idea of fantasy," she says. "Why must they always make everything real?"

I soothed her, because if saucers become explicable someone is bound to see a new kind of Thing, and keep it going.

In the past couple of weeks Sydney people have sighted a flying single-decker bus and a flying railway carriage. This is quite a good effort and shows there is no need to despair.

THERE'S a flaw in the notion of ready-wrapped meat, so the American Super Market Institute has discovered.

The institute made a survey, discovered that seven out of ten housewives wanted to talk to the butcher.

A spokesman said: "We are now trying to figure out how we can psychologically give the woman back her butcher in self-service departments."

The kind of shops I shop in, there is never any opportunity to talk to the butcher, even if you can think of something intelligent to ask. Practically all you ever hear said is "Next, please," or "End of the queue, madame."

I suppose what the Institute people are thinking of is some kind of recording machine that answers questions such as "Is the steak nice today?" with quips like "Tender as a woman's heart, madame."



Dorothy Drann

THE newspaper-reading habits of politicians would make an interesting study for a trained investigator.

Mostly they appear not to read newspapers at all, though this is hard to believe. "I have not seen the article referred to" is the stout answer given by most Ministers when a question in the House is based on something blazoned all over front pages.

Occasionally something appears which a Minister wishes to deny immediately. He then says: "My attention has been drawn to such and such a statement."

Who carries out the duties of an attention-drawer-to, I wonder?

Probably a Ministerial secretary, though it is likely that when the Minister is sitting by the fire, reading whatever he reads (not newspapers), his wife sometimes says: "Tom (Dick, or Harry), have you seen this awful thing they are saying about you?"

He can then, while reading it over her shoulder, reply either: "No, I haven't seen it, and I don't intend to," or "Thanks, dear, for drawing my attention."

AS the winter winds bite deeper those little fur earrings don't seem so silly after all.

Of course, they're far too small. When you consider the slave bangles worn in last summer's ears, you wonder why not fur earrings the size of tennis balls.

And, since we're feeling inventive this morning, why not make their insides of long strips of woollen material? These, in decent privacy, or even on the homeward tram journey, could be unwound and worn as throat-mufflers.

Alternatively, the earrings could be hollow, and equipped with slide fasteners to provide a home for small change, tram tickets, and matches.

VENUS DE MILO, so long regarded as the perfect beauty, has a hammer toe on her right foot, so an American doctor recently told the California Association of Chiropodists.

Who was the Venus? none will ever know. Some maiden for her measurements admired. Who took up modelling in ancient Greece (At current union rates), and duly fired A sculptor's mind and fingers so he made Her image to survive and win renown? In due course, doubtless, she gave up her job And married some Greek businessman and settled down.

She reared a family, probably, and grew Grey-haired and plumper with the passing years.

Though reminiscent often of the days When Greek wolf-whistles echoed in her ears. But somewhere lingers on her shapely ghost Still feminine, and pleased her praise to heed, Though irked, no doubt, to hear a slander cast, And snorting crossly, "Hammer toe, indeed!"

## "Dri-Glo" naps



## "Dri-Glo" naps



## Only "Dri-Glo" naps are made from double-warp cotton

So downy soft because they have so much more cotton. Never chafe, give baby complete protection in all weathers. Double-warp to

last through many washings, deeply absorbent, too. Expecting? Make sure to lay-by a supply of Dri-Glo Naps wherever you shop.



## "Dri-Glo" naps

A PRODUCT OF BOND'S INDUSTRIES

the car stopped.

Still braced against the forward momentum, she convulsively pulled at the door and leapt out. She reached the road in a stumbling run, fighting for balance. Her run carried her across the road and into the bushes before she recovered. She felt the slope of the ground beneath her and started down. There was a hoarse shout behind her.

A fierce exultation shot through her as she plunged down the incline. Let him have the car! Her body felt newly given to her, eager to run, heedless of the whipping, clawing undergrowth. She was free! And even if he followed, she would beat him to the house, where, if he were close, she'd start screaming to awaken the people quickly.

Trees closed over her and she stared ahead for a glimpse of the house through the enshrouding trees. Then she broke through a clump of bushes and there in the moonlight was the house. She saw the high wire fence in time to stop from running into it.

She skirted the fence, looking for a gate. When she'd run half round the fence she found the gate: a high, metal affair, locked. Then Jill looked at the house in the middle of the enclosure and her pounding heart skipped a beat.

It took her a few seconds to assemble the facts in her mind: the flat roof, the concrete and brick walls with single, wire-netted, dark windows, the concrete yard extending to the

## Continuing . . . The Passenger

from page 35

fence on one side. It wasn't a house.

Weakly, Jill clung to the fence, her eyes on the dark building. It was an electricity station of some kind, and she knew without trying that her screams would bring no one rushing out to her rescue. It was a building inhabited by machinery, and even the soft moonlight couldn't make it appear friendly.

A movement on the far side of the fence made cold dread, like a heavy, immovable weight, settle on her. Then she saw him, the man who had been her passenger. He was standing still now, the moonlight dappling his coat with shadows.

Jill remained quite still, realising that she was in shadow, deeply grateful for the dark clothes she wore that made her less conspicuous. She'd hoped that he wouldn't follow; hoped that he would let her go when she escaped from the car. Why, oh why hadn't he just taken the car and gone on?

Sickeningly, the reason came. All unnoticed till now was the feel of something hard in her left hand where it was pressed against the fence. In stupefaction she moved her fingertips over the hardness, feeling the shape of the car key. She had no recollection of removing it when she'd flipped the switch. A purely automatic action that had brought the man after her of necessity.

If she dared, she would gladly have given the key to him, given him her car. She dropped the key into her pocket, remembering what he'd said about once living round here. He would have followed her even if she hadn't taken the key. He undoubtedly knew that she wouldn't find help here.

She was on a slope and the undergrowth was thinner towards the top. She looked downhill and through the trees the moonlight picked out a narrow bridge that came almost to the fence.

That way lay deep shadows, thick undergrowth, and trees. If he came round here, she'd

have to go that way, trust what she'd find on the other side of the bridge. Her eyes flew back to the man. He was gone.

Quickly, she peered about and discovered him. He'd moved back from the fence in to the cover of the trees and was circling towards her. She didn't know whether he'd seen her in the shadows or not; she turned and raced downhill, towards the bridge. Her safety depended on keeping her lead.

She scrambled over a concrete ledge and was on the bridge. It was a peculiar bridge, about three feet wide. Trees grew so close that she had to slow down to get through large branches that hung over it. Then she reached a clear stretch and, glancing ahead, almost stumbled.

This concrete bridge stretched ahead interminably. In the clear moonlight, it seemed to dwindle away in the far distance. This was her avenue of escape! She sobbed once and fought back the tears. She could only run, trying to quell the panic that threatened to rob her legs of strength. Once she glanced back. The man, too, was on the bridge.

On each side now, the moonlight showed undergrowth below, but no trees. The ground seemed a long way away. Farther ahead, where the ground sloped sharply up again, she saw deep woods on each side of the bridge, with an occasional overhanging branch. She began to run again . . .

A pain, needle-sharp, started throbbing in her side. It was a pain dimly remembered out of her childhood, when she'd run too much. Dared she slow down? She risked a quick glance over her shoulder. Her toe caught on something and she felt herself falling.

Wildly twisting, she fell on her knees on the concrete. A round, metal disc set in the concrete, the thing she'd stumbled over, had the familiar look of a manhole cover. She realised suddenly that this bridge she was on must be an

elevated drainage pipe, just a large pipe encased in concrete, running from the building back there to empty out at a disposal point in some isolated spot.

Jill was on her feet before she'd completed her thoughts. She reached the part where the trees were growing and saw the glint of water below her. A swift glance showed a little stream, tree-lined and peaceful under the moonlight. Then she was past it and there were just trees on each side of her. She was gasping for breath now, her lungs seeming too large for her chest, and the pain was back. She slowed to a walk.

It was then that she saw something at one side of the concrete. She stopped. It was the curved top of a narrow metal ladder extending down the side. Unhesitatingly, Jill swung herself over on the ladder and started down. Her left ankle hurt; she must have twisted it when she fell.

She reached the ground and found that her idea of a covered pipe was correct. There was room for her to stand upright beneath it between the supports. She chose the side farthest from the ladder and hurried between the supporting pillars. A bird fluttered close by and Jill's heart sickened when the bird gave two or three startled squawks before it flew away.

Jill stopped, staring up at the top of the bridge. A stillness seemed to hold everything petrified. She felt the perspiration on her skin, the trembling of her legs, the parched dryness of her throat. But, more important, there was no thudding sound from the bridge, and she knew the man had stopped, too, and was listening for her. If only that bird hadn't squawked, betraying her position.

She'd stared so long at the clear section of the bridge where she might see him that her eyes ached before he appeared. He was walking softly, examining both sides as he came. She knew it would be only short minutes until he

## Beauty in brief:

### Eyebrows and Lashes

By CAROLYN EARLE

● You are missing a good grooming bet if you fail to freshen up your eyelashes and eyebrows every now and again. Like the hair on your head, lashes and eyebrows look better for sensible care.

IF they look thin and dry keep them well oiled. Castor oil is a tonic. Apply it frequently with a clean, soft-bristled brush.

At the same time, with brush and forefinger, train upper lashes to curl back (and look more important), and brows to lie flat and tidy.

Pale lashes may be darkened gently with mascara, but it is best to darken only the upper lashes, mostly at the outer corners.

If your eyebrows are skimpy or lacking color, you can do something about it with a sharp eyebrow pencil. Brown pencil best simulates natural color.

It is probably unwise for an amateur to try to dye the eyebrows and eyelashes. Instead, go to a beauty salon which specialises in this type of work. It's safer and results are bound to be better.

found the ladder, just as she had.

She was crouching now, like an animal—a hunted animal, but without an animal's instincts for survival. She straightened. She had intelligence, hadn't she?

Think, she implored herself. He'll be down here in a few minutes. If she ran he'd hear her because of the dead twigs on the ground. She looked up at the trees. Even if she could climb up, which she doubted, he'd see her up in a tree, once his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness down here, as hers had.

But, her eyes being already adjusted was one advantage she had, and a bold plan occurred to her. She'd make use of the bird's betrayal of her position, too. Turning her back on the bridge, she ran for a short space, choosing her path where last year's leaves still lay thick. The rustling leaves and snapping twigs sounded shockingly loud. In the quiet that followed she could hear only the

thudding of her heart.

Swiftly she took off her shoes and, stepping only on bare ground or green things, she retraced her steps. She reached the bridge, saw the man a short distance back, and passed under it. On the other side she crouched low, still picking her way carefully. The trees weren't as thick over here, but the undergrowth was heavier. She'd just reached a thick clump when she heard the man's feet rasping on the ladder.

She settled there and held her breath when the man stopped at the foot of the ladder. He seemed to be staring directly at her. He was so close she could see the flash of his deep-set eyes that the moonlight made cavernous.

He was so close that fear, as the high, sustained note of a clarinet had once done, caught her and set her head throbbing, pulled her muscles and nerves unbearably taut, held her at an impossibly tense pitch. Why was he standing

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## SKIN ITCH Stops In 7 Minutes

Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a New American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist today under positive guarantee to treat your skin or money back.

## Don't let a COUGH make your child a "shut-in"

### STOP THAT COUGH 2 WAYS FASTER WITH THIS NEW VICKS DISCOVERY!

There's no longer any need for your child to suffer through days and days of wearing, "hang-on" coughs. New Vicks Cough Syrup has an entirely new kind of two-way action that stops coughs faster than ever before.

### CETAMIU is the secret... only VICKS has it!

With Cetamium... Vicks exclusive new penetrating agent... real relief begins the second your child swallows Vicks Cough Syrup. Thanks to Cetamium's swift penetration, Vicks Cough Syrup sinks deep into hard-to-reach throat crevices that ordinary liquids never even touch. Cough-tortured tissues are

soothed immediately. Coughing spasms are quieted right away.

At the same time, Vicks Cough Syrup works all through the chest and bronchial system. It hunts down the source of the cough, and gets right to work on the cause of the cough... as it reduces congestion and gets rid of phlegm.

### Here's how Vicks Cough Syrup... with Cetamium... works to stop coughs faster in 2 ways!

1. IN THE THROAT... it penetrates, to relieve cough areas you couldn't even reach before.

Note the folds and crevices in this enlarged drawing of the throat membrane... perfect hiding places for cough and cold germs! Ordinary liquids can't get down into these tiny openings. They merely flow over the surface of the throat.

But, with Cetamium, Vicks Cough Syrup penetrates. Its soothing, healing medications get right down into these hard-to-reach, cough-tortured membranes. No wonder you feel such swift, wonderful comfort.

2. IN THE CHEST... works deep, to relieve congestion and break up bronchial coughs.

This drawing shows how thorough Vicks two-way action is. New Vicks Cough Syrup works all through the chest and bronchial system... right at the roots of your cough... where its special medications reduce congestion, loosen phlegm, and break up deep bronchial coughs that otherwise hang on so long. Try it!

CS 010



# CLEANS Sinks·Baths WITHOUT A SCRATCH



Powder and Cake  
Use Both

AND IT  
POLISHES AS  
IT CLEANS



Switch to the cleanser that "hasn't scratched yet!" and you'll have easier cleaning. You'll find Bon Ami best for baths, sinks, refrigerators, stoves, because it cleans without scratchy grit, then rinses away completely.

TRY IT

**BON AMI**  
CLEANSER

\*\*\*\*\*  
Ask any elegant  
WASHINGTON hostess—  
TRUSHAY's the lotion  
she loves the mostest!

## STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital function of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefits in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
VIRGINIA wooers  
love beautiful hands,  
So every belle  
TRUSHAY demands.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1954

# Worth Reporting

AFTER the slickness of city salerooms it was refreshing to see the courtesy that exists at an outback sale.

We joined the throng of graziers and "others" who travelled for miles round the Gulargambone, N.S.W., area to a sale of farm equipment, stock, and household goods spread and corralled in the homestead paddock.

The auctioneer seemed to know everyone. "Come on, Paddy," he'd single out one of the buyers, "your father never let me down. Gimme a bid!"

And Paddy, or Jim, or Tom would start the bidding for a dozen assorted horse-collars, motor-tyre chains, unbroken ponies, or lengths of artesian-bore piping that lay round the paddock in quarter-dozen lots.

But when it came to those items coveted by women buyers such as a butter-churn, a tennis net, or a large linen-basket, it was obvious that bidders were holding off for those whose need was greater.

One woman withheld her bidding for the tennis net, explaining with a smile: "I knew my neighbor was after it for her son who's making the family a tennis court, so, of course, we couldn't bid against her."

The big linen-basket, covered by many women buyers, had the same fate. The first bidder, the mother of seven girls, found the basket knocked down to her for a few shillings, with no one raising the bid.

But there was one discordant note. A well-used rifle was knocked down to one of the "others" present.

"Just look at that," said a woman next to us. "My boy was after that gun, but the man who has just bought it told him it was no good."

The auctioneer eyed the buyer of the gun speculatively. "Have we your address, sir?" he asked.

"Make it Sydney!" was the reply.

The woman next to us nudged. "Just as I thought," she said, "he's from the city."



"Does everything you eat have to have a name?"

## U.S. hotel asks leading questions

B.O.A.C. public relations officer Jessie Fawcett, recently returned from a world trip, laid before us a document the like of which we don't recall seeing at any hotel where we've stayed.

Headed "Your Favorable Comments and Constructive Criticism," this remarkable document is given to every guest of a hotel in San Francisco.

Among the 25 listed questions are: Does your radiator heat properly? Are pictures and mirrors hanging straight? Are you enjoying your free radio? Any fixtures loose?

Is there, this extraordinary questionnaire goes on, ample light for reading comfortably in a chair, reading comfortably in bed, and for a lady to see in the mirror to make up?

Comment on meals is invited in the following terms: Food excellent, good, or just fair? Is the hot food hot and the cold food cold? Do you consider our portions small, medium, large, or wasteful?

Guests are not expected to make any on-the-spot decisions. The questionnaire is in the form of an air letter, stamped and addressed to the hotel management.

Your signature would be appreciated, but do not hesitate to remain anonymous," the management adds in a manner we can only consider dangerously close to sticking its neck out.

## BOOK NEWS By HELEN FRIZZELL

THE pages of Norman Bartlett's "The Pearl Seekers" are as rich in adventure as the pearly beds of Thursday Island and Broome, of which he writes.

Telling the story of the Australian pearling industry, Mr. Bartlett dives deep into the past and comes up with factual yarns of murder, mayhem, tiger sharks, hurricanes, of good men and of bad.

The fascinated reader will learn that brightly spotted sea snakes are believed to feed on pearl-bearing oysters; that divers have seen "gropers" so large that when the mouth was open the lower jaw was on the bottom and the upper level with the top of a standing man's helmet.

Characters throng the pages. As well as the straight-as-a-die pioneering types there were Black Jack MacDonald,

of Broome, who flew the skull-and-crossbones from his masthead, and British "Gentleman James" — who drank champagne from a pint pot.

There were the Japanese divers of Broome, who held each August the ceremony of Bon-Matsuri, the Feast of the Lanterns, in honor of the dead.

Out on to the waters of the Indian Ocean floated "tiny luggers, heaped with offerings . . . with lanterns burning at the mastheads, and written on the mainsail in Japanese script the message: "Go to heaven, northward! Go to heaven, westward! Go to heaven, southward!"

Eastward lay the land of Australia — and that proved never to be a Japanese heaven.

Published by Andrew Melrose. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

## Language no barrier

WHEN we met Ukrainian soprano Tais Taras at the beginning of the National Opera Company season in Sydney, she chatted animatedly in a speedy, accented English of which she said she was rather proud.

"When I came on the Australian stage last season I couldn't ask what is the time or the street," she told us. "I had four months to learn a part, but it is hard to sing with full heart 'these things, those few old things . . . when you have no 'th' sound yet."

Apart from her newly acquired English, Miss Taras speaks fluent Hungarian, Russian, German, Ukrainian, and has "a little Italian for singing."

On the other hand, contralto Heather Begg, 21-year-old New Zealander in her first season with the company, can speak only English.

"You see, I didn't worry about languages because until three years ago I was a musician playing violin and double-bass in the Auckland Junior Symphony," she said.

"Then a friend encouraged me to try singing, and I had to start swotting up on German and Italian to enter competitions."

"I still can't speak in these languages, but I have learnt several arias in both. I feel that I must learn more if I hope to go abroad."

"But this is not problematic," Miss Taras put in quickly. "We will teach each other."

LATEST raffle prize in London is a complete cocktail party. A woman at a recent charity "do" drew the ticket, which furnished her with a cocktail party for 30 guests, a catering firm to supply staff, drinks, and food on a date stated by the prize-winner, who had only to invite her friends along.

## Descendant of the musketeer

D'ARTAGNAN, the picturesque hero of Alexandre Dumas' novel "The Three Musketeers," who was as quick on the draw with a rapier as Flash Gordon is with a space gun, was a real person.

We draw attention to this little-known fact because the great-great-nephew of this romantic hero, Monsieur Fournier de Montousse, is Australia's new Consul-General for France.

M. de Montousse, who understandably is proud of the relationship, takes over from M. Jean Strauss, who has been appointed to represent his country in Chicago.

Accompanying M. de Montousse are his wife and their two children, Armand, aged 6½, and Anne, aged 5½. Also taking up residence at the French Consulate at Point Piper, Sydney, is an old friend, Marie, who has been with Madame's family for 28 years and who helped rear her. Marie is a wonderful cook, and has some special French recipes in her kitchen repertoire.



## When a young man flies

With TAA he's among friends all the way! They see him safely aboard the plane and make his flight a real delight. He enjoys "friendly way" comfort, a cheery word from the Captain and a chat with the hostess who serves him delicious meals. Flying alone gives him confidence in himself . . . confidence in TAA.



## He's got something to sing about!



This young fellow is really happy about his nappy these days. That's because mother has protected him from nappy rash with gentle, safe "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Smooth on "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly each time you change baby's nappy and you can be sure he'll be twice as comfortable.

Hygienic "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is available everywhere.



"Vaseline" is the reg. trade mark of Chasebrough Mfg. Co. U.S.A.

*What better way to start dinner tonight?*

# Continental BRAND TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP

TENDER YOUNG CARROTS . . . CRISP CELERY . . . CABBAGE  
. . . POTATOES . . . ONIONS . . . AND OODLES OF EGG NOODLES  
IN RICH TOMATO STOCK

One packet makes  
4 BIG BOWLS



## REAL HOME-MADE SOUP THE MODERN WAY in only 10 minutes

If *your* family likes a hearty soup, chock-full of fresh garden vegetables and lots of tender egg noodles in rich tomato stock, then what you want is Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup. It has the fresh home-made flavour that comes from long hours of simmering. But you make it without any old-fashioned, fussy preparation. And thrifty? Why, a packet of Continental brand makes four big steaming bowls of savoury fresh-cooked Tomato Vegetable Soup. Have it soon!

"Continental Tomato Vegetable Soup has all the goodness of old-time kitchen cooking without old-fashioned bother. I guarantee it!"

says: *Betty King*

Noted Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd.



### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not feel that Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup fulfils the claims made for it in this advertisement, return the empty packet to me, Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney, and I will refund the full amount you paid for it.

# Oranges...

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

• The orange season will soon be at its peak, so make the most of this fruit while it is plentiful.

THE nutritional value of oranges is very high. Eight ounces of orange juice a day more than covers the daily requirement of vitamin C and supplies other important vitamins and minerals.

In addition to their health-giving properties, oranges are versatile. They may be used in dozens of interesting ways — for example, spiced orange slices are good with hot or cold meats. Preserve some now and you'll enjoy them with summer meals when oranges are scarce and expensive.

Orange marmalade and orange-flavored sweets are always popular. Add the recipes on this page to your collection.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## ORANGE COCONUT PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons coconut.

Thickly grease an ovenware dish and cover base with coconut. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add egg-yolks, milk, and orange juice, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into prepared dish, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with or without cream.

## GLAZED ORANGE TART

One 8in. cooked biscuit or champagne pastry-case,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup orange juice, grated rind of 2 oranges, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, orange slices cooked until tender in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dissolved orange jelly.

Blend flour and cornflour with water, add sugar, orange juice, and rind. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add beaten egg, milk, and butter or substitute. Fill into cooked and cooled pastry-case. Drain orange slices, arrange on top of orange filling. When quite cold, spoon jelly over oranges, chill until set. Decorate with cream.

## SPICED ORANGE SLICES

Six seedless oranges, cold water, 3 cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar, extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water, 8 cloves, pinch cinnamon.

Wash and dry oranges, scrub if necessary. Cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices; discard end pieces. Place oranges in large pan, cover with cold water. Bring to boiling point, cover, and simmer approximately  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, until tender. Drain. Boil sugar, vinegar, extra water, and spices for 5 minutes. Add orange slices, simmer gently further 35 to 40 minutes. Pack slices into heated jars, fill with hot syrup. Cool, seal with paraffin wax or transparent paper seals. Serve hot or cold with meats and poultry.

## ORANGE FRUIT BARS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup bran,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup orange

juice, 1 cup chopped dates,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped walnuts or peanuts.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar. Add egg, mix well. Fold in bran, dates, and nuts, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and orange juice. Fill into greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cut into bars while warm, cool on cake-cooler. Served hot, cut into squares and topped with cream, this mixture makes a delicious sweet.

## TWO-FRUIT MARMALADE

(Try this intriguing flavor combination of apple and orange — it's delicious.)

Three Granny Smith apples, 3 navel oranges, 1 lemon, 6lb. sugar, 12 cups water.

Wash fruit thoroughly, scrub oranges if necessary. Peel and core

apples, tie skins and cores in muslin bag. Slice fruit very thinly, cover with water. Add muslin bag, allow to stand 24 hours. Bring slowly to boiling point, simmer until tender (about 1 hour). Remove muslin bag, add warmed sugar, and continue cooking until mixture "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot, seal and label when cold.

## STUFFED MEAT ROLLS

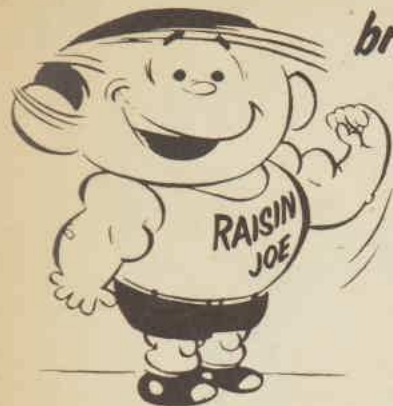
Three slices topside steak (14 to 2lb.), 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, small pinch dried herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk, milk, 3 tablespoons fat, spiced orange slices, cooked celery sticks, and parsley to garnish.

TRY THE RECIPES on this page while oranges are in season. Spiced orange slices are good served with stuffed meat rolls. A glazed orange tart topped with cream will be a popular treat.

Trim steak to make three oblong pieces, wipe with damp cloth. Combine breadcrumbs, parsley, herbs, onion, lemon rind, salt, and pepper. Moisten with egg-yolk, melted butter or substitute, and little milk if necessary. Spread along steak pieces, roll up, and secure with coarse thread. Place in baking-dish with fat, bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours until tender. Serve with spiced orange slices and celery sticks. Garnish with parsley.



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THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

## PRIZE RECIPES

An oven-cooked liver dish wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

A SEASONING mixture is spread over the pieces of liver, and the dish is topped with strips of bacon, which give a delicious flavor to the meat during cooking.

Consolation prizes are awarded to a fruit-filled pie, savory apple rice—an appetizing accompaniment for baked meats—and pumpkin drop scones.

When entering recipes in our weekly contest, remember that recipes with universal appeal and interesting flavor combinations are most welcome.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### FRENCH LAMB'S FRY

One lamb's fry, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, bacon rashers.

Soak lamb's fry in cold salted water 1 hour. Drain, skin, and pat dry, coat with seasoned flour. Cut fry into service-sized pieces about 1/2 in. thick. Mix breadcrumbs with grated onion, parsley, salt, pepper, and egg-yolk. Spread mixture over meat slices. Cover with strips of bacon (rind removed). Place in greased baking-dish, pour in



**LAMB'S FRY** is a delicious and appetizing dinner dish cooked and served in the way suggested in this week's prize-winning recipe. A topping of seasoning and bacon gives a fresh flavor interest. See recipe this page.

stock. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve with brown gravy flavored with Worcestershire sauce.

Note: This recipe is most successful if a young fry is used.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Bell, 14 Birdwood St., Mentone, Vic.

### MARSHMALLOW FRUIT PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup crushed pineapple (fresh or tinned), 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Topping: Half cup water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, chopped walnuts.

Roll pastry to 1/4 in. thickness, line 8 in. tart plate. Mix raisins, dates, pineapple, and sugar well together, spoon into pastry case. Cut strips of pastry into 1/4 in. widths, arrange in lattice style over filling. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Prepare topping. Place sugar, water, and gelatine into saucepan, boil steadily 10 minutes, allow to cool. Add lemon juice, beat until white and thick. Spread over top of pie, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Serve in wedges, with cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, Neath Ave., Dover Gardens, Brighton, S.A.

### SAVORY APPLE RICE

Three cooking apples, 1/2 cup water, 4 chopped bacon rashers (rind removed), 4 oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 teaspoon butter, 1/2 cup milk.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Add water, cover and cook over gentle heat until tender. Fry bacon in its own fat until cooked and crisp. Place bacon, apples, rice, and cheese in greased ovenware dish in alternate layers. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, dot with butter. Pour in milk, cover, and bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Harrison, 62 Pine St., Cammeray, N.S.W.

### PUMPKIN DROP SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup cold mashed pumpkin, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add mashed pumpkin and beaten egg, mix well. Fold sifted flour and salt into creamed pumpkin mixture alternately with milk. Drop a spoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve with butter while hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Parker, 56 Heussler Terrace, Milton, Brisbane.

## Resistance to colds

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

PARENTS who believe colds are inevitable in winter are wrong. Their children's bodily resistance should be built up from the earliest months of their lives to avoid susceptibility to colds.

Below are some of the important factors that will help build up resistance:

**Good feeding:** Breast feeding is best in the first few months. The artificially fed baby and the toddler should have a well-balanced diet with plenty of vitamins, particularly vitamins A and B, and minerals. In winter months a daily ration of cod-liver oil, an emulsion, or a concentrated vitamin is advisable.

**Fresh air and exercise:** These are often neglected in cold weather, the tendency being to keep a child shut up in a warm room.

**Cool sponging:** Instead of

gradually reducing a baby's bath until just tepid at six months and following the bath with a cold sponge, some mothers keep the bath too warm and children never get to like cold water, which is invigorating and when followed by a brisk massage is a potent preventive of colds.

**Sensible clothing:** Children's clothing should be light and warm and adjusted to the temperature. Consistent over-clothing coddles the skin and weakens its natural function of regulating body heat.

These and other points to be observed in building up resistance to colds are outlined in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

### Embroidery transfer



FIVE of the 17 motifs on embroidery transfer No. 199B specially designed for nursery needs. The sheet measures 8 in. x 24 in. and the price is 1/6 plus 3d. postage. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. See address page 61.



COTONEASTERS benefit from hard pruning. They are colorful in the garden as a shrub, espaliered along a wall, or as a hedge. Picture by Roy Cooper, of Melbourne.

## WINTER IS PRUNING TIME

● Pruning is the most important winter job in the garden. The tools for it must be sharp. Blunt tools can tear plant tissue, leaving it vulnerable to disease organisms.

WHEN pruning with secateurs, always keep the shear blade uppermost and the knife blade nearer the plant. The shear blade is inclined to cause bruising. If the secateurs are kept in this position, the damage, if any, will be done to the piece of stem which is cut off.

At the selected pruning point, make the cut obliquely about a quarter of an inch above an outward-pointing shoot bud.

Flowering shrubs are pruned after flowering, generally in late spring.

However, a number are pruned in winter. Abelia and Lonicera, the bush honeysuckles, are among these. Strong branches should be shortened well back to strong buds, and weak growth cut out. Ceratostigma and crepe myrtles (Lagerstroemia) should be pruned hard as soon as their autumn foliage has fallen.

Philadelphus and Tamarix should be pruned to shape.

Cotoneaster and Crataegus, when berries have fallen, can be pruned heavily or lightly as desired to thicken or shape the plants.

Roses should be pruned between late June and early August. The best time depends on local conditions.

It is important that pruning be completed before the shoot buds start to swell, but it should not be done too early. Otherwise the plant may shoot before frosts are over.

All these hints refer to bush roses. Climbers are not pruned in midwinter except to remove dead wood. After each flowering the shoots which have borne flowers should be shortened to one or two shoot buds from the main stem.

Roses, whatever their habits, bear on new wood. Retention of old wood is detrimental to the plant. By constantly replacing old wood with new, you ensure plenty of fine

blossoms, a longer life to the plant, and a good shape.

Sharp secateurs are essential, and if the bushes are old use a sharp, light saw.

Before starting on the rose bushes, look at each plant, size up the stems which will give the most shapely framework, and choose the strongest wood to retain.

Start by removing all the twiggy growth, all dead wood, and wood past its prime. Then cut out all weak, diseased, or misplaced branches.

This should leave only the strong branches you have chosen as a framework. Do not leave too many, or they will crowd when they grow.

There is no set rule about the ideal number of stems or canes in the framework. It depends mainly on the variety of the plants and their spacing.

### GARDENING

In strong-growing varieties it is often advisable to cut out some of the strong framework canes, and to build on three or four pieces.

Hybrid tea bushes should be reduced to about half the height, leaving one or two shoot buds on the uppermost canes. Of this hybrid tea group prune the strongest growers less severely than the normal growers, as pruning encourages vegetative growth.

Weak-growing dwarf tea varieties resent strong pruning. It is best to remove little more than the weak and old wood. After a few years some thinning is desirable.

When pruning roses don't cut out the water shoots. These are young, sappy growths which spring from the base of the plant during the growing season.

They are easy to distinguish, as they are strong growing, usually red, and bear a head of many blossoms during their first season.

Many gardeners are not sure how to treat these shoots,

which should be cut back after flowering, and then left to harden, when they will send out shoots. This type of wood is provided by the plant to replenish framework canes.

Water shoots must not be confused with suckers, which come from the root stock. This is usually the briar. The sucker is then easy to distinguish, as it bears briar foliage, which is smaller and more pointed than that of garden varieties. Cut suckers off below ground level as soon as they appear.

Hydrangeas are also pruned in winter. Many people make a mistake by letting the strong-growing Goliath type develop into huge woody shrubs, which carry only short lengths of new growth each season.

Plant vigor and flower quality can only be maintained by pruning out weak growth and restricting wood older than one year to a low branched stump, which carries the flowering stems.

Canes which have flowered in midsummer should be cut back to the base shoots as soon as the flower dies. These will provide growth for the next season's flowers.

Canes flowering in autumn and those which have not flowered should be cut back in late winter to about 20 inches. They will bear flowers next summer. By leaving the canes long, the heads will be carried at a reasonable height.

Retain a pair of terminal buds for the flowers and a pair of basal buds to provide new growth. Remove the intervening buds.

This method of pruning will ensure flowers in summer and autumn as well.

Many of the newer varieties, such as Venus and Doumer are better suited to bush-house culture than to the open garden. They are weaker-growing types, and those canes which have borne flowers should be pruned. New growth will come from buds developed at the crown.



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there when the sounds she'd made had been on the other side? Was she holding him there with some kind of fear vibrations which he caught?

Jill waited while the unreal scene — the dark bushes, the darker trees, the white bridge with the motionless figure of the man below it — became etched in her mind. There was an air of brooding hostility in the silence round her, and even the bushes seemed to withdraw, as though willing to expose her to the searing moonlight and the waiting man.

At that moment the man turned and disappeared under the bridge. She waited for long moments before a faint crackle assured her he was on the far side.

Quietly she felt her way over to the ladder. The rungs were rusty and rough under her stockinged feet and she had to fight the impulse to hurry. When she reached the top she stooped low to take advantage of the cover offered by the trees that grew close to the

Continuing . . .

## The Passenger

[from page 38]

bridge at this point. Behind her there was no sound to tell her where the man was and she could only presume that he was still looking for her in the woods below.

Then she reached the clear space on the bridge where, from down below, she had seen the man, and she knew this was the critical stage of her flight. She eased over to the far edge and got down on her hands and knees.

Below her, as she crawled along, she could see muddy, flat surfaces, and now that she was no longer burrowing with a cool push of air against her, she could feel the sweat glueing her slip to her back, the tiny insects that stuck to her face. Her hands and knees felt raw by the time she reached a tree-sheltered stretch of the structure where she could stand up again.

Glancing back, the bridge

stretched empty and white under the moonlight and the cold feeling at the back of her neck warmed a little. It was only when she stepped on something rough that bruised her foot that she remembered her shoes. She had left them somewhere, back there in the woods.

At last she reached the end of the bridge. She scrambled over the ledge and limped up the slope, round the fenced-in building. When she pushed through the bushes to the road she noticed how her feet cringed at sharp contacts, and her ankle was stiff and throbbing with pain.

There was her car. A sudden heady excitement shot through her, submerging her aches and weariness in a tidal wave of triumph.

She'd done it! Only now did she realise how hopeless she'd felt back there, never counting on actually getting away, not looking any farther ahead than the moment.

Jill fumbled for the key in her pocket, then frantically searched the other one. A feeling of inevitable doom buckled her knees. The key had gone.

Weakly she sat down, futile tears blinding her. Why hadn't she been more careful with the key? But it had seemed so unimportant back on the bridge, she'd even regretted having it.

Stubbornly she fought for control of the sobs shaking her, and forced herself to stand. The pain in her ankle was acute. She could run no longer. And soon the man, too, would come back here searching for her. She looked round for a hiding place.

The uncompromising brilliance of the moonlight mocked her. The bushes were much too scanty here for concealment. There was nowhere to hide.

She shivered violently, suddenly remembering the man's powerful fingers round her throat, his queer, still face. . . . If only she had a weapon. . . .

Her eyes raced along the road for a stone, anything. . . . There was nothing.

Doggishly she limped to the back of the car. Her forlorn hope vanished. The boot was locked. In there, with her suitcase, were nice, heavy tools, weapons of a sort. In a brief fury of impotence she shook the handle of the boot, then beat on the lid with her fists.

Jill caught back a sob and went round to the door. Nothing inside the car but her handbag. Her eyes went to the illuminated face of the dashboard clock—incredibly, it was only one-fifteen. The last time she'd looked at the clock, when she was driving, was only an hour ago. How could a lifetime of terror be compressed into such a short length of time as reckoned by a clock?

A small sound from the undergrowth sent her thoughts spinning. The man was coming! In the urgency to find cover, she started to get into the car. She could lock the doors—then her mind went into a trance of horror in which she saw him break the glass of the door, and herself inside, helplessly confined. She threw a glance over her shoulder and saw the man hurrying up the slope, heard his gasping breath.

At the sight of him the frenzy of terror mounted until it blanked out her mind, leaving in its place something crafty and animal-like. She caught up her handbag from the seat. It was a heavy leather one, and she fastened the catch more securely, then stood away from the car, the bag hanging from her hand.

The man reached the road and walked towards her, his

head out-thrust. "Thought you'd give me the slip, did you? You'll pay for that little run." His voice rasped, his eyeballs glittered in the moonlight.

She waited, hardly hearing him, her whole being concentrated on one idea. He took another step and she told herself: Now! She swung her handbag up, aiming at the corner of his temple. The man grunted and her bag was almost wrenched from her hand with the force of the blow.

One of his hands dived into his pocket, the other grabbed for her. He caught her sleeve and there was a loud sound of a rip as she jerked back. She swung the bag once more, barely conscious that she was sobbing again. The bag hit his ear and popped open, strewn its contents over him. The man staggered up against the car.

Past the man Jill saw the lights of a car sweep up the road from the direction of the main road, then heard the purr of its engine. She stood, transfixed.

The man shoved himself away from the car, turned dazedly, and looked at the approaching headlights, then stumbled away into the undergrowth, swearing viciously.

The car pulled round hers and stopped. A man came towards her. Jill staggered forward a few steps, saw that he was a policeman, and stopped, while the road, car, and man slowly revolved. Her hand closed on his sleeve, and she shut her eyes against the dizziness.

"What in heaven's name — brought you?"

"Brought us?" a competent voice asked. "Saw your car lights from the main road. What are you parking here for?" Jill tried to open her eyes, and he leaned down, peering at her. "Bates!" he called out.

"Better come here. The girl's passed out; something's wrong."

### Schoolchildren's encyclopedia

SCHOOLCHILDREN as well as adults will be interested in an addition to the already impressive line-up of regular features in A.M. It's "Know Australia," a weekly series of articles which, when bound together, will form a fascinating encyclopedia of facts about this country.

The articles, which will be generously illustrated (many in color), are being prepared with the co-operation of education authorities to ensure that they will assist students in their school projects.

You can get to "Know Australia" better by reading the first encyclopedia articles (on Aborigines and Aeneas) in the June 29 issue of A.M.

Jill's eyes swept over to her car. The lights, she thought dully. Yes, the lights must have been on ever since she'd jumped from her car and started running from the man.

"That man!" she gasped, fighting for coherence. "He just left — that way — a murderer — with a knife —"

"What man?"

"I gave him a lift — back there — I thought —"

The horror flooded back, strangling the words in her throat. A wave of blackness lapped at her, and she felt a strong arm go round her.

"Better call in for help, Bates," a voice said, close to her ear. "He can't get far." The voice changed as the blackness settled over her. "A hitch hiker! Women never learn, do they?"

(Copyright)



## ON THE WAY TO LOSING HIM

YOUR WIFE'S INVITED TOO — OF COURSE. TOMORROW NIGHT!

WHAT'S THE USE OF ASKING HER THESE DAYS?

I'VE BEEN ASKED OUT TOMORROW NIGHT. JUST A FEW OF THE BOYS.

HE DIDN'T EVEN ASK IF I WANTED TO GO!

BETTY — DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU STOPPED DOSING YOURSELF AND SAW DR. ARTHUR?

HARSH PURGATIVE

MRS WILSON — YOU'VE BEEN DRAINING YOUR VITALITY AWAY WITH HARSH PURGATIVES. NOW LISTEN TO ME...

LATER

BETTY, YOU'RE LOOKING WONDERFUL THESE DAYS!

What did the Doctor tell Mrs. Wilson?

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\* Registered Trade Mark

## Continuing . . . Something for the Heart

from page 10

he did for her had sprung from her needs, not from his own.

"Keep covered," she said. "You'll get a chill."

"All right. Perhaps I want a chill."

"Go on, then—get one."

He drew the blanket up about his neck. God bless her, this slim little thing in the bright sweater who never said "our" when she meant his.

"Did you get any letters this morning?" he asked.

She nodded. "He'll be home in a month and he wants to get married as soon as possible."

"Anyone I know?" the old man asked.

"A local girl. A raving beauty, I'm told. Called Julie."

"Are you going to have a reception in the house?"

"Where else? What's the point in carrying you a mile to the hotel when we can get you downstairs without much effort?"

The old man groaned. "More bother. If it isn't granddaughters, it's a wedding."

"You're dreading my wedding," said Julie, "just as if it were going to mean some trouble for you."

"It'll upset my routine."

"It'll upset mine, too, but I'm going to have a proper wedding all the same."

"Why don't you clope?"

"John's parents want to come."

He studied her small face as she stood there. Talking about John brought a faint, warm rosiest to her cheeks and a radiance to her eyes. Wonder-ful to be young and to be in love and not know that it could all lead to something who would break your heart and leave you old and bitter.

"Well," he said, "go away now and write to John. I've had enough of you."

"Any orders for the kitchen?"

"Give it my love."

"I mean about Irene and Georgina. Do you want something special for them?"

"Certainly not. Why should I let them think they're welcome?"

Julie shrugged. "They're your family, not mine."

"I know." He lowered his voice and she walked closer to the bed so that she could hear his whisper. "If they start throwing their weight about or trying to boss you, you let them know where they get off. You tell them you own this house. Show them the deeds if necessary. You have my permission."

She said, "Your shoulders are uncovered. Cover them."

"Don't be bossy."

"I'll be as bossy as I like."

"Oh, you will, will you? Who on earth are you?"

"I belong to Marny."

"Well, keep off my lawn."

"Just a minute. Whose lawn?"

"Oh, yes. I forgot. Well, don't put me outside until the weather improves."

Now that she was actually on the train going back, Irene trembled, though she had always known that some day she would go back. It was inevitable because the time would come when she would be informed that the house was hers.

Grandpa could not live forever and when he died he would leave the house to her. That was only natural because somewhere her father, Grandpa's son, was probably still alive and surely Grandpa would want his son to finish his life in the house with the crest.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

But she had not expected to go back like this with the longing for Warren still not completely eased. She had expected to return when she was safely and happily married to someone else.

She often thought about that someone else. He was only a shadowy figure who lived somewhere in her future but he was a gentle, comforting man who knew all about Warren and understood and was content to be only a second love. Somewhere there must be such a man for her. There had to be because of the children. There must be children.

I will have a family, she had promised herself a thousand times.

She thought of the family more often than she thought of the man that she would marry. She was not very imaginative about the man. He always had Warren's face. The children she could picture clearly. They were strong and healthy, with tender, humorous eyes and gentle mouths.

I'll make something of my

life in the old house, she thought. I'll have a big family and be happy.

But she was going back now without a man of her own, without a house of her own and with the children still only dreams. She was going back for a week-end, a week-end that she dreaded.

"If I see him can I find again the strength that once pulled me through? I don't know. I don't know."

She looked out of the train window and saw dimly remembered towns and landmarks. Going back. Going back. In time, in space, back to childhood. Going back . . .

Mother was dead. Father cried when he told her and seemed surprised that she was unmoved by the news that Mother was in heaven.

She couldn't think about Mother. They were going to Grandpa's and at Grandpa's house there was a great big light in the ceiling and long glass things dangling from it that had all sorts of colors in them when you squinted your eyes and looked at them.

Grandpa's house was fun. There was always enough to eat there. And there were lots of people. You were never left all alone.

"I was sorry to hear your news," Grandpa said to Father. "It was a shock. She was so young."

Father cried again and he cried every day, while Grandpa got angry with him for crying so much.

"Pull yourself together. We all face tragedies but we have to learn to live with them."

"But I was such a rotten husband to her."

"I told you that three years ago. It's too late now to alter anything."

And after a few months there were angry words and they left Grandpa's, and once more there was very little to eat and there were dark rooms in noisy towns, and then they went back to Grandpa's again.

That was the pattern of her childhood. Grandpa's house when times were bad. The big, strange towns again when, with full stomachs, she and her father set out anew to search for something she did not understand.

"Why don't you settle down?" Grandpa asked Father. "I'm handicapped by the child."

"Well, you can't leave her here. She's your responsibility. Just bring her back when she's hungry."

Father accepted the invitation. He brought her back when she was hungry. Grandpa used to send the fare.

"The child hasn't given you a sense of responsibility," Grandpa said. "I thought having her might change you."

"I'm unlucky."

"You're not unlucky. Let's face it. You're a drunkard."

When she was twelve Grandpa sent her to a good boarding school.

"Let her stay there. You'll ruin her life. Forget her."

Father did as he was told. He forgot her. Grandpa traced him to Australia but they never heard from him again.

She spent the holidays in the house with the crest. Grandpa was not a gay companion. Sometimes she was invited to stay with other girls. She went joyously, for the crystal chandelier had lost its charm. It was hard to see colors in it now that she was older, now that she knew that Grandpa would never laugh with her as he did with the girl whose grandmother had been old Marny, the cook.

"You like her best, don't you, Grandpa? You like her better than Georgina or me."

"I like anyone who can never break my heart," he said.

Once she had kissed him good-night, but he had offered no affection in return.

"I loved your father," he said to her. "I'll never be such a fool again."

"That's why you like Julie best."

"It's not a question of liking. It's a question of how many disappointments a man can bear."

When her education was complete there was nowhere to go but back to the house with the crest. It was easier now. She had learned to understand Grandpa. She had learned to expect nothing from him but the things that money could buy. She was growing up. She was Irene Vincent and she was popular.

Everybody talked about how well she played tennis, about the perfection of her strokes. Wimbledon material. No doubt about it. Did her grandfather know how good she was?

She told him.

"Really?" he said. "What do you intend doing for a living?"

She reddened. It had not occurred to her that he would want her to work. He stood looking down at her and she knew that he was not a cruel man. He was only a man who had been badly hurt.

She got a job as games mistress in a school not far away. Each evening she and Grandpa dined together. They dined beneath the portraits of other Vincents, and Grandpa scarcely noticed her because he was teaching Julie, the old cook's grandchild, to be at ease in the museum-like room.

It doesn't matter, she told herself. I won't be here long. There's no use going yet, not until I meet someone I want to marry. And that autumn she met Warren, who was already married to somebody else.

It wasn't as if she hadn't known. There had been no secret about it. They had fallen in love without warning, without knowledge of what was happening to them. They had not bargained for pain.

"We'll go away," Warren said. "I'll tell her and then we'll go away."

Irene thought about him telling her. She thought about this "her" who was Warren's wife and the pain of wanting Warren was something Irene understood well and it was not a thing she could lightly will on another woman.

"No, Warren, you mustn't tell her. You must never tell her."

She thought about Warren's

To page 46

## Give me NUGGET SHOE POLISH

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Mary Lou  
Says, "TRUSHAY does so  
much for you!"

★★★★★

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## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Home, family matters should progress favorably on the morning of June 30, but the afternoon may let you down. July 4 fine for hospitality.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Visits from relatives or neighbors may mean welcome news, July 2. All plans for short journeys, sports, and pastimes are under smiling stars, July 3.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): The financial side is emphasised July 1, when it is essential to be practical and realistic. July 2 brings much activity, pleasure, and perhaps profit.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): For some, June 30 will be the turning point of 1954, with your personal affairs in the melting pot. July 4 gives you the chance to work things out.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Just a quiet little business deal July 30, but you may well congratulate yourself. July 5 is top flight for solving problems, fresh starts.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): According to your present field of interest July 1 may be socially brilliant or romantically fascinating. July 5, co-operate with workmates.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Choose the week-end for any enterprise you have in mind. July 2 is kind to bargain-hunters, July 3 is sporting, but do not take heavy risks.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): No matter what June 29 may dish out to others you'll gain wherever you use your magnetic personality. Confidence is again the keynote, July 3.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): You might find a lost article June 30 and receive a reward from the owner. A present, an invitation, a small windfall, July 5.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Stick with the crowd June 30 at work or at play; be willing to fall in with the ideas of associates. The afternoon of July 2 demands sturdy independence.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Your pay envelope may be a little fatter July 1 or you could develop a profitable sideline. July 2 favors mutual help arrangements.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): A lucky break June 29, a bit of extra prestige, a visit from Dame Fortune may see you on your way. Stop, look, and listen, July 1.

## Continuing . . . Something for the Heart

from page 45

wife inside her own home, moving about unconcernedly, perhaps humming as she dusted. And she thought about Warren coming into the room and saying: "There's something I must tell you." And Irene could see his wife turning brightly to him and saying: "Yes, dear?"

But it didn't hurt that woman, did it, if she didn't know about Irene? It didn't hurt her if they were very, very careful and only met where no one could possibly know them.

I can't give him up, she said to herself. I can't.

So they met in odd little corners of the town and there was no happiness in the meetings. There was only the fierce need to be together, the compulsion to cling with aching arms to a dangerous love and to part again till the next time.

How proud we can be, she thought grimly. We are the slyest, most deceitful people in the district. No one can tell bigger lies than I or think up more logical reasons for not being free this evening or the next.

She often thought of this as she sat in the dining-room opposite Grandpa. If he knew he wouldn't be surprised, she thought. He wouldn't even care. He never loved me. Nobody ever loved me except Warren.

Warren loved her. He loved her so much that he wouldn't look back, ever, at the life he would leave behind — if she would go away with him.

"I'll tell her," Warren said. He said it every time they met. "No. You must not tell her, Warren. Never."

She did not mention Warren's children. There were two of them. A boy and a girl. Irene had never seen them. She hoped she never would. They belonged to the woman who was Warren's wife.

They are hers and he is hers, she thought, and I am weak and I cannot stop seeing him but I can at least refrain from touching her children even with my thoughts.

And after a time she grew ashamed of her weakness and she thought of her father and she was ashamed of them both. You could have been stronger, she said to him in her thoughts. You could have fought. I will try. I will find out for myself if I can be strong. So she went to the Midlands, as games mistress at Myrtle Cliff.

"I've got a job in the Midlands," she said to Grandpa. "Really? May I ask why?" She sat silent for a moment. Suppose she said, "I love a married man and I am giving him up. I am going away so that we both can be decent people."

No. He might laugh at her. Or he might be scornful of her motives. He might not believe her. What difference did it make? The truth was that he wouldn't be interested.

"Oh, I'm bored with the West Country. Nothing much happens down here."

He said, "How much will you need?"

"The school is paying my fare. I won't need any money."

"And you can always write home," he said dryly, unpleasantly. She was glad she had not told him about Warren.

She left the rich West Country, the rolling fields where her ancestors had fought against Cromwell. She left one September day. She said goodbye to no one and did not even warn Warren that she was going.

I shall always remember that

\*\*\*\*\*  
in LOUISIANA,  
M'selles coress  
With hands TRUSHAY'd  
for loveliness.  
\*\*\*\*\*

first night at Myrtle Cliff, she thought.

It was during dinner that first evening that the telephone call came. She knew it was Warren. All along she had known he would find her.

"Irene, I'm here. Come and meet me."

"No, Warren. No."

"Irene, you can't just run away."

"I can, Warren. I did." She was not sure if she could do it again but he was there wanting to see her. Once more. Just once more.

She went back to the dining-room and faced Miss Shaw. She knew all this would make a poor first impression. But did that really matter?

"May I go out this evening?"

Miss Shaw stared at her. "Your first evening at Myrtle Cliff, my dear?"

"May I, Miss Shaw?"

"Yes, I suppose so. If it is necessary."

"It is necessary."

"Very well, then—but I must say it is strange. Have you met Miss Metcalf, the matron?"

"Yes, Miss Shaw."

"She will wait up for you. Please remember that she is waiting up."

No keys. Just Matron waiting up. She felt the eyes of everyone upon her as she walked from the dining-room.

He was waiting for her at the station, a quarter of a mile beyond the grounds of the school. She got into a taxi with him and he drew her close and kissed her as though their separation had been a very long one.

"Where can we go?" he asked.

"I don't know this place, Warren."

"Nor do I."

It was raining. A light, sweet-smelling autumn rain that added a little to the sadness of the night.

"Where to?" the driver asked.

They told him to drive them to a cafe, where they ordered coffee and sat staring at each other across a marble-topped table with a wireless in the background—someone singing a song of love that ended in despair.

"Irene, Irene, why did you do it? Why did you run away?"

"It was the only thing to do. You should have left me alone."

They sat there talking the weary talk of lovers who have been denied everything but the misery of love.

"I will never do it," she told him. "I will never go anywhere with you. It would be useless, Warren. You don't find happiness by wrecking other people's lives."

"But you're wrecking mine and your own."

"It's not just us, Warren. You can't take what you want and let other innocent people suffer."

He would not understand. He could only see himself and Irene. He could not see that some day they might ask if it had all been worth while and the question would be tragically academic then, for there would be no way to repair the harm they had done.

"You know you want to come with me, Irene."

"I want to be with you, Warren, more than I have ever wanted anything else in life. But I am not going."

After a while he believed her and they left the cafe and walked out into the rainy night. They stood beneath a street lamp and looked at each other.

And she thought what it would be like to belong to Warren. Perhaps his wife wouldn't mind very much. Perhaps everything would work out for the best. . . .

A tremor of excitement passed over her, Warren.

\*\*\*\*\*

Warren all to herself. She reached out and touched him and a gladness possessed her. He loved her. He wanted her. He was hers for the taking and she wanted to laugh with the sudden wild happiness that had seized her. But she did not laugh.

After a while Irene smoothed his hair and straightened his tie and they walked together to the station.

"Good-bye, Warren."

"You really mean that, Irene?"

"I really do."

The rain fell and they listened to it falling on the autumn earth and they thought of graves and tears and loves that could never be and then they heard the train whistle crying out in the night and they cried, too, and were not ashamed.

She went back to the school, drying her eyes in the taxi. Miss Vincent, of Myrtle Cliff, who had just seen her lover on a train, put him out of her life and was now prepared to be a jolly comrade to the young girls entrusted to her care.

Georgina had learned a great many things in the world of



business. One of the more important things, she thought, was making friends with the people who did the jobs you wouldn't do yourself. This rule worked just as well outside the business world and it was with this thought in mind that Georgina, shortly after her arrival at the old house, went to find Julie.

She knew, of course, that Julie had the run of the house, but it was still a little startling to find the girl writing a letter at Great-aunt Evelyn's little desk.

"Why, Julie, my grandfather tells me you're going to be married. How nice! I'm going to be married, too. Did you know?"

"Yes, I did."

Georgina thought the girl curiously unmoved by the sentimental coincidence. Grandpa had spoiled her terribly. Georgina looked at the exquisite desk. She hoped Julie would be careful with it.

After all, in a way it's mine, Georgina thought. This and everything else in the house, including the house itself — when Grandpa dies. Oh, I'll let Irene have some of the furniture, but everything will be mine, because, naturally, Irene couldn't afford to keep it up.

"Did you want to speak to me about something?" Julie asked.

Well — for heaven's sake! Did little Julie, the cook's granddaughter, think she was going to command the situation? Georgina smiled sweetly, flourishing her long cigarette-

holder. "No, my dear. I just thought we'd have a little chat. Tell me about your fiancé."

Julie said, "He's abroad for his firm at the moment — in Kenya."

"Will you and he live here when you're married?" Georgina asked.

"I should think so."

"That'll be nice. It makes Irene and me very happy to know Grandpa is properly looked after."

Julie nodded. "I do my best."

"That's all any of us can do, my dear," Georgina said, and then looked at the girl more closely. For a split second it had seemed — no, the girl wasn't secretly laughing at her. "Shall I tell you about my fiancé?" she asked.

"Yes, do."

"He owns a lot of restaurants and he's quite good-looking. You tell me what you think when you see him this evening. Oh, that reminds me, Julie — is there a gardener or somebody who does odd jobs? Somebody who can lift things?"

"Well, there is the gardener — and a boy from the village comes in. What do you want done?"

"Quite a lot," Georgina said. "I'd like Jim's room to look perfectly exquisite. You know what I mean, and you're so

when they were out of the house. "How much did he give you? The old skinflint! That's an insult!"

It happened every time. And how many times did we run into Irene and her father doing the same thing? Sponging on Grandpa?

And she sat on the small, velvet tufted sofa, letting her thoughts roll back to other days, to other times.

Daddy died when she was eleven and Mother married again. Georgina looked at the man Mother married and she knew that he was right for Mother and that Mother was right for him and that she would always be a stranger to them both.

The new husband was coarse and boisterous, and for the first time Georgina realised that Mother was, too. Mother was happy with the new husband. No more pretending for a husband who thought himself too good for her, for a father-in-law who resented her.

Mother had a new baby after a year of marriage and during the second year another one came along. Mother was too busy with the babies and the house to comb her hair or to dress properly. The new husband said Mother was losing her looks, so Mother bleached her hair and bought a pair of dangling earrings, but the third year a new baby came and Mother settled down to getting fat.

Georgina lay on the narrow bed in the room she shared with the oldest child. She lay there and thought of the house with the crest. And she saw herself a captive princess forced to live among wild, uncultured people and she dreamed of escape, of return to that beautiful world that was hers by right.

At seventeen she left home. Mother was cheerful about her going. "You'll get on all right. Nobody gets the better of women like us, dear."

Georgina went to London and arrived there with three pounds in her artificial-leather handbag. I'll get a job, she thought; any job for the time being.

The job was washing dishes in a cafe. The owner looked at her doubtfully. She was as fragile as a feather fan.

"I don't know if you'll manage the work," he said. "Tian't easy."

"Nothing's easy," she said. She lived in a basement room in Paddington and from there she wrote her letter.

Dearest Grandpa:

Life in London is fascinating. Mother has remarried and has the most enchanting new family. I wish you could see my little brothers and sisters. What am I doing in London? Well, first of all, just enjoying it, absorbing all the wonderful color and feel of this great city. Also I am looking for something I really want to do, something stimulating and useful that will, finally, become my life's work.

I wanted to write because I think of you constantly, Grandpa. I will be coming to see you soon, I hope. And I hope you will be glad to see me.

Your devoted granddaughter, Georgina.

She washed dishes and hoarded her shillings. She watched the waitresses and asked for a chance to join their ranks.

"You can't carry trays. You'd drop 'em."

She carried trays and she didn't drop them. The tips were good for a yellow-haired girl who remembered to smile.

When she had saved enough money she went to night school and took a course in millinery and design. She walked to the classes. When it rained she tossed a coin to see whether it should be spent on the bus fare or a hot cup of coffee. She was always hungry, always tired.

She fought on as long as she

could and in the end she did not knowingly surrender. She was delicious when the landlady had taken her to hospital.

After a while they asked her about her family.

"I have no family," she said.

She had disowned the grubby house where her mother lived. She was not ready, yet, for Grandpa. Never would she go to Grandpa, crawling and begging for help, as her father had done. When she went to Grandpa it would be as a success, a natural mistress for the lovely house.

When she was better she went back to dish-washing and to her studies. After a while she got a job selling hats in a small shop.

I must learn everything, she thought. Everything about the business.

Her quest led her between shops and factories. Always another job, a better job, and always the letters to Grandpa. He never wrote. Not even at Christmas. Twice she went to see him. Once when the fur coat of which she was very proud was new and once when she had a present for him. She had found it in an art shop in Chelsea — an etching someone had made of the house with the crest.

"It's very kind of you," he said gravely. "You must be busy."

"Busy?" She smiled at him, indulgently. "Why, Grandpa, I couldn't be a real career woman if I tried."

She turned away, hoping he would not see the weariness in her eyes. She was doing a difficult job, looking after a hat-shop for a woman who was ill. Like Grandpa, the woman had said Georgina was kind.

I am not kind, Georgina thought. I only want to get to know the customers and the wholesalers and I want a chance to buy that shop cheap if she's going to be ill for ever.

She bought that shop for her price. But that did not satisfy her. She wanted something bigger, better. After a long time she got what she wanted — an exclusive West End shop with "Georgina" in gold letters across the door.

"I can hardly believe it, Grandpa," she wrote. "After all, I'm not the rugged, ambitious type. Where did it all come from? It just appeared like a fairy jewel."

But you couldn't impress a real gentleman like Grandpa by being hard and willing to grapple with life. You did not come to sit at Great-aunt Evelyn's desk by being more clever than your customers, by browbeating the wholesalers.

If you were going to dine beneath the portraits of the Vincents you must first convince Grandpa that you were a lady. And after you had convinced Grandpa you had a rather more difficult task: You had to convince yourself. But even that was done in time.

When she met Jim she was worried. She had never been in love before and love brought her a new, sharp happiness. She had never before had time to play. Jim taught her to enjoy being alive. But Jim was only Jim. He had money, true, but what was money, after all? Would Grandpa accept Jim?

"I'll make him accept him," she said aloud. "I'll make him like Jim."

She could not live without Jim. She would marry him and teach him to fit into the Vincent background. She would teach him everything he had to know.

To be concluded

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in MAINE the girls

with lovely hands

Use TRUSHAY—not the

"unknown" brands.

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on something just behind him. He said, "Amigo!" And the half-grown red Irish setter carrying in its mouth a package done up in butcher's pink paper wriggled from his neck back and his red plume of a tail waved proudly.

Gabriella said, "You bad dog, I ought to beat you!" and made a dive for the package and snatched it out of his mouth, and the dog grinned happily and jumped up on her and licked her cheek.

The man said with mock sternness: "Amigo, I'm amazed at you!"

Amigo's rear end vibrated and he said, "Arf! Arf!"

"Amigo, I want you to apologise to Miss—"

"Gabriella Lang," she said, clutching her chicken and turning to go.

"You can call me Bill, Gabriella," he said.

She said stiffly, "I prefer your last name."

"You would? Why, that's swell!" His tanned face beamed.

"Well, just call me darling, then."

Gabriella flushed and said, "Why, I won't—"

"But it's my name," he said quickly.

"Bill Darling. You know—Darling Houses. You're living in one of them. I'm an architect. There're only these two so far—but some day Darling Houses will be known from border to border and coast to coast—if the sheriff doesn't nab me before I get really started!"

Gabriella's half-open mouth snapped shut like a small red trap when she heard the commotion out in the road, and she turned and saw a yellow cab come to a shrieking stop in a cloud of dust, and a tall, handsome, young man with a shock of thick blond hair got out.

"Hey!" said Bill Darling, "look at the gentleman in the derby!"

"That," said Gabriella, "is my house-guest, the lecturer, John Standish Cabot, from Boston." She didn't say: "And I hope he'll be my fiancé before he leaves in the morning." But she thought it.

And she tripped lightly down the steps with never a backward glance at Bill Darling and Amigo. She greeted her guest and, as they reached her gate, he looked back over his shoulder and said, "Who's that?"

"Neighbor. He's an architect. He and his dog live alone—and like it, I imagine."

They went up on Gabriella's chalk-rock terrace and John said, "You mean you two live all alone here in this canyon?"

"Yes, why not? It's only a mile from town."

John sank down in a chair

## Continuing . . . . Call Me Darling

from page 3

on the terrace. "It's rather unconventional," he said. "I don't see why you had to come way off to some outpost of civilization when there're nice apartment-houses in town."

"I love it out here," she said. "After eight hours at that mad-house radio station, it's heaven. And think how grand it'll be to grow my herbs in a real garden instead of a window-box. Oh, good heavens!"

She suddenly remembered that the chicken was still tucked under her arm, when it should have been simmering with herbs and sherry an hour ago. "Look, John," she said, "fix yourself a drink while I start dinner, will you? All the makings are here on the table."

John poured some sherry and said, "Where's your aunt? I can talk to her while you're getting dinner."

Gabriella stopped short on her way into the house. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said. "Aunt Cass telegraphed this afternoon that she couldn't make it this week-end. Her favorite horse is running at Santa Anita, and she had to be there to see him come in."

John said, "Why didn't you tell me? Of course, I can't spend the night here now."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Gabriella. "My intentions are strictly honorable, John, and I haven't got an etching to my name!" And she flounced into the house.

They had dinner on the terrace, with two hurricane lamps for light, and John said Gabriella's poulet aux herbes and her linzer torte were worth coming all the way from Boston for. He described to her with gusto everything he'd had to eat on his lecture tour from coast to coast.

Once Gabriella started up from her chair because she thought she heard someone in the house, and she knew the back door was open. But she didn't hear anything more and she sat down again.

The trees rustled softly, the orange moon rolled up over the top of a black hill, paling the white-hot stars. Up the woody smelling canyon an owl asked, "Who-whooo?" And John sat with his hands folded over his stomach and talked of eating his way across the continent.

Suddenly Gabriella wanted to leap from her chair and cry, John, you're the handsomest man I've ever known. Doesn't that moon do anything to you? And she wondered then, as she had never let herself wonder before, if his interest in her was purely culinary, and if she wanted to marry him solely because he could give her security, which none of her family had ever had.

After a lifetime of apartments and cheap hotel rooms as her father chased one will-o'-the-wisp dream after another, she wanted to put down roots, she wanted a home and a husband.

A dog and a lanky man smoking a pipe strolled past the gate on the moon-whitened road. The man raised one hand in casual greeting and called, "Hi, Gabriella!"

And Gabriella took a deep breath of the moon-tinselled night, glanced swiftly at John Standish Cabot, and called demurely, "Hi, Darling!"

"Gab-re-el-la!" John said rebukingly. "I didn't know you went in for that common habit of calling everyone darling!"

"I only say that to the people I particularly like," she said wickedly.

"Wasn't that the man who lives next door?"

"Yes. Bill's swell."

"You certainly seem to know each other well, considering the time you've been here."

"Oh, we'd met before," she said dreamily.

John got up. "I'm going to bed," he said almost petulantly. "I shouldn't have stayed out here so long. My sinuses are going to suffer for it."

Gabriella got up, too. She filled her lungs with the cool,

pine-pungent air. Up the white road, behind a man and his dog, a puff of moon-silvered dust disappeared in a black tunnel of trees.

Gabriella's slim shoulders sagged a little as she turned her back on the gorgeous canyon night and followed John into the house.

Inside, he said, "Have you any soda? I feel a little odd. It must be something I ate."

"It couldn't be that you ate too much?" she asked, remembering his three helpings of chicken and two of linzer torte. Aghast at what she'd just said, she got him the soda.

He measured a spoonful into a glass of water. "Maybe you ought to take a little yourself," he said, glancing at her. "You seem to have such an acid tongue all of a sudden."

"I'm sorry, John. I guess the moon just went to my head."

He bent towards her and for a minute she thought he was going to kiss her. But he changed his mind in mid-air and straightened up again.

"We mustn't let our emotions run away with us," he said. "It's very nice being here with you, but I think your aunt ought to think a little more of appearances."

"Aunt Cass knows how to have fun," Gabriella said, coming to her defence.

"Fun isn't everything in life."

Gabriella followed him to the door of the guest-room to see if he had everything he wanted. She saw dirt and leaves on the green hooked rug and said, "Now, how do you suppose that got there?"

"Well, don't bother to clean it up now," John said. "I'm tired, and I want to be sure and get my eight hours' sleep."

"All right," she said. "Pleasant dreams." And she closed his door and went down the hall to her own room. And for a long minute she stood in the dark at the window, looking out at the night, and she saw a man and his dog come strolling back past her gate, and she wanted more than anything in the world at that moment to run out and walk with them.

But she remembered just in

time what a wonderful thing security was. And a little later she saw lights flash on in the house next door. And she put on her own light and got undressed and slipped into her green Chinese brocade pyjamas. She was propped up in bed, reading, when the doorbell rang.

She was so startled that, without waiting to put on a robe, she stepped into her yellow sluffs and, switching on lights as she ran, she flung open the front door.

There stood Bill Darling in his shirtsleeves, grinning apologetically, and with Amigo at his heels, saying, "Arf, arf!"

"Gosh, I'm sorry," Bill said, "but when I started to go to bed just now I missed one of my slippers, and I think it's in your house."

Gabriella didn't know whether to burst out laughing or slam the door in his face.

She compromised by giggling, and said, "And what in the

To page 48

★★★★★

All the cowgirls  
in MONTANA  
Declare that TRUSHAY's  
a bonanza!

★★★★★

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Soy OKLANOMA  
mademoiselles,  
"TRUSHAY'd hands  
make wedding belles."

★★★★★



"Nothing we can do about it. It's THEIR lunch hour."

## Are you in the know?

After a late date, should you . . .

- ☐ Invite him into the house?
- ☐ Say goodnight at the door?
- ☐ Thank him?

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. And please—no "thank you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" is enough. You can ALWAYS be sure of a pleasant evening when you're poised—free of "problem day" worries. That's why you'll be sure to choose Kotex. Only Kotex is shaped to fit you—tapering from a deep centre area, where you need protection, to thin flat-pressed ends that just CAN'T show bulges or ridges.

What's the correct way to wear a corsage . . .

- ☐ Stems up?
- ☐ Stems down?
- ☐ On the right shoulder?

Is that a rose or an upside-down cake? You don't put flowers in a vase face down—so why pin them to your dress that way? Wear a corsage on your LEFT shoulder, stems pointing down, petals up. Being sure helps your confidence. So does Kotex, on calendar days. Kotex is thicker—wider, too—with feather-soft edges that can't chafe. Kotex softness is lasting—it won't pack hard or string up. Kotex keeps its shape—no twisting and cutting. Buy it in the box to protect its soft cushiony comfort and absorbency right up until you wear it.

Kotex—the superior napkin  
—costs no more



There's a Kotex belt dispenser right on the counter wherever you buy Kotex. You don't even have to ask for the belt. Just take out the one you prefer and hand it across to the assistant. For daintiness and comfort—buy two for a change. There are three kinds to choose from:

Featherweight (blue), 1/9  
De Luxe (mauve), 3/6  
Wonderform (pink), 3/2

KO9-36

This sleeping beauty's off the beam because . . .

- ☐ She should be out enjoying herself?
- ☐ She's still wearing make-up?
- ☐ Her pillow's too high?

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing make-up to bed. It coarsens your skin—encourages blotches. Clean your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and daintiness go together, remember—and they're never more important than on "those days". Kotex has a moisture proof panel deep down in the centre, giving complete, perfect protection. And because it's in the centre Kotex can be worn EITHER side.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

2/9 EVERYWHERE



world makes you think your slipper's here?"

"Just a hunch," he said. "May I look?"

John came hurrying down the hallway, tying the belt of his bathrobe and looking like the handsome man of distinction that he was.

"Gabiella, I was just dropping off to sleep when the bell woke me. What does this man want, and why don't you go and put on a dressing-gown?"

"He wants his slipper," she said.

John's handsome face turned purple. "His slipper?"

Bill walked past them, with Amigo still at his heels, and said: "Sorry to trouble you, sir. Won't take me a minute. I know just where to look."

He walked quickly to Gabriella's room. Amigo, Gabriella, and John were right behind him. Bill looked under Gabriella's bed, said: "No, not here," and walked swiftly down the hall to John's room, with the little cavalcade following close behind.

He looked under John's bed, said: "Ah!" reached out a long arm, and rose triumphantly with a battered brown leather slipper in his hand.

"Here it is," he said gaily. "Well, thanks a lot. I'll run along now and let you folks get to bed."

John grabbed his shoulder as Bill was walking past him. "How did your slipper get under my bed?" he demanded.

"I guess the dog put it there," Bill said. And added, "Ha, ha, ha."

That "Ha, ha, ha," just a little self-conscious, just a little forced, was a touch of artistry, Gabriella realised. And she also realised, from the affronted expression on John's face, that after that no amount of explanation would do any good.

She knew Amigo had put the

## Continuing . . . Call Me Darling

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slipper there, she knew that was the sound she had heard in the house during dinner, she knew Amigo had tracked in the dirt and leaves. But it wouldn't do any good to explain it to John. Not after that "Ha, ha, ha." When slippers get under the wrong bed, security flies out of the window, she thought wryly.

John Standish Cabot dropped Bill's arm as if it had been a rattlesnake. "So the dog put your slipper there!" he said.

Bill Darling looked crestfallen. "Look, sir," he said, "Amigo's just a pup and he always puts slippers under beds. It's the only trick, except shaking hands, that I've ever been able to teach him, and—"

John put up his hand as if he were halting a stream of traffic and said, "That's enough! I don't want to hear any more of your lies."

He walked to the front door and held it open until Bill Darling and Amigo, both looking very hang-dog, had filed past. Then, as he was closing the door, he said, "I'll talk to you in the morning, Gabriella." He marched back into his room and shut the door firmly.

Gabriella went back to bed, too, but she didn't even see the words of her book, perhaps because it was upside down. Finally she put it aside, snapped off the light, and lay watching the moon roll across the sky. The birds awoke and started their lighthearted morning songs, and suddenly a dog began baying at the moon.

Gabriella was up like a flash, stepping into her slippers, and, creeping out the front door, she went to try to shut up the howling Amigo before he woke John.

The night was warm and fragrant and she could smell flowers. She followed the baying around the back of the house and there sat Amigo, nose pointed heavenward, baying like a bloodhound.

Gabriella made a lunge for him. Amigo stopped baying, flashed her a canine grin, shook

himself, then dived into the herb bed and began rolling in it.

Gabriella forgot John and his eight hours of sleep. She forgot the sterling worth of security in a world on the edge of chaos. She forgot everything except the fact that her precious herb bed was being ruined. She yelled, "Amigo!"

And then she heard hurrying footsteps, and behind her Bill Darling shouted, "Amigo, come out of there!"

She turned and saw Bill in barber-pole striped pyjamas chasing Amigo, who had come up out of the herb bed smelling of sweet basil, marjoram, and thyme and was now running around the garden in ecstatic pungent circles.

Bill gave up the chase and walked over to Gabriella, who was leaning breathlessly against the house. She said, "Bill Darling, you ought to be—"

"—kissed!" he said, bending over her upturned face.

A window just above them was flung up violently, and John Standish Cabot looked down at the two pyjamaed figures as they leaped guiltily apart, and his face, in the waning moonlight, was a fine egg-plant purple. His mouth was moving, but no sound came from it.

Gabriella said, "I'm sorry Amigo woke you, John. Try to get back to sleep. It isn't much after five."

John finally found his voice. "Gabiella," he said, "I don't suppose you're entirely to blame. You've undoubtedly inherited a wild strain from your Aunt Cassandra. But you can't expect me to countenance this sort of thing any longer. And right under my window, too! Haven't you any shame?"

"Look, sir," Bill said, "it's all the fault of my infernal pup. Gabriella was just trying to keep you from waking up."

"It was a rude awakening," John said, "but I'm glad my eyes are open at last!" His head

disappeared then, and he banged the window shut.

Amigo was heard baying from the vicinity of Bill's place, and Bill took off after him, and Gabriella hurried into the house.

She went to the kitchen, still in her slippers and pyjamas, and made a pot of coffee. After all that had happened, she knew that her chances for security with John were gone. And just then he came out of his room, fully dressed.

Without saying anything, Gabriella poured two cups of coffee and sat down in the breakfast nook with her. John took his standing.

He said, "Gabiella, I came here this week-end to ask you to marry me. After all the things that happened during the night, though, I changed my mind. But I realise how desperately you need someone to look after you and I'm going to give you one more chance—that is, if you can explain to me why you were making love under my window and calling that man 'Bill Darling'."

During all this talk, Gabriella had been watching John as if she'd never seen him before. Here was her ultimatum. Here was her chance for security.

All she had to say was, "Look, John, don't be a zany. Bill Darling is the man's name, and I'm furious at him and his crazy dog for creating all this disturbance. Bill Darling is his name."

An hour later Gabriella stood at her front door watching the dust of John's town-bound cab settle in the road. They'd had quite a talk, and then John had kissed her good-bye and had gone off to keep his speaking engagement.

All the time Gabriella was in her shower her mind was saying, "Security is a wonderful thing." And it was still saying it as she slipped slowly into her yellow slacks and shirt, brushed her dark hair, and went outside to see just how much damage had been done to her precious herbs.

She stood looking down into

the mangled herb bed and thought how it would be to have to leave this little house in the woody canyon.

Suddenly, in the midst of her contemplation, something grabbed the side of her slacks, and she jumped and looked down into Amigo's liquid-brown eyes. He began to pull and, because she didn't want her pants torn, Gabriella had to follow him.

"You're a bad, wicked dog," she cried, "and you ought to be put in the pound!" She wasn't looking where she was going, because she was so busy trying to loose Amigo's death-grip on her slacks.

Suddenly, she smelt something burning and she looked up, startled, and found she was at Bill Darling's back door. There were clouds of smoke coming out of the kitchen.

She leaped into the cloud of black smoke and ran full tilt into Bill, who was taking some slices of charcoal out of the oven.

He dropped the charcoal. "Gabiella!" he said. "I was coming over in a minute to try to square things with your friend. I was so busy practising my apology I let the toast burn."

"Skip the apologies," she said. "John's already left to catch his plane."

Amigo, with his strong white teeth still clamped on her slacks, began pounding the stove with his tail for attention.

"Oh, so you brought her over," Bill said. "Well, let her go, old boy!"

Amigo let go and threw himself down on the floor and lay there, panting and wagging his tail.

"Are you going to marry that stuffed shirt?" Bill demanded. "Security is a wonderful thing," she said dreamily.

"So that's the kind of girl you are!"

"What kind?" She looked up, her eyes bright.

"The kind who'd talk security when she could get love!"

"And where could I get love?"

"You know darned well where," Bill said gruffly, "even

though it's a bit soon to tell you."

There was silence then. Gabriella began toasting fresh bread and making coffee. With an angry clattering of dishes, Bill set the table for two in the breakfast nook. He squeezed orange juice, and a few minutes later they sat down to breakfast.

Gabriella was looking at him curiously. "Bill Darling," she said, "there's something I want to know. You said last night that the only trick you'd ever been able to teach Amigo was to put slippers under a bed. You didn't by any chance deliberately bring him over to my house with that slipper last night?"

Bill's face was a picture of injured innocence. "Why, of course not!" he said. And then he said, "Ha, ha, ha," and it was a bit self-conscious, and had exactly that same touch of artistry as last night.

Gabriella ducked her head. She poured a cup of coffee and passed it to Bill, and then looked over at Amigo sitting with his tongue lolling out and gazing with mournful brown eyes at the food. "Doesn't Cupid get anything to eat?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Cupid over there with the long red ears." And then she added dreamily, "Security is a wonderful thing, but a girl would be a fool not to take love instead. That's what I had in mind when I wouldn't tell John that Bill Darling was your name."

Bill was suddenly beaming. Amigo got up, came over to him, and sat down in front of him with his right paw outstretched.

Bill shook hands with him gravely. "I owe you a steak, Cupid, old pal," he said.

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### COOK'S CORNER

Double-rich Carnation Milk makes possible all sorts of exciting new dishes. But, it's wonderful in old favourites, too. For instance, scones! Here we're giving easy scone recipes that improve like magic when you make them with half Carnation and half water.

#### Economical Scones

2 teaspoons self-raising flour; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1/2 cup Carnation Milk; 1/2 cup water.  
Sift flour and salt. Combine Carnation Milk and water. Add to flour to make light dough. Reserve small amount milk mixture for glazing. Knead slightly; cut into shapes. Place on greased tray, glaze with milk mixture and bake in hot oven for 6 to 12 minutes.

#### Fruit Scones

For fruit scones, add 2 tablespoons of castor sugar and one teaspoon of sultanas, raisins or dates.

#### Carnation Tea Cake

2 ozs. shortening; 2 ozs. sugar; one egg; 4 ozs. self-raising flour; 2 tablespoons Carnation Milk; 2 tablespoons water.  
Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat. Add self-raising flour and, last of all, blend in Carnation Milk and water. Place in round greased cake tin (6-8 ins. across) and bake from 10-15 minutes in quick cake-oven.

Topping: While teacake is warm, spread top with butter and sprinkle with castor sugar and cinnamon.

# HOMeward VOYAGE

by Marjorie Weaver



**I**t was a typical Hilary party. That meant that the studio manager was there. He was in charge of the radio station which broadcast Hilary's stories in the children's hour. There were several young actors, some girl friends of Jennifer's own choosing, and one or two middle-aged couples who were Hilary's special friends.

Hilary usually gave several parties each year, partly because it was important to return the hospitality of executives of the radio world, which had provided her bread and butter for nearly twenty years, and partly because she thought it good for Jennifer.

Jennifer was very shy and had a tendency to withdraw from the world, and Hilary thought that parties were an effort to mix freely was only common politeness might help to draw her out of herself.

Jennifer could see through this manoeuvre quite easily. She knew so well that her mother longed to see her the centre of a lively group of young people.

It was not that she was really unsociable. She liked talking to people, but she liked talk to them individually. She did not like them en masse. She was no good at the swift interchange of repartee, the sort of inconsequential chatter one needed at parties.

Young men, she had decided a long time ago, were so silly. It was only to older men that she found she had anything to say. Older men and intelligent women were the people she felt most at ease with.

However, she was determined to help her mother with this party to the best of her

ability, and she went into the sitting-room with plates of savories and oyster patties. Her eyes swept the chattering groups and she saw that everyone had something to eat and that their glasses were filled.

Balancing the dishes she started circling the room. She caught sight of her mother standing near the doorway. Hilary was running her fingers through her short, curly hair, as she always did when she was excited and perhaps a little worried. Even now its lovely ruddy auburn was hardly tinged with grey and emphasised her creamy skin.

Suddenly Jennifer saw Myrtle Davies advancing towards her and, putting the plates on a table, stepped forward eagerly to meet her. Myrtle was an old school friend and they had always been close friends in spite of, or perhaps because of, the intellectual gap between them.

While Jennifer had had to concentrate on passing exams, Myrtle had been specialising in parties and clothes. When Jennifer had been starting to find a job, Myrtle had vanished to a distant sheep station.

They still kept up the friendship in a desultory sort of way, each having something the other had not got. For, just as Jennifer was shy and awkward with men, Myrtle collected them and discarded them with an ease that Jennifer sometimes envied.

"My dear," cried Myrtle, "isn't it exciting?" She waved her glass and an overlaid charm-bracelet jangled on her arm. "Oh, this is Paul," she waved vaguely in the direction of a young man who moved forward with her.

"You kiss very nicely," she said half-mockingly, looking up at Paul. "The result of much practice, I suppose."

A new one, thought Jennifer swiftly as she glanced at him to see what Myrtle had annexed this time. Rather an improvement on the usual hearty, sporting type, she thought. His face was thoughtful, but when he smiled his dark eyes screwed up into a disarming twinkle.

Jennifer smiled shyly but could think of nothing more apt to say than, "Have an oyster patty."

However, he took the patty with a grateful smile and Jennifer forced herself to make conversation.

"Are you a visitor here?" she asked him, for somehow there was something indefinably different about him from the young men she was used to.

"I've only been in Australia a few months," he said.

"He's here from England on some frightfully hush-hush Government thing," Myrtle explained excitedly. "You know, super top secret and all that, isn't it Paul?" She spoke as if she shared the secret and the importance, too. "He's most frightfully brainy, even if he is rather a pet. You two ought to get along."

"I'm sure we shall if you give us a chance to say something," said Paul good humoredly. "Usually I can't get a word in edgewise."

"Isn't he a horror," said Myrtle beaming at

**The Australian Women's Weekly novel complete in this issue**

him affectionately, "the more he insults me the more I adore him."

"A tribute to your good nature," said Jennifer.

Paul looked at her with interest. "Am I being snubbed?" "Oh—Heaven—no," Jennifer said with slight confusion, realising she had made her usual awkward remark.

"It was just that I thought I noticed a slight edge to your voice," he explained politely. "Entirely my imagination, no doubt."

"It's because Jennifer is so frightfully brainy," Myrtle explained apologetically.

"Don't tell me she's an intellectual," Paul said in mock alarm. "You wouldn't think it to look at her, would you?"

My turn to be snubbed, I suppose. Jennifer said quickly and then blushed as she realised that she had expressed her instinctively defensive reaction to his words.

"On the contrary," Paul assured her. "I was merely hoping that this braininess that Myrtle complains of is non-violent. A pity if it interfered with the normal activities of the female species."

"What he means," Myrtle explained naively, "is that you're far too pretty to work all the time. You ought to get into circulation more. I'm always telling you so. That's it, isn't it, Paul?"

"Perhaps you're one of those archaic creatures who resent women having brains," Jennifer said, a little put out at this rather baffling conversation.

"I don't mean quite that, either," he said, "although women certainly can have too many brains. There doesn't seem to be much in life they can do with them."

This touched Jennifer on the raw because she enjoyed using her brains, was interested in and proud of her work and enthusiastic about her future.

Except earn a living," she replied shortly. "In these days it's not always wise to be dependent on the capricious male, do you think?"

"Ah, a career woman," he said sadly. What is it?

"I'm an artist—commercial artist. D'you disapprove?"

"She draws the most wonderful children and babies," Myrtle elaborated eagerly. "I'm sure that must reassure you," Jennifer looked at him sharply.

"More than somewhat. I bet they're really nice babies."

The look he gave her now was wholly disarming, which threw Jennifer into confusion. She wished she were more adroit at these cocktail conversations.

She searched her mind for an appropriate word, but said weakly instead, "Have another oyster, patty," adding to Myrtle, "What was this exciting news you were talking about?"

Pop's taking me to England in February. Paul is going in the same ship, and his father, too.

"You ought to see his father, Jennifer. There's a man to flutter your eyes at. And can he lose it down?"

Jennifer saw Paul's face turn from smiling acquiescence to startled concern. There's something wrong, she thought.

"Everyone's going to England," Jennifer said lightly, to turn attention from him.

"Even mother has spasms of 'down to Kew in lilac-time' and all that."

She stopped suddenly. It reminded her that during this past week, her mother had spoken of England many times. Surely she was not getting homesick after all these years.

"I know," Myrtle jangled her bracelet again. "I saw her in the shipping office when I went into ask if I could have a two-berth cabin to myself."

Why? thought Jennifer.

"Wouldn't it be heavenly if you did go and came in the same ship?" Myrtle handed her empty glass to Paul and took Jennifer's arm. "Travel, excitement, dancing under the tropic stars."

"Tell me," Paul asked Jennifer. "Have you ever been to England?"

"No, I'm afraid that's another of my deficiencies," Jennifer said with slight and, she realised, totally unjustified resentment.

He looked at her intently for a moment and then said seriously, "I wonder why you're always on the defensive? There must surely be a reason for it. I'd love to find out."

"You'd better come to England with us," Jennifer said eagerly, "and then Paul could psycho-analyse you or something. I've always wanted to be psycho-analysed, but daddy says there's nothing in me to analyse."

"Yes, why don't you come?" Paul asked seriously. "Then those fabulous cheques earned in the course of that stupendous career would be used to good purpose. You might even learn to relax in a ship."

"I don't earn fabulous cheques and I can relax quite well at home, thank you," said Jennifer stiffly.

"All the same," said Paul, turning his thoughtful eyes on her again. "I think it would be a good idea."

"Well, I don't," said Jennifer thoughtfully, furious with herself for once again being disturbed by this nonchalant and too confident young man.

So many young Englishmen were like that. They were so confident and self-assured that they made you feel awkward.

Oh well, she thought, as she turned away, she wouldn't be likely to see him again, so it did not much matter what he thought of her.

THE last guests did not go until after ten o'clock. Jennifer went from the dining-room to the kitchen, gathering up glasses and plates and overflowing ash-trays.

As she worked she noticed her mother wandering through the rooms, picking up an ornament and looking at it as if she had never seen it before, and then putting it down again. She found it all the more disturbing because her mother usually did so much of the clearing up herself.

Jennifer did not mind tidying and washing up. The work helped her to overcome the uneasiness and sense of frustration that always enveloped her after a party. It made her think less of all the clever and amusing things she could have said if only she had thought of them at the time.

She drew in a deep sigh at her own inadequacy, and Hilary, who had just come into the kitchen, looked at her sharply.

"Oh, leave it all," she said, looking at the piled plates and the trays of glasses. "I can do them in the morning."

"No, I'd like to get it over. I hate a kitchenful of dirty dishes when I'm getting my breakfast," Jennifer poured soap powder into the sink and turned on the hot tap.

"Oh, do leave it," Hilary said irritably, running her fingers through her hair. When Jennifer glanced at her, she saw that her face was strained and that the dark rings under her eyes were deeper than mere after-party tiredness. Once again she was conscious of the note of tenseness she had sensed in her mother all day.

It was the first time Jennifer had ever seen her mother anything but resolute and at ease, and it was so startling that she suddenly felt as if she were the older of the two and some responsibility had been thrust on her shoulders that she had never known before.

"Black coffee," she said determinedly. "You go and sit down and I'll bring you a cup." Hilary stood by the table, tracing irresolute patterns on the surface.

"I don't think I want any coffee, thank you," she said dolefully.

"Well, then, why not go straight to bed? I can manage here all right."

Hilary shook her head. "I don't feel like bed, either."

"What exactly do you feel like, darling?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You're worried about something, aren't you?" Jennifer said.

"Oh—no—" said Hilary uncertainly.

"Anyone can see you are. Why don't you tell me?"

"I would if I thought you could help—though in a way you could, I suppose. Perhaps you'll have to."

"Well, then," Jennifer prompted.

Hilary shook her head. "Come along, out with it."

Jennifer urged. "You can trust your little Jennifer. I'm getting a big girl now, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Hilary, taking her daughter's little more literally than she intended. "That's just it. You're old enough to decide for yourself, of course. Well—I've—I've had a letter from your father."

Oh, said Jennifer, surprised. She had not thought of this and there were a few moments' silence while she tried to adjust her mind to a topic she found remote, disturbing, and a little frightening. "What does he want?" she said after a while.

"He wants to see you," said Hilary. "He says—but you'd better read it for yourself, I think."

She went to the bedroom while Jennifer tried to accuse herself of this startling intrusion into her steady routine.

A letter from her father. She could remember nothing of her father and had not asked about him since she understood about the divorce and pictured to herself an unnumberable harassing cruelties that had led her mother to flee from England to Australia.

For years his name had not been mentioned. Now that it was, curiosity began to supersede her instinctive aversion.

Lots of people got divorced. Hadn't she been among a large group of girls at school who welcomed only their mothers at speech days and school theatricals?

Like them she had turned it from a slight stigma to something unusual that gave her distinction.

Gradually she realised the momentousness of Hilary's words. It was as if she had entered on a new phase of her life. She forgot the school-girl shrinking from reality, for in Hilary's drawn face she had caught a brief glimpse of real tragedy and the struggle of years. She was caught between natural curiosity about the old days she could not remember and the desire to spare her mother further unhappiness.

But she took the letter eagerly when her mother returned.

"My dear Hilary,"

The feeling has been growing strongly lately that I would like to see Jennifer. I realise that, in the circumstances, I have no right to ask favors of you, but I thought it just possible Jennifer might share the instinct that prompts me to write this letter.

"If she would welcome at last becoming acquainted with her own father, I would be delighted to pay her fare to England and be responsible for her visit here."

"Whatever reluctance you may feel, I do ask you to consider it from Jennifer's point of view and tell me as soon as possible if you and she agree to my plan, when I will make the necessary cash available at your bank. Yours sincerely, Russell."

Jennifer raised her eyes, and drew her breath. "You want to go, of course," said Hilary carefully. "It wants a

lot of thinking about," she said guardedly.

In bed, Hilary tossed and turned restlessly as her mind went to and fro, not only about the letter but about the bitter, desperately unhappy days of her life with Russell.

The letter sent her mind racing over scenes and events which had almost faded from memory and every word evoked a vivid picture of her former husband.

The letter was so typical of Russell, so clever. It was so like him to make it appear he was only interested in Jennifer's welfare and suggest that Hilary would be selfish and wicked to oppose him. It had always been that way.

She checked her thoughts quickly. She must not allow herself to be distracted into going back over her own unhappy experiences with Russell. That had nothing to do with the present situation. This was strictly between Jennifer and her father.

But everything was greatly complicated by the distance. If she and Jennifer were in England it would be quite simple for her to spend some time with her father. But to travel 15,000 miles at great expense to spend perhaps several months with him made the whole project loom frighteningly.

Nowadays, of course, divorced parents both saw their children frequently and sometimes even met each other. But that at least was something Hilary could not contemplate as far as she was concerned. She had been too deeply hurt ever to lace Russell again. It had been rather more than "incompatibility," more even than infidelity—a mixture perhaps of infidelity and a self-centered disregard of her feelings that had amounted to brutality.

She stopped herself again. No more reminiscences. Russell wanted to see Jennifer. Whether the wish was seated in sentiment or selfishness, she did not know. That was the worst of Russell. You never knew. But it was not altogether unreasonable.

That was why she was frightened. It was the first time she had admitted to herself that she was frightened to let Jennifer go for many reasons. She was frightened that Jennifer would be unhappy. She might not like her father. She might feel, too, the awkwardness of meeting her father's second wife too deeply.

She clasped her hands together. She was not being straightforward with herself. She was frightened most of all because she knew how charming Russell could be, when he liked. Was it possible that she was jealous, that he might claim some part of her daughter, who had hitherto been exclusively hers?

Supposing Russell welcomed Jennifer with that simple whole-heartedness that made so many people think him one of the most attractive men they had ever met? She could imagine Jennifer swept off her feet by the attentions and the interest of a man of Russell's professional standing and personality.

It was not merely jealousy. It was fear again—fear that Russell might take Jennifer's affection and do with it as he had done with hers. She could not bear to think of Jennifer suddenly coming up against that streak of selfishness, that imperiousness that plunged Russell into innumerable quarrels with his contemporaries and which, curiously, drew the affections of inexperienced and idealistic youngsters to fight under his banner. She had seen it many times.

"Dr. Boulton is so sincere. I do so admire Dr. Boulton for his truly scientific mind. He demands the truth always and ignores all personal hardships." Hilary remembered an ecstatic voice student telling her this with the gleam of the ardent disciple in her eye.

That was how Russell affected people who did not know him very well. That student, for instance, did not know that the thesis about which she had been so en-

thusiastic had been corrected, typed, and indexed by Hilary herself in long hours of labor for which Russell had given her no thanks. He had demanded her help as his right and when it suited his convenience had swept her aside as if she did not exist.

But these were hurts that twenty years in this distant land, with no contact whatsoever with the old world, had almost entirely forgotten. That was why the letter, the first she had had, jolted her back so painfully to the old days.

But Jennifer was the one to consider now. Hilary had always realised what every child must miss by having only one parent. It was not fair to bring up a daughter in a purely feminine atmosphere. It could breed all kinds of inhibitions that might ruin her whole life—had bred them in fact. But would the influence of a father like Russell not have complicated her even more?

Backwards and forwards her thoughts raced, but she knew that the decision would have to be Jennifer's. But she was afraid.

In her bedroom Jennifer drew back the curtains. There was an unusual stillness in the warm air and the November sky was deep and clear and the Southern Cross swung brightly and sparkling in the dark sky.

England. Even that was enough of a dream to disturb the thoughts of an ambitious girl who had long ago realised that Australia was too far away from the rest of the world to give satisfaction to the dreams of achievement she hugged to herself.

It was not only England that called, though, it was her father. Although her mother's unhappy marriage had made her wary of men, it had not been enough to efface the glimpses she had had of happy relations between so many of her schoolmates and their fathers.

Myrtle was one. Her father doted on her and, although it was her mother who bought her her expensive clothes and arranged the parties and holidays and "treats," it was when she mentioned "Pop" that Myrtle's thoughtless little face softened and her voice held an affection that made Jennifer feel there was something important she was missing.

JENNIFER was suddenly filled with curiosity about her father. She could not remember him and the thought of meeting him was disturbing, but, at the same time, challenging. After all, he was her own flesh and blood.

She switched on the light and read the letter again. It was a good letter. It was the letter of a man of feeling and consideration.

Beyond the fact that her mother had found life intolerable with him, she knew nothing of what had led to the divorce. Jennifer's thoughts again centred on Hilary. She would have to be left alone. She would be generous and pretend not to mind, but Jennifer knew how much her mother lived for her and relied on her for her main interest in life. It was not that she was over-possessive, but just that they had been so dependent on each other for so long. She would be the first to urge Jennifer to go.

Jennifer sat up in bed suddenly. Of course! She had solved the whole problem. She hurried to her mother's room and rushed in. The bedside lamp was on and Hilary turned an anxious and inquiring face towards her daughter.

"Why don't you come, too?" said Jennifer breathlessly, plunging herself down on the foot of her mother's bed. "You know you're dying to see England again. And we'd have fun travelling together and we . . . well, we'd be able to see each other over there whenever we wanted to."

Hilary caught her breath. "If I could afford it," she said cautiously.

"Of course you could," Jennifer stood up, she was too excited to stay still for more than a moment. "It's a heaven-sent excuse for you to have a trip you've more than earned. Let's make a cup of tea and talk about it."

Sitting in the kitchen, over their tea, they talked and planned. The hands of the kitchen clock circled from three to four. Outside a sleepy bird gave a tentative chirp to greet the false dawn. Jennifer dreamed of a new and exciting life and Hilary forgot past sorrows in her delight in her daughter's gesture and in her joy at the thought of once again going "home."

"All visitors ashore. All visitors ashore!"

Hilary felt a thrill of expectation as she leaned on the deck rail to take in the scene.

People were still streaming up the gangway, passengers heavily laden with last-minute luggage, young girls from florists balancing huge boxes of farewell gifts, visitors still hurrying on board in spite of the warning to leave, an occasional porter with a heavy suitcase on his shoulder, the idle, the curious and the sightseers.

"All visitors ashore, please. The last gangway is now on D deck aft."

The voice through the loud speaker had taken on an insistent note. Hilary edged her way to Jennifer, who had taken up a strategic position on the rail beside Myrtle and Paul Mitchell. Jennifer was flushed with excitement and her eyes were sparkling with pleasure such as Hilary had not seen for years. This was worth the risk in itself, she thought.

Jennifer was shouting to make herself heard to a little group of girls who had come to see her off and was in shrill competition with Myrtle, who was trying to attract the attention of a couple of youths wedged tightly between a porter's truck and the lift on the wharf.

"Keep my place while I see what's happening on the other side," said Jennifer excitedly, and raced off while Hilary spread herself in the vacant space. An enormous blast from the ship's siren betokened activity on the bridge and lesser toots from tugs also suggested that the vast immobile bulk of the ship would soon come to life.

Hilary had a weak feeling in her knees as she watched, bewildered by the bustle and worn out with her preparations for departure. She was glad when Jennifer rushed back and she slipped her arm through her daughter's as the only solid link with the world she knew.

"The tugs are all waiting. We'll soon be off," Jennifer said excitedly when she returned.

More bustle . . . more streamers . . . more excited waving and shrill cries and then suddenly and without warning Hilary noticed that the six inches between the hull and the wharf had widened to a foot.

Streamers broke and floated off in the breeze, the crowds on the wharf began to lose their identity and merge into a solid mass, the clamor died away and at last the faint vibration of the ship's engines could be felt.

"Well, we're off, darling," Hilary said, trying to be matter of fact but so stirred that her eyes were blurred with tears.

"Oh, Mummy, isn't it exciting?" Jennifer said ecstatically.

It certainly is, thought Hilary grimly.

England, island of magic enchantment of her youth? Or cold and cruel, a place of bit-

★★★★★

TENNESSEE girls all

frankly say,

"We gladly 'hand it'

to TRUSHAY."

★★★★★

★★★★★  
NORTH DAKOTA is proud of  
its famous "bad lands"—  
(Dokotans are proud of  
their TRUSHAY'd bands).  
★★★★★

# HOMeward VOYAGE, by MARJORIE WEAVER

her disillusion, which had been the last impression after Russell. . . well, she would soon know.

Hilary was sitting in the verandah cafe watching the crowd of young men and girls in their bright and brief bathing suits splashing in the swimming pool. The slow roll of the ship made the turquoise-blue water slap the tiled sides of the pool, sending up a spray which formed rainbows in the bright sunlight.

Jennifer, Hilary noted with satisfaction, was beginning to throw off some of her shyness and reserve under the compelling gaiety of the swimming pool and the general cordiality of the passengers.

Of course, Hilary noted grimly, there were a great many more girls than there were young men.

There was Paul Mitchell, though. Hilary was pleased that Jennifer was in a group that included him and Myrtle. Hilary lay back contentedly and then she heard a voice at her side saying, "May I introduce my father?"

She glanced up and saw Paul standing near her chair and, beside him, an older man very like him. Hilary remembered Paul at her party. She had found him engagingly self-possessed.

Paul's father was tall and slim and gave one an impression of liveliness that was contradicted by his rather shy and charming smile and his very slight hesitation of speech.

"There is only one intelligent reply to an introduction," he said, taking off his sunglasses and wiping them, and Hilary had a momentary glimpse of a swift, keen glance before he put them on again. "That is, come and have a drink. So much more meaning than how d'you do, don't you think? Besides, it bridges a sort of gap."

"Am I as formidable as all that?" "I don't mean that." His lips quirked into a smile and he leaned forward confidentially. "I'd better confess here and now that I always say the wrong thing. I am really most appallingly shy. That is why I talk too much and have recourse to alcohol at every possible moment. Steward."

But the harassed steward disappeared behind the bar without appearing to see him.

"You can't tell me anything about shyness," she said, taking the cigarette he offered her. "I used to hide under tables at children's parties because I was so paralysed with shyness."

He snapped his lighter into flame. "Splendid," he said eagerly, "so did I. And I can remember the awful moment when someone hid their eyes in their hands and recited the forfeit demanded of you. Burning at the stake was nothing to having to kiss the prettiest girl."

"Wouldn't be the same nowadays, would it, Pop?" Paul said cheerfully. "You know, he always makes a bee-line for the prettiest girl in a room or in a ship. You should have seen the line he was doing with Jennifer even before we left the Australian coast."

"Well," said Mr. Mitchell, "where is the prettiest girl in the ship?"

"She's in the dressing-room," Paul said. "I've invited her to have a drink with you."

"And Myrtle and Phyllis, and Tom, Dick, and Harry, I suppose," Mr. Mitchell said with resignation. "Let us prepare for the invasion; comic strip badinage and all."

He and Paul grouped another half dozen chairs round their table and presently Jennifer, Myrtle and two other girls and one young man appeared. By the time they were seated, the steward,

who had been watching out of the corner of his eye, was alongside with a tray.

"Knew it was no good coming before, sir," he said briskly as he waited while Mr. Mitchell collected the orders.

"One martini, one gin and two, three squashes, three beers—and just to make it hard for you—one pink gin."

"You sound as if you'd had a lot of practice," Hilary said, secretly appalled at the expensiveness of the order.

"You get it going around with Paul," he said. "How I envy him. What a corner and with my youth. I shall never forget that grim day in Hyde Park when I was about his age."

Several voices at once urged him on.

"Well," he went on hesitantly. "I once screwed up my courage—having been very much alone and lonely—to respond to some inviting glances on the banks of the Serpentine. We walked and talked a little, but by the time we had got to Hyde Park Corner and my conversation had given out, I was so desperately worried by the next move that I leaped on a moving bus and left her gaping." There was a general laugh.

How different from Paul. Here he is surrounded by assorted females and not the tiniest bit abashed."

The steward arrived with the drinks and the chatter became general. Hilary liked Derek Mitchell's easy banter with Paul and his young friends, and she noticed with pleasure that Jennifer was obviously a great favorite. But he took special pains to keep everyone in the conversation. There was an air of natural friendliness about him that was irresistible.

ONCE again he handed round his cigarette case. He did not offer one to his son but took one himself, lighted it, took a few puffs and then handed it to Paul. "You don't smoke?" Hilary looked at him inquiringly.

"My doctors say no smoking and no alcohol. I tantalise myself with a whiff of smoke but as to alcohol—Steward."

Once again he raised his hand. "My turn this time," Hilary said promptly.

"Certainly not," he interposed swiftly. "Paul's."

She sat back and began to relax and enjoy herself more than she had enjoyed herself for many years.

The steward came to take the orders.

"Ginger ale this time, Pop?" Paul asked.

"Perish the thought," said his father. "Another martini—a double one, in fact."

Hilary saw a look of concern on Paul's face and a momentary hesitation before he gave the order.

"What about your doctor?" she ventured timidly.

"Let us drown the whole B.M.A. in more and more and more, and stronger and stronger alcohol," he declared.

There was a touch of bravado in his voice and, glancing again at Paul, she saw that he looked, for an instant, anything but happy.

Gradually the others became wrapped in their own conversation and Hilary found that she and Paul's father were alone.

For the first time since she had embarked, she forgot to think about Jennifer or any of the problems that surrounded them both.

Unrestrainedly, she talked to Derek Mitchell. She found herself describing her excitement at once again seeing England and she listened to his description of his visit to Australia.

"As a visitor," he said, "I found it most interesting. Such extraordinarily different countryside. Like something out of a Wells novel. After the gum trees, the platypus, the deserts and the most extraordinary drinking regulations. I expected three-headed giants, dinosaurs, mammoths at least."

"I'm more interested in

England now," said Hilary. "Do tell me all about it. I simply can't wait to find out if all I've read about it in the past few years is really true."

"What have you read?" "That it is almost starving; completely broke, of course; the people are rude and rude; the countryside ruined; and . . . just about everything changed since I was last there fifteen years ago."

"I won't give you my opinion. You must judge for yourself."

He raised his glass and looked at Hilary. "Happy homecoming," he said.

He sipped his drink and, before he spoke, he hesitated a moment.

"My doctor looks on me as he would a guinea pig in a cage. You know, the longer you can keep it alive the more material you have for your world-shattering paper in the medical journal. He has no idea what it feels like to be in the cage himself."

"Oh," Hilary was suddenly and profoundly disturbed.

"You must not take me seriously." He was contrite as soon as he saw the concern on her face. "Playing for quite undeserved sympathy was always my failing. My old nurse tumbled to it earlier than most people. She always said, 'Now, Master Derek, no one will ever be as sorry for you as you are for yourself.'"

Hilary said nothing and, after a moment, he leaned across to her.

"You can have my olive as a symbol of my contrition. I know you like them as much as I do."

Hilary held out her hand, and took the stick on which the olive was impaled.

"Now, let's change the conversation," said Derek briskly. "Tell me all about yourself and Jennifer."

Awnings furled and tables and chairs grouped along the rails by B deck square gave an exciting foretaste of tropic romance. As she came up from dinner with a little thrill of anticipation, Jennifer felt the warm night air on her cheeks.

She took a seat with Paul, Myrtle, and a youthful assistant purser she had annexed.

And here was Paul by her in his dinner jacket, looking as romantic as a character out of a Somerset Maugham film.

"The girls haven't been weaned from creme de menthes yet," he said to the steward who was bringing their coffee, "but ours will be brandies as usual."

Jennifer did not protest. She had given up protesting. For the Mitchell's, with apparently unending resources, had obviously made up their minds to extract the last ounce of pleasure from the voyage and to spread it around in as wide a circle as possible.

She looked at Paul, and her lips quirked appreciatively and smiled happily at Paul.

"Here's to the Old Country," she said gaily, "and I believe I'm going to love it."

Paul beamed. The orchestra got under way and Jennifer tapped her foot happily.

"Feel like dodging my toes?" She nodded and soon the fullness of her frock was billowing round her as she followed Paul's intricate steps in the dance area.

She seemed to be living in a dream. It was an exciting, almost intoxicating dream and every now and then she would try to pull herself together and think of things rationally. . . . put her feet solidly on the ground.

She smiled to herself at that thought. Solid ground. She had not felt that for many a day, only the gently heaving deck and an amazed bewilderment at the presence of everyday life when the dark sea rocked beneath her and the ship headed farther and farther away from everything she knew.

"I was almost afraid to ask you to dance," he said.

"Why?" Paul's steps were easy to follow as he gave herself up to the flowing rhythm of the dance and her mind was alert for his every word.

"You looked so out of this world. It seemed a shame to bring you back from whatever dream you were in."

"I wasn't in a dream," she countered quickly. "I was terrified no one would ask me to dance."

"There goes the old inferiority complex again," he said severely. "I thought we'd left it all behind."

"So we have," she protested. "It wasn't that at all. It was just . . ." She broke off in some confusion, realising that what she had really been afraid of was that Paul would not ask her to dance with him.

"For a clever girl you're singularly unsensible. I can see right through you," he said jokingly.

"Well, what can you see?" "A whole lot of little fish swimming around in your mind engaged in some sort of a fight."

Jennifer looked up at him. "Do you know, I believe you're right. You wouldn't know what they are fighting about by any chance?"

"I suspect that some of them are saying, 'Here's a chance to really let myself go and have lots of fun.'"

"And the others?" "They are saying, 'Be careful, be careful, be independent, trust nobody, believe in nothing.'"

"How ghastly. But just at this moment I think the 'have fun' school is getting the best of it."

"I'm greatly relieved to hear it. And how, for instance, will they signalise their victory?"

"Well," said Jennifer, enjoying herself, "they might go and buy a new scarf in the ship's shop."

"I'm disappointed. I hoped I might be able to share the celebration."

"You may not want to."

"You'll see. May the best fish win," he said fervently. They danced in silence until a slightly longer roll of the ship than usual caused all the dancers to slide towards the port rail.

Paul checked their course by hanging on to the stanchion with one hand while he tightened his arm round her waist as she was involuntarily pressed close to him.

"This is the best part of shipboard dancing—provided you have the right girl," he said, looking down at her.

When the music finally stopped, instead of returning to their table, he plotted her, unprotesting, away from the crowded dance square to the deserted sports deck above.

Leaning on the rail, Jennifer looked down at the sea.

"You know," Paul stood close beside her, "when I first met you I was terrified."

"Of me?" she still looked at the dark sea.

"Yes. Myrtle took me to that party of your mother's and spent seven and sixpenny-worth of taxi-ride telling me what a brilliant, clever girl you were and what a successful artist you had become. I'm scared of clever women, particularly when they are successful."

"But not when you can see through them, surely?" "That helps, but do you know that this is the first time I've been able to get you by yourself?"

She raised her head and looked at the dark sky.

"Look. A shooting star," she exclaimed.

"Wish quickly," he said, "and think of a piebald horse and touch wood and throw salt over your shoulder. Any more red herrings?"

"What do you mean, 'red herrings'?"

He put out an arm and turned her towards him.

"Just your habit of sliding away from what's in front of you. I know, Jennifer. I really do know."

"Know what?" She faced him and the light from the nearby companion-way etched his face in unreal shadows.

"You're scared, aren't you, scared of meeting your father?"

"Petrified," she said simply.

His arm slid round her comfortingly.

"What in particular is worrying you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "It's just that I sort of don't know how I should behave. If it were a stranger it would be quite different. All I have to do would be—well, just be polite, I suppose. But you can't just be polite with your own father. I've sort of felt I should put on a terrific act—you know, be the devoted, overjoyed offspring—throw myself into his arms, so to speak. But it's difficult to feel devoted or overjoyed or feel anything at all really about a person you've practically never seen."

"Practically impossible," he agreed. "Take my advice and don't attempt it. You are strangers and you must act like strangers until you feel otherwise. Anything more intimate must be spontaneous and spring from whatever it is that makes people close friends. Just be yourself, in fact, and you'll do fine."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, already feeling more confident.

"I'm sure of it," he said.

JENNIFER looked at him in the eyes and was a little frightened of what she saw. She turned in his arms and watched once again the flecks of foam surging away from the speeding ship.

"I think you're sweet," Paul said. "That air of independence which you somehow or other manage to mix with being helpless is really charming."

"At least it gives you a choice."

"Not if you like them equally," he said with feeling. She did not know how they had arrived at this particular point. She did not care.

He laughed a little ruefully.

"I ought to pretend that I appreciate the help, but I can be manly and condescending and try and help . . . that my only wish is to be of use to you. But it isn't. It's more than that."

"What is it?" She looked up from the turbulent water and felt his hands on her shoulders.

"This." He uttered the one word swiftly and then bent and kissed her.

She held herself rigid for a moment and then, without thought, she found her lips responding to his and the strength of his arms around her was comforting.

After a moment he released her and she stood facing him. She put up her hand to brush back her hair. A kiss on the boat deck. What was that? She had heard of this sort of thing before and yet she was loath to compare Paul's kiss with the casual ones about which everyone joked so freely. She longed to take the kiss as something almost sacred and yet her inexperience urged her to caution.

"You kiss very nicely," she said. "The result of much practice, I suppose."

She was taken aback at his reaction. His hands grasped her shoulders and his fingers hurt.

"Stop trying to run away from everything," he said angrily. "You've got that awful attitude of pretending that there isn't anything real in life just because you're frightened of it. You're a coward, Jenny. No," he amended swiftly, "you're not. It's just that you're muddled. Anyway I don't kiss and run away. I kiss and stay."

"For the duration of the voyage?" she queried and immediately wished she hadn't.

"That's not fair, Jenny," he said with the suspicion of coyness in his voice. "But who knows? You might be right. Wonderful what propinquity does. Look, there's another shooting star. Let's wish."

That night she lay in her bunk and watched the reflection of the swiftly moving water flicker and race over the spotless paintwork of the ceiling.

In the bunk underneath hers, her mother slept. She had been asleep when Jennifer came down and she had been glad, because she could not have borne her mother's interested questioning about how she had enjoyed herself, whom she had danced with and general air of maternal solicitude.

Jennifer wanted to enclose herself in her new experience.

She had set out on this voyage with hopes that were almost submerged in trepidation and fear. She had looked for nothing but the strangeness of new people and a different, probably difficult, life. Instead of that she had suddenly found herself caught up in an entirely new problem.

She knew shipboard flirtations were notorious. She remembered the remark of one of her friends newly returned from a voyage from England. . . . "My dear, there was the most divine man on board . . . of course I never saw him afterwards."

Did divine men always melt into thin air once ashore?

It could easily be like that with her and Paul. But she found it difficult to believe. She knew she had never before responded in the same way to a man's touch and it was hard not to believe in Paul's sincerity.

On the other hand though, they might both be sincere without it necessarily meaning that here was the basis of a lifetime's partnership.

How could one tell if they were really in love . . . how . . . Gradually the rhythmic creak, creak of the straining ship, and the wash of the sea outside the porthole lulled her into a fitful uneasy sleep.

Under the softly whirring fans of the hotel foyer in Colombo they sat in a chattering, excited group. Hilary had ordered a linen suit which was to be ready before the ship sailed. Myrtle had bought some red-and-silver sandals for the equivalent of five shillings. Jennifer had been unashamedly extravagant and had bought a white sari embroidered with silver.

"I'll make the most gorgeous evening frock," she said dreamily, "and don't anybody tell me I'll have no use for it when I go back to Australia. I'll use it for a paint overall if nothing else."

When she went back to Australia, Paul looked at her quizzically and she turned quickly to her drink.

The bare-footed waiters dodged deftly through the noisy groups of tourists. The ice tinkled in drinks, for which Derek tossed so many rupees that Hilary had to restrain herself firmly from protesting.

"I think," Hilary said reflectively, "that I could bear the squalor of this place, but not the infirmity. The beggars . . ." She shuddered and tried to forget the maimed creature who had dragged his stunted limbs before them as they entered their car at the dock and had shifted dirty bandages to reveal indescribable sores.

Derek took off his sunglasses and wiped them. Hilary had discovered that this was a trait of his when he was disturbed.

"In so many ways it is a very distressing world. Anyway," Derek put his glasses on again, "tomorrow we die. All of us. Let's have some fun today. Now, would you like to see a Hindu temple, the native fruit market, cinnamon gardens . . ."

"I'm entirely in your hands," Hilary said.

"Well," he said doubtfully, and hesitated. The dark glasses hid his expression. But intuitively, she understood. She realised all at once how tired she was.

★★★★★

In DELAWARE

they're well aware

TRUSHAY gives hands

the "well-groomed" air.

★★★★★

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## OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

"I'm afraid I'm awfully tired," she said tactfully. "I'm not used to tropic midday sun . . . and all the excitement . . ."

"Perhaps you'd rather go back to the ship," he said. "Or we could lunch at the Galle Face and return afterwards."

"Let's go back now," Hilary said. "And then if we feel like it we can venture forth again this afternoon. I'm sure Paul won't mind looking after Jennifer."

"I think I could bear it," Paul said, grinning amiably. Derek agreed and the two of them wandered slowly from the hotel across the road to the Customs House to wait for a launch.

Back in the ship he went straight to his cabin, and Hilary noticed with increasing anxiety that he did not join the few remaining passengers in the saloon at lunch-time.

She did not, in fact, see him all the afternoon, but when she came on deck from afternoon tea, Jennifer and Paul were standing by the rail talking, and she noticed a little crease of anxiety on Paul's forehead.

"What's wrong?" Hilary said. "Nothing really. But I'm a little worried about dad. I think he must have overtaken himself."

"I've been telling him we can't go to the dinner dance at the Galle Face tonight," Jennifer said promptly, her disappointment obviously submerged in her concern for Derek.

"I don't know what to do," Paul said wretchedly. "I can't bear to let Jennifer down, but . . ."

"You wouldn't be letting Jennifer down, of course," said Hilary. "But do you think your father would mind if I went to his cabin to see him?" "I wish you would," Paul said, looking relieved. "The trouble is dad won't ever admit . . . His voice trailed away as they all trooped down to G deck."

Derek Mitchell was lying on the couch in the tiny sitting-room of his private suite. Hilary was shocked at his haggard face and would not let him get up at their entrance.

"This is stupid of me, isn't it?" said Derek. "I forget I'm not as young as I used to be. That's what's wrong with me. But Paul really shouldn't have dragged you all down here to see me. What about a drink?"

"No, really. For one thing, it would be dreadful to drink cocktails in front of you when you couldn't have one."

"There's never a time I can't have a cocktail," he said with comically raised eyebrows.

"Wouldn't it be really better if you gave it a miss this time?" Paul said, unhappily.

"Paul was wondering if he should leave you tonight," Hilary said.

Derek Mitchell put on such a good act as almost to convince Hilary that nothing was wrong.

"Heavens alive, why not? I'll be furious if he doesn't," he said. "Can't a man have an hour or so's rest without everybody assuming he's half dead?"

"That's not the point." In spite of her disappointment, Jennifer was as shocked as her mother at his appearance and her own feelings were overlaid with concern for him. "Paul doesn't want to go."

"Then he's no son of mine. Nothing would have stopped me from taking you to a dinner-dance in Colombo when I was his age."

"Any . . . symptoms?" Hilary said timidly.

"Nothing wrong in the world," said Derek positively. "I'm a little tired that's all. And if Paul doesn't take Jennifer out as planned I shall . . ."

★★★★★  
KENTUCKY's smartest socialites  
TRUSHAY their hands  
for gala nights.  
★★★★★

get up and take you all out myself."

"If you're quite sure," Paul said doubtfully, but he looked relieved as Hilary urged him towards the door.

"Don't miss the last launch," warned Derek as Paul took Jennifer by the arm. "I needn't tell you to enjoy yourselves. I'm going to enjoy myself, anyway."

"In some ways," Hilary said when they were alone, "I'm a little worried about Jennifer."

"All parents are worried about their children," he said. "But why Jennifer of all people?"

"Oh, I don't know," Hilary spoke hesitantly. "She has developed a not altogether natural attitude about life—or, if you like, about men. I'm afraid she's got all mixed up with my horrid past. You see, she hesitated again, and then went on boldly, 'I divorced my husband when she was a baby. He—he wasn't exactly . . .'"

**D**EREK spoke lightly. "What's a divorce or two among friends. But I do hope she hasn't developed one of those anti-marriage, anti-men complexes in consequence."

"Something like that," Hilary said. "It seems to have left a mark, though goodness knows I've tried hard enough to make her life as normal as possible."

"It is always hard for one parent to bring up a child," he said, after a pause, "especially an only child. I have found that with Paul." He gave a little sigh. "My wife died when he was sixteen."

"It's more than that in my case," she said urgently. "You see, I had rather a bad time with my marriage. I've tried not to tell Jennifer about it. I've tried to keep it from her . . ."

And probably emphasised it all the more," he commented. He saw the look of concern on her face and hastened to reassure her. "Please . . . I'm not criticising you. But we parents invariably forget that the young are tougher than they seem."

"Probably I've treated Jennifer entirely the wrong way, but I don't think that telling her what I went through would have made things any better. You see the whole business has engendered in me a . . . a fear of marriage. 'She's awkward with men.'"

"Well she doesn't seem to be very awkward as far as Paul is concerned. My bet is that instinctive primitive emotion will overcome everything you are frightened of. She'll fall head over heels in love before she knows where she is."

"I hope so—as long as it isn't accompanied by antipathy to getting married." "I think you could leave that part of it to Paul," said his father with a note of pride.

"I can't think of anyone I'd sooner see die fall in love with," she said warmly.

"Well then," he said, "Stop worrying."

"I shouldn't have bothered you with my worries," Hilary said, conscience-stricken.

"Stop me brooding about my own," he said lightly. "I feel better already."

Hilary looked at him closely and was relieved to see that some of the pallor had left his face. Perhaps after all she had been of a little use. At least she had kept him quiet and relaxed and practically forced him to rest.

"I must go and see if Jennifer wants any help in dressing," she said. "May I come back later?"

"Splendid," he agreed enthusiastically, "and in the meantime I'll get Evans to organise our meal." He pressed the bell as Hilary rose.

Jennifer was changing into her tulle frock. The soft silvery-blue, with the clever embroidery in darker blue sequins on the bodice, matched the color of her eyes and emphasised the color of her hair.

"I'm so glad we decided to . . ."

buy that frock," Hilary surveyed her with satisfaction. Not only the effect of the frock delighted her but her daughter's sparkling eyes and the faint flush on her cheeks that made rouge unnecessary filled her with content. Probably Derek Mitchell was right.

"I do hope you have a lovely time," Hilary spoke in conventional words and felt inadequate to convey the depth of her sincerity. "I'm sure you will."

"So am I," Jennifer slipped her compact into her evening bag and then checked its contents. Passport . . . just in case. Handing card, handkerchief, lipstick . . . she found it hard to believe that she could be so competent and careful at such a moment.

"Just as she carefully tucked the landing card in an inner pocket, there was a tap at the cabin door."

It was Paul. "Ready?" he said. And then, as Jennifer turned from a final inspection at the mirror, he exclaimed appreciatively, "Um-yum. You certainly are an eye-catcher tonight."

Jennifer was pleased. "Glad you like it," she said demurely. "It's my special occasion frock. It's the first time I've worn it."

They hurried excitedly down to F deck, where the gangway led to the port. Sitting in the bobbing launch and looking back at the towering ship, blazing with lights, Jennifer felt a little thrill that was almost nervousness.

"I'm so excited," she said, "usually I try to be all calm and collected and poised and casual. But not tonight."

His lips quirked into a smile that was exactly like his father's, half mocking and yet with a seriousness in his eyes. "That's the greatest compliment I've ever had," he bent his head and spoke with tender mockery. "To think the self-contained, self-supporting, independent female is human after all."

"It's only for tonight," she replied quickly. "It's probably Colombo and the East and the color and . . . Everything seems different."

"Now don't spoil it," he said. "I'm still the same."

She watched his face for a moment.

"No, you're not," she said. "Even you are different. You're sort of . . ." She stopped, puzzled.

"That's only my Eastern expression," his fingers tightened. "It's my eyebrows going up and down like Errol Flynn's. For your information, it is emotion. I'm plotting how to ensnare you into my private yacht."

They talked nonsense all through the drive to the Galle Face Hotel.

It was delicious nonsense, though. It was a nonsense that held a thread of reality that made it all the more intoxicating to Jennifer it was heavenly.

How often had she tried to talk just such light-hearted rubbish with young men she had met and had been brought up against a blank wall of concern and amazement and the lifting of an eyebrow that denoted an unwillingness to tread any but the paths of serious common-sense.

With Paul it was so different. She had only to half-utter a sentence and he had caught her meaning and had carried it on to its light-hearted, laughing conclusion.

The soft tropic night air caressed them and, on their right, the Indian Ocean tumbled whispering and invitingly.

She had brought no wrap except a filmy, gold-edged scarf she had bought that morning, so they went straight through the foyer, where they had a drink, and going through to the dance floor in the garden, where Jennifer stood a moment entranced by the scene, gazing first up at the black velvety arch of the sky above them and then towards the lights that had been strung in the palm trees.

"A European orchestra," Paul looked across to the dais that was silhouetted against the darkness and the palms. "What a comedown. I'd especially counted on one-stringed instruments and primitive drums."

"You're quite primitive enough without that," Jennifer said teasingly as she sank into the chair he pushed forward. "Remember you're a serious-minded scientist bent on research."

"I haven't forgotten. I'm finding out things all the time. For instance, I never knew before you had a dimple on one side of your mouth only."

"Not that sort of research, silly," she said, laughing a little self-consciously.

"The only one appropriate to the occasion. I intend to pursue it unflinchingly with strictly dishonorable intentions."

"Oh, don't," she said in mild alarm, and gazed down at the slim crescent of papaw on her plate. "Let's change the subject. Let's go back to the other kind of research—your job."

"Are you asking me if I could afford to keep you in the style to which you are accustomed?" he said half-seriously. "It could pay the butcher's bill and half the bakers'."

"I wasn't," she kept her eyes lowered, feeling a strange delight in her own embarrassment.

"Why not, anyway?" He stretched out a hand and pulled her to her feet and drew her to the dance floor. In a curious and intoxicating delirium of the night, evening, the palm trees and the white-robed natives, the orchestra softly played a Viennese waltz.

They were caught up in the slow, intoxicating rhythm. She could feel his arm light around her. As their steps followed the studied beats of the music she was conscious of his strength and possessiveness and of his head bending to her.

"That wasn't just a crack about the butcher," he said softly. "Never more serious in my life."

"Don't be serious—not tonight, anyway," said Jennifer wildly. "I'm enjoying myself too much to spoil it by serious problems."

Dance followed dance. Long ago the waiters had cleared the table and only two liquor glasses remained on the table. Paul's, like a bubble, with an amber swirl of brandy in its depths, and her own, thickly sweet at the rim, holding the clear green of creme-de-menthe.

"I shall never see creme-de-menthe again," without thinking of tonight, Paul said, his hand closing over hers on the table.

"Green for safety," her voice trembled in spite of herself.

His hand clasped hers firmly and he led her out into the garden edged by a beach.

"It's queer," she clutched his hand, "but I can still feel the deck heaving. Do you feel that too?"

"I certainly do. But my feelings don't come from having spent so long on a ship. Or . . . no, I'm wrong. It does. How many days has it been, Jennifer? Fifteen? Fifteen days to learn so much about you."

"You couldn't learn much in fifteen days," she protested. He held up one of her hands and tickled off the days.

"The first day I found that I'd been right when I'd liked you at your mother's party. The second and third and fourth and fifth I spent arguing to be with you as much as I could. The next five I spent learning all sorts of things about you. The eleventh . . ."

He hesitated, one of her fingers curled in his. "Do you remember the eleventh day, Jennifer?"

They had stopped their slow pacing and, in the light that was reflected from the surf that spread in white, racing fans of foam near their feet, she could dimly see his face.

"No," she said softly, "what happened on the eleventh day?"

"This." He bent and kissed her lightly and then, turning her towards him, held her closely and kissed her again.

She clung to him and felt him tremble a little as he held her tighter until it was as if she were part of his eagerness and the garden held nothing but the sound of the sea and the intensity of their feelings.

He drew away suddenly and held her with one arm while he stroked her hair and outlined her face with a gentle finger.

"You're so lovely, my sweet," he said, "you look so adorable tonight."

"You can't see me," she said shakily.

"I know you off by heart. I know the way the color of your frock makes your eyes look darker and I know that, when I first saw you in it, you looked sort of far-away and unreal. But now I know you're not."

His hand touched the softness of her throat and then he grasped her bare shoulders and drew her to him again. "Nothing unreal about that. Was there, Jenny?" he asked after he had felt her respond to his touch and his kiss.

"No," she looked up at him. She felt weak and powerless to move. And she did not want to move. There was something in this moment that seemed to fulfil something within her that had lain dormant, yet tormenting.

"Oh, no."

He drew her down to the bench. The tiny wind rustled the papery leaves of the lighted palm trees behind them. The sea still ceaselessly broke and retreated and then swirled forward again. Jennifer felt as if she were being swept along with that eternal rhythm. The touch of Paul's hand on her skin aroused feelings she had dreamed of but rejected in the stupidity of the days when she had been so sure of herself.

All of Paul's early light-heartedness had vanished. His words held none of his usual teasing and raillery. The muted tremor in his voice betrayed the depth of his feeling.

"Oh, dear," momentarily she tried to draw away and judge herself and him with the emotionless impartiality on which she had always prided herself. Then, even as she did so, she leaned against him again. "I don't know what's happened to me. But . . . oh, Paul . . ."

**P**AUL kissed her again. "I'll tell you," he said softly, and a flash of his usual flippancy punctuated the urgency of his words. "You've just discovered you're human."

His lips brushed her hair lightly.

"This is known as being in love, Jenny. Didn't you know? His lips found hers again. "Didn't you know?"

"No," she whispered, "I didn't know. I . . ."

with the realisation of the futility of words she stopped. She could find no adequate words to express herself. And resting against the strength of his arms she found no need for them.

Once past Gibraltar and heading north it became so much colder so quickly that the whole social life of the ship changed. The swimming-pool was deserted and passengers huddled inside the lounges, jockeying for positions round the electric radiators like old ladies in a boarding house.

Hilary chose the A deck forward verandah, where glass sheltered the full width of the deck and gave an uninterrupted view forward. She saw Derek Mitchell waving to her from a corner and went to join him.

"I like it here," said Derek. "I set the feeling that I'm steering the ship myself. A sort of compensation, I suppose," he smiled ruefully. "For no longer being allowed to beat Paul at deck tennis."

She was saddened at this sudden glimpse of his unhappiness. Usually he made a joke of his disabilities. He was always so bright and amusing that one forgot them.

and tended to imagine that he had forgotten them, too. She began to understand what he was suffering.

She searched her mind for words of sympathy, but everything she thought of seemed trite and useless. And he would resent pity more than anything.

She hoped that her silence would convey all this to him. Sometimes, with someone who was extremely perceptive, it did, and, after these last weeks together, she realised how understanding he was.

His companionship had doubled the enjoyment of the voyage and now that they were approaching England she seemed to cling to his friendship more than ever.

"Talking of children," his voice broke in on her thoughts, "ours seem to be getting around together a lot."

"I know," Hilary answered. "I never see Jennifer except at meal times. She's up for the before-breakfast game of deck tennis with Paul before I'm awake and I'm always asleep before she comes to the cabin at night. Not that I ever suggest to her that that isn't the normal and proper way to behave. It is, and I'm grateful for it."

"But," she added, "I'm terrified that Jennifer will think up some obscure reason for persuading herself that she shouldn't just go ahead and do the obvious thing and marry Paul—that is assuming, of course, that he wants to. I do hope her voice faltered and she hesitated, "you wouldn't mind Jennifer for a daughter-in-law."

"I'm extremely pleased about Paul and Jennifer," he said warmly. "Apart from anything else it will mean that we'll see each other again. We must have a back-to-England celebration. You must choose where you'd like to go."

"Oh, no," she shook her head. "It is so long since I was in London that I wouldn't know where to choose. You'd have to tell me. I'd be unimaginative and suggest Clarges's or the Savoy. And I'd like somewhere else."

Her mind had suddenly remembered meals at both these hotels with Russell and she wanted to forget them. "Some quieter place, perhaps. It would be lovely."

"It's a date."

Hilary did not even bother to hide how much she would look forward to it. It would be something to mitigate the loneliness she knew she would feel when she was once again amidst the familiar London of her youth without her former companions.

Later Derek took her to the lounge and they were having a second cocktail when Paul found them. Derek ordered an extra one to include Paul, and when the bugle went for lunch, Paul, with a nod of his head that expressed both concern and affection, sent his father off to his cabin for his medicine.

"This was to have been my day for forgetting it," Derek said protestingly as he walked off. Paul watched him walking to the door and then moved to the couch beside Hilary.

"I sometimes think he forgets on purpose," he said. He signalled to the steward. "You'll have another drink, won't you?"

"No," Hilary shook her head, studying the lines of worry that creased his young forehead. "No, thank you. What do you mean, forgets on purpose?"

"He finds it all such a fag and I often believe he doesn't think it's worth it."

"You mean . . ." she found she could not go on.

"I shouldn't have said that," his voice was abrupt and charged with so much concern that Hilary led him on gently and tactfully.

★★★★★  
In "Sunflower" KANSAS  
a woman knows  
TRUSHAY had hands  
attract the beaux.  
★★★★★

# HOMeward VOYAGE, by MARJORIE WEAVER

"Please tell me. Could I help?"

"Just keep him cheered up. That's all any of us can do."

"I suspected it was serious."

"He tries not to let anyone know, but he can't help it. We didn't even know whether he could last this trip or not. It's been terrible sometimes. I had to work to do in Australia. I used to have to leave him when I went on jobs in the various hush-hush places. And I never knew if he'd be there when I got back. I don't know what to do about him. I try to keep him to his schedule of medicine and resting and so forth."

"His voice faltered. "Ought he to drink like he does?" her question was bald but Paul faced it unflinchingly.

"Of course he shouldn't. I often think he's trying to kill himself—you know, get it over quickly. He's always been so alive and so vigorous that he simply can't knuckle down and take it easy even if it gave him a year . . . and . . ."

Paul looked so young and so vulnerable that Hilary felt her eyes prickling with tears. "Heaven knows why I suddenly let you in for all this," he looked at her apologetically. "But I'm so worried. You see, having told her so much, he could not stop himself from going further. "You see, he can only live a little while, even if he takes care. And, even if he does, there's always the prospect that he may become completely blind."

Hilary pictured Derek Mitchell's keen eyes and acute observation. She visualised him walking with his hand on the lead of a skillfully trained dog . . . she saw him denied reading and the sight of all he savoured. She tried to picture him still and inactive and wholly dependent on others instead of having everyone dependent on him. Somehow she could not visualise it at all. Suddenly she understood why he refused to take care of himself.

The ship sped swiftly on and in an incredibly short time, Jennifer saw the sun shining on the English coast. The rolling hills of Devon, a patchwork of red soil and unbelievably green grassed fields, were bathed in the mellow sunlight that gave it the air of romance and allure of a seductive poster. It was a glimpse that did full justice to pictures in the mind conjured up by homesick exiles.

Jennifer hung, fascinated, over the rail as the narrow strip of luscious pastures and inlets unfolded before them with white light-houses gleaming immaculately on the headlands.

"I must get Mummy," Jennifer said ecstatically as she dashed off to the cabin, where she found Hilary packing. "Mummy, come quick. England, it's here—and it's lovely," she said excitedly. Hilary dropped a bundle of clothes hastily and hurried out with Jennifer. The three stood entranced as other passengers joined them until soon the rail was thronged with excited passengers all talking together.

"That's Torquay. No, we've passed Torquay. It's Paignton . . . can't you see the bathing boxes? I'm sure it's Torquay. Or perhaps Babbacombe just round the corner. It's Devon, anyway."

The names fell on her ears with the familiarity of often heard nursery tales. Nobody really knew where they were, although field glasses were handed around and everyone asserted decisively and contradictorily as each headland was passed.

"The ship is now approaching Torbay where the pilot

The voice of the officer of

the watch on the loud speaker provided scraps of information about the coast while the sentimental passengers became dreamy-eyed and reflective.

"That's what I love about the English," Jennifer gave the throaty little laugh that Paul found so endearing. "They're so hard-headed and yet so gloriously silly."

"Here!" Paul nudged her reprovingly with his elbow. "Don't talk about us as if we were foreigners. You're the foreigner now, my lass. Anyway, you've got to like everything about England. You must think of it, as well as talk of it, as 'home'."

She glanced at him momentarily and thoughtfully.

"It's my home, you know," he urged, as if demanding a reply.

She shook her head. His words made her thoughtful for a moment and then she turned her head again and they stood silently side by side as the peaceful loveliness of the coastline slipped by.

That night, though, when only recurring clusters of lights and twinkling light-houses showed the land towards which they were sailing, Paul led her to a remote table in the almost deserted lounge.

"It's all so different," Jennifer glanced at the silent dance square as they passed through it. "It doesn't seem like the same ship. Not even the same life."

"She sank into a chair and fingered the familiar rose-coloured upholstery. "Nobody seems interested in you any more."

"Everyone's packing," said Paul, "packing and remembering what they've forgotten to put on their Customs Declarations and looking for their passports and wondering how they'll find things at home."

"That's it," she nodded. "I've found it with everyone I've spoken to today. They've talked as if the voyage were over and more than half their minds were already ashore. They don't seem the same at all."

PAUL hailed a passing steward. "They're probably all horrified at the fact that they won't be able to get Scotch and soda at sixpence a glass, and fifty cigarettes for two-and-eight. Grim business."

"No, don't joke, Paul. I've got the feeling, too. I'm not really here. Part of me is on the ship and part is at home in England, wondering what it's all going to be like, and part of me clings to my old life in Australia."

She turned to him swiftly. "I'm like I used to be. I'm frightened, Paul."

"Not frightened," he said soothingly, "just a bit nervous, probably, and who wouldn't be? I don't blame you."

"I'm a fool about being with strangers," she admitted. "I won't even have Mummy. She's going to stay in London after I go to my father in Warwickshire. And when I remember he's not only a stranger but also my father, I'm terrified. What am I going to say? What shall I feel like?"

"I sympathise with you," Paul said, "but the main thing is not to pretend to feel anything you don't feel, and not to say anything you don't really mean."

"You're very comforting," she said. "I don't know what I shall do without you."

"You wouldn't say that now surely, Jenny. You simply can't say that after all the time he leaned forward in his chair and laid his hand on her knee. "Haven't I convinced you yet it has been more than that?"

She shook her head again and found that she had to blink her eyes to keep back the tears.

"You've been sweet, Paul. As I said, I've loved it. But now that everything else is finished, I think that is finished, too," she said dolefully.

"He started to his feet and his hand was on her wrist to take her with him. "No, Paul. If we went on deck and you kissed me I'd probably say all sorts of things I didn't really mean."

"I want to talk to you here with lights and the stewards wandering round, and try to realise that life isn't any longer visiting ports and dancing and drinking and watching the stars from the boat-deck, and being waited on and being spoilt and pampered by you and Derek."

"Hasn't it meant anything to you at all?"

She could not bear to look at him. "I've told you it has," she said desperately. "But it's over. The voyage is over and we've got to get down to earth."

"I don't see why," he said pleadingly, but she shook her head again. She knew he was hurt by what she was saying, but she was impelled by many doubts and uncertainties.

"Oh, Paul," she slipped her cold fingers into his hand. "I hate talking like this. It seems so ungrateful after . . . after everything."

She hesitated and then tried to grasp her courage. "But things will be different. I'll be different. Environment means so much and that will all be changed. I'll be all tangled up trying to be my father's daughter. I'll be absorbed with your old atoms and things, all your old friends. New problems, a different world where I don't belong. It won't, it couldn't be, the same."

"I will be the same. I'll still want you. I'll always want you," he said doggedly.

She shook her head. "I know you think that now, Paul. But I think it's unlikely. It's been a deliciously happy four weeks. Let's not spoil it. Let's not hurt each other after everything has been so lovely. Let's just say goodbye at Tilbury tomorrow."

"Let's just say it now. If you like," he said. "It makes no difference. I shall track you down."

"Don't commit yourself," she said. "You'll regret it."

"Never," he said emphatically, "but it would have a lot of trouble. If we went straight away to the customs shop and examined their line in engagement rings."

She shook her head. "It's wonderful of you," she said. "But you don't have to ask me to marry you because of anything that's happened on this voyage."

"I'm asking you to marry me because I want you to and for no other reason," he said savagely. "These complexities are something I simply don't understand. Of course, if you don't like me enough."

She broke in and laid a hand on his arm. "Don't talk like that," she pleaded urgently. "I've shown I couldn't like you more. But marriage—somehow it terrifies me."

"You're a very complicated person," he said, his tone softening as he looked down at her anxious face.

"I think I know how you feel." His hand closed over hers comfortingly. "Supposing we leave it for a moment, and then in about two months time, when you've stayed a while with your father and got settled down, I'll dig you out. You'll know where you are then."

"No hope—expect—so," she said, smiling at him gratefully. "You're very understanding. And, of course, if you change your mind, you just won't come. It would be easier that way. No explanations, no apologies, and all that."

"O.K.," he said more cheerfully. "Shall we say in a month?"

"I think two would be safer."

"I'll settle for six weeks. That will give you plenty of time to get to know your father."

"You really are kind," she said. "If it could be that way I'd be so relieved."

He nodded. "It shall be. I'll be there all right—six weeks from tomorrow."

It was only when Jennifer had finally said goodbye to Paul and settled in the train at Tilbury that she fully realised what a refuge from all anxiety the ship had become.

Sitting at the window opposite her mother, she fidgeted nervously until the train drew out from the station. Then she settled down to study the face of the land she had read and heard so much about for as long as she could remember.

Hilary, excited and disturbed, too, studied the scene with mixed feelings. Although eager to catch sight again of once familiar things, she was disappointed that Jennifer's first impressions of England should be of this particularly depressing scene.

"Everyone," she said nervously, "should land at Southampton. The countryside of southern England is lovely and should be your first introduction to England. This is so dreary."

And Jennifer herself was secretly appalled at the flat, colorless marshes, the stacks of rusting trucks and abandoned military equipment, the occasional line of drab houses, the lowering sky and the ribbons of smoke that the wind swept from the engine past the windows.

But her artist's eye, observant of every detail, espied an occasional hawthorn bush, bursting into an incredibly translucent and exciting green . . . the pale March sun lit the sails of a black wherry heading up the river, an occasional field greener than any grass she had ever seen, and a solitary cottage absurdly like the ones in her school picture books. They lifted her spirits a little.

"Of course, this is quite unlike most of England," Hilary explained again apologetically as they left the dreary wastes of the estuary and drew into the smoke-laden suburbs where, accentuating the gloom, the train plunged under a succession of long dark bridges and tunnels.

But their sombre entrance was immediately forgotten when the carriage door swung open at Putney station and a brisk Cockney porter dashed up and dealt with their luggage with cheerful efficiency, while Jennifer stood bewildered by all the noise and bustle. It was such comfort to be taken such complete charge of by porter and taxi-driver and so different from what she was used to.

She knew from that moment she was going to like London, smoky or otherwise.

Sitting in the queer London taxi which had waited for her only in British films but had not really believed, the darkness of London almost overwhelmed her.

Then, as the taxi turned into Hyde Park and she saw beneath the leafless trees the stretch of soft green grass and caught a sudden and unexpected glimpse of the hundreds of upthrusting purple and gold crocus, she drew in

her breath sharply. She began to understand.

In a city of smoke-blackened buildings and in a country that faced a winter of rain and slush and overcast skies, the bright purple and gold spears of the crocus were something more than the first blossoming of the year. They were a promise that the long vigil of the dark months were over and, in their colors, they promised the brilliance and delight of the months to come.

At their hotel, a surprise awaited her. There was a large box of flowers, mimosa and anemones from the south of France and daffodils from the Scilly Isles. By the look on her mother's face she realised that these out-of-season flowers were a great compliment.

BUT it was queer to see the feathery, yellow wattle she had known so intimately by the creeks and river banks in Australia here in this high-ceilinged London bedroom.

Then she read the attached card, and the thirteen thousand miles that separated her from her homeland seemed more than half a world away.

"To welcome you to England," and then the untidily scrawled signature: "Russell Boulton." It seemed so strange. Russell Boulton sounded like a stranger, yet he was her father. If he had signed it by that designation, it would have seemed stranger still.

She almost wished that it had been arranged that she should go straight to him now, but it had seemed unkind to desert Hilary the moment they arrived in London, and she had cabled that she would come on Friday. Five more days!

But they sped by with incredible rapidity, and before she knew where she was, her delight in discovering London was succeeded by a sense of foreboding. She felt a little like she had on the last day in the ship.

Tomorrow she must plunge from a make-believe world of pleasure into a new and unknown world of what?

She did not know, and some of the old panic suddenly came back.

As Jennifer sat in the express on the way to her father's room, the train beat a constant repetition of unanswered questions in her brain.

"What do I do . . . What do I say . . . ?" until she was too restless to sit still.

She lurched down the corridor to the buffet car, wondering if a drink would calm her nerves—and afterwards wandered back, no less restless or apprehensive.

They might hate each other on sight. They might disagree on every topic, and bicker and argue all day long. She might have to act a part all the time to avoid continual friction.

She tried to think of some reassuring subject of common interest. It couldn't very well be her mother against whom, no doubt, her father harbored resentment.

It could hardly be interest in each other's work—a history professor and a commercial artist were poles apart. It wouldn't be any sharing of political opinions—Jennifer had none; nor absorbing hobbies, either.

The curiosity about her kinship which had prompted the meeting was now dissipated. Gone too was the rosy, romantic glow of final sentiment. She felt only the nervousness of meeting a stranger in most embarrassing circumstances.

She fell to wondering, too, what he looked like. Would he, for instance, be like the rather repugnant, short, fat little man with the bald head who sat opposite reading the "Daily Express"?

It would have helped a little if she had seen a photograph. But her mother had said, particularly warned Jennifer about that—restless and hard to satisfy. Well, she devoutly hoped he had plenty of work

and other interests because, as the train began to run into the Midland suburbs, Jennifer felt about as much capable of keeping the interest of a restless professor as she was of swimming the Channel.

Then there was the alarming question of his second wife, about whom she knew nothing. Her mother said it was difficult to picture her. Could be jealous, resentful, and unkind. On the other hand she might turn out to be a woman of special tact and understanding—of which Jennifer felt she was going to need a good deal.

As the train slowed, Jennifer swallowed hard and realised she must take a grip of her nervousness. She snatched the small blue suitcase with the shipping label which was to be her distinguishing mark, still conspicuously plastered on it, and alighted with the determination to achieve at least some social aplomb.

She looked around her, realising that one of the nondescript strangers was her father.

She heaved a sigh of relief when one of the waiting men, catching sight of her bag, waved and smiled. He was presentable at least, rather attractive in fact.

He was dressed with casual English elegance, well-cut slacks, a fawn polo-neck pull-over with a silk scarf instead of a tie knotted at his throat, and a tweed sports coat. He had no hat and his dark hair slanted downward across his forehead.

There was a moment's awkwardness as they took stock of each other until she bent forward and stood beside him. "Jennifer?" he inquired, and she noted with some relief that he sounded almost as nervous as she was.

"Yes," she stood a little tensed. Should she make some sort of gesture? Ought she to kiss him?

"Well, hello Jennifer."

She looked up at him again and noted the almost black eyebrows arched over vividly blue eyes. Whether it was a nervousness that matched her own or whether it was his natural habit, he shifted restlessly and he glanced from her to their surroundings and back again.

She summoned a timid smile. He smiled, too, and as he did so his face lost its rather brooding, inward look.

"Better make it 'Russell,'" he said, "easier for both of us and it'll make me feel a good deal younger. That all your luggage?"

Soon they were sitting in his car, twisting and turning through the narrow streets.

"Well," he said, nonchalantly ignoring a traffic light, "this is the city of the Midlands. Third city of the Empire or something. Brass, bicycles, and bragging. For my sins I've been here for ten years, drumming history into the unwilling ears of students. I should have chosen a subject that would help them to make money."

"I broke off and looked at her and she was terrified he would run into something. But he didn't. "So, you're Jennifer." She realised he had been talking inconsequentially to cover the awkwardness of their meeting and was grateful.

"Am I like you expected me to be?"

"I don't know really what I expected. You see the last time I saw you you were sitting in a high chair smearing porridge all over your face and scattering it round the kitchen floor."

"I've improved since then," Jennifer reassured him. "I hope so. But you're like your mother in appearance. The same brown eyes."

He said no more and the

brief nearness which his early recollection had brought seemed suddenly to vanish. It sounded almost as if he were disappointed.

She studied him covertly as he edged the small car through the streets which seemed almost more crowded than London. Every now and then he would turn, catch her eye and she realised he was studying her, too.

He asked a few conventional questions about the voyage, which she answered conventionally and the conversation was desultory and trivial. She was glad of this. It made no emotional demands and she needed time to adjust herself.

They began passing through streets of new houses, and then suddenly he turned the car down a lane. Hawthorn hedges showed a faint flush of green on each side, and beyond them were meadows in which cows grazed peacefully.

"Why, it's real country," she exclaimed delightedly.

"It was," he said. "It used to be a very large farm, but nearly all the land was taken for the new housing estate. The farmer hadn't enough land left for farming so he sold the farmhouse to me."

"I think it looks lovely," she said enthusiastically.

He turned beyond a cluster of old-fashioned cottages, swept past a high wall of mellowed brick, with glimpses of stables and a steep angled barn beyond, and drew up in front of an ivy-covered house.

"It looks very big for a farm house," Jennifer exclaimed, looking after him curiously.

"It was the manor farm," he said. "I like big houses, anyway. Do you mind if I drive the car around to the stable that I use as a garage? I don't suppose you mind being taken in the back way."

"Of course not," she said, but as the car rocked over the uneven courtyard at the side of the house some of her old panic returned. Entering the house seemed rather as if she were being illicitly taken to the home of a chance acquaintance.

She got out of the car and lingered, reluctant, picking her way round the broken wheels of an old governess cart. Jennifer followed her father through an archway in a bedraggled hedge and saw the back of the high house in front of them. She wondered who looked after it all. The size and general air of neglect rather chilled her.

"I'm afraid I never do the right thing," he put his shoulder to a door and heaved it open. "I ought not to welcome you to my home through the scullery, should I?"

"Of course you should," she hoped her voice did not betray her nervousness. "It's more homely."

The scullery, as he called it, contained a stone sink, a sopper covered with a wooden board on which were a dozen or more dirty milk bottles, several strands of rope stretched across from one wall to another with wet tea-towels hanging on them, and a gleaming motor-bicycle standing in a corner.

"Two a married couple," said her father. "The man works for the local council as well as for me... and, if he works for the council as well as he works for me, the appalling state of our roads is not to be wondered at. This way."

At the end of a passage they went up two steps and into a kitchen. She had only time to glimpse a dresser stacked with a varied assortment of china and a large black stove when she was warned of more steps, and after negotiating a dark passageway they arrived in the front hall and then went into a large room.

"Are you hungry?" her father asked.

The room was so untidy that she was taken aback. An old

oak dresser was laden with lovely pewter and a few pieces of Spanish lustre. Persian rugs were on the floor, but there were books heaped on a dusty Pembroke table, and the deep armchairs were strewn with newspapers and yellow and blue covered periodicals.

"No," said Jennifer quickly. "I had some sandwiches and a glass of beer on the train." He was wandering around the room, picking up papers and books and then dropping them in greater untidiness. She felt awkward and tongue-tied. Then she made an effort and found herself bridging the gap by talking too much.

"It was a buffet carriage. I've never seen one before. It was made to look like the inside of an inn. It was thrilling. We haven't anything like that on Australian trains. You..." Her voice trailed into silence. As soon as she stopped talking he looked at her quickly and then away again.

"Here's plenty of food in the kitchen," he said. "Would you like a cup of coffee or some tea? We can forage for it."

"Nothing, really," she ran her finger over the pattern of the chintz that covered the couch. She felt disturbed.

AFTER her first shyness she had rushed into the feeling that she was going to like him and yet now there was an atmosphere of discomfort. She was disturbed, too, by the absence of his wife.

"I'll show you your room," he said. They ascended a twisted flight of stairs, and at the top they went along a passage and then down two steps and across a square oak-floored hallway with dark beams overhead and tiny latticed windows.

"This is the oldest part of the house," he said. "That door leads up to the attic, but no one ever goes up there. The Websters, the couple who 'do' for me in more senses than one, live in the old coachman's quarters over the stables. Here's your room."

Even though she was so bewildered with everything, Jennifer was enchanted with her bedroom. The dark beams of the hall pierced the walls and supported the ceiling. Brass candlesticks gleamed on the mantelpiece over the fireplace and the curving and twisted protrusion of the chimney was intriguing.

"Ethel hasn't done so badly for once," he said, surveying it. "She's even put a hot water bottle in the bed. You'll probably need it, because the sheets may be damp."

"It's a lovely room," she said gratefully. She went over to the window, stooping to avoid hitting her head on one of the dark beams. Through the tiny square panes she could see the fields beyond the barn.

She turned back from the window and saw her father pacing restlessly around. "The bathroom is the second door on the left," Russell Boulton went to the door, and then, as suddenly as he had at the station, he smiled at her again, and she thought what a good-looking man he was, and remembering the books and scientific papers in the living-room, how clever he must be.

"I'll leave you to unpack and tidy and do all the things young women do to make themselves look so charming. Ethel will get us some dinner in her own good time. It is likely to be anything between half-past seven and half-past nine."

Jennifer smiled agreeably and tried not to show surprise. "I'll have some sort of cocktail ready at half-past six," said her father, his long supple fingers stroking the thick towels that were folded over an old-fashioned mahogany towel-rail, or sherry, if you prefer it. Better be Australian, perhaps... I'm willing to suffer if it makes you feel at home."

"Don't mind my feelings," she protested amiably. When he said things like that and the sudden, wry smile twisted

his lips, she liked him; no doubt the constraint she felt would soon pass and her spirits rose accordingly.

"Well, till then. Oh..." By the sudden extreme casualness of his altered voice she realised that what he was now saying held a special importance. "I've been so excited about your arrival... and it really is something for a man of my years and temperament to be excited... that I quite forgot to give you my wife's sincere excuses. She's been called away suddenly. She was so sorry."

"Of course, I quite understand." But her father's hesitating explanation left her in a situation she had never understood less. It gave no indication of whether Hermione had been called away for a day or for a long time. On the whole, she felt it would be for a long time.

But why? Had her coming caused a domestic upheaval in this queer old house, with its twisted stairs and its mixture of lovely antiquity and present-day respect? Had Hermione fled as soon as she heard Jennifer was arriving?

Whatever the explanation, Jennifer felt acutely uncomfortable. It was odd and a little alarming that she should be told so casually that her father's wife was away.

She had a sudden instinct to pick up her bag and turn tail and run. It needed a great effort for her to start tidying herself and stop behaving like a frightened child.

As Hilary watched Jennifer's train draw slowly from the platform, she remembered how a nurse in such childhood days had always hurried them away from a departing train. To watch it disappear was bad luck both for the traveller and those who had come to bid them farewell. Ashamed to acknowledge such foolishness, she waited until the last carriage had vanished out of sight around the curved rails.

It was absurd to think that bad luck could come of Jennifer's visit to her father. It had been the chief reason for their visit. Russell would surely be on his best behaviour. Having brought his daughter so many thousands of miles, he would naturally want to make her visit a success. Maybe, too, he had mellowed, and the years had either toned down, or else taught him the futility of his outbursts of passionate selfishness.

She hoped, too, that time had changed his rather selfish exploitation of youthful enthusiasm. In the old days he had had a knack of flattering and encouraging young people until they were ready, almost, to devote their lives to him. Then he would suddenly drop them in favor of a new group, who, in turn, would treat him with the same reverence due to a great Master.

Hilary herself had been, of course, his chief victim. For he had tired as quickly of his young wife as of his young students.

Hilary sighed. It was no use worrying about it, anyway. She could not protect Jennifer all her life, and it would be very bad for her if she did. It was only that her daughter's face had looked a little forlorn, and she herself, was feeling the same even more than she had feared.

The last week with her in London had been doubly exciting. There had been not only the joy of revisiting old landmarks, but also the delight of watching Jennifer's excited face and realising how much she liked it all, too.

She sighed again. By now she was in Euston Road, and it was hardly a cheerful prospect. She beckoned a taxi and asked the driver to put her down at Waterloo Bridge so that she could walk along the Embankment. She had always loved the broad, tree-lined walk along the north bank of the Thames, and it was one place she had not explored since she arrived.

She strolled along, her eyes more on the river than on the

buildings she passed. The same fussy little tugs steamed and whistled their way as they had done when she was here so many years ago. The pale spring sunlight touched the ripples amainstream, but when she leaned over the parapet the water was like unpolished pewter, and it lapped and gurgled as plaintively and as ominously as it had when she was a schoolgirl.

The trouble, she told herself, was that she did not know if she were in the past, the present, or the future. London brought back so much of her early years; it had been the scene of her worst years with Russell; yet these last few days it had encompassed her and her daughter in undimmed delight. Now she faced it alone it felt different.

Making her way across one-way streets and scanning the numbers at each bus stop, she realised she did not even know her way around her own city. She'd have to get to the Strand and then she could catch her No. 9 to Kensington, or perhaps it would be better to walk to Victoria Station.

Like the veriest newly arrived tourist, she asked her way of polite and incredibly silent policemen. She turned disconsolately down Whitehall and when eventually she clambered to the top of a No. 9 bus she still felt aburdly bewildered, remote, and rather lonely. So many people and none of them cared to peep for her.

She must, she told herself as she looked at the buds on the trees in Green Park bursting into pale luminance, get down to some work. She must have in touch with her publisher. She must take those letters of introduction to the B.B.C. She must look up all her old friends and arrange for week-ends with them in the lovely spots in Surrey and Kent and Devon, in which they lived. It was not right to be so utterly dependent on Jennifer and so completely lost without her.

By the time she arrived at her hotel, she was thoroughly miserable and, to add to her discomfort, the door-keeper was obviously in Jennifer's purse and not hers.

A cheerful little Irish maid let her in and she went up to the room she had so lately shared with Jennifer. She took off her coat and examined her face in the dressing-table mirror. She thought she looked older than she had ever realised. Those wrinkles around her eyes and mouth!

She simply must remember to cream her face tonight. Then, looking at herself again, she felt she could not be bothered.

She turned dispiritedly away from the mirror and the telephone rang. "Yes!" she said, a little wearily, as she lifted the receiver.

"Not even a 'hello'? Are things as bad as that?" "Derek..." she felt that it was almost too much to hope on this depressing day.

"Why so surprised?" he replied. "I haven't bothered you before because I knew you and Jennifer would be seeing the changing of the guard and all the things that only Americans or colonialists or returned-from-exile Britishers bother to see. Jennifer went this morning, didn't she?"

"I've just seen her off. She went by the nine-something or other—depressingly early."

"And you've been tramping London feeling miserable, haven't you?" His voice held a sympathy that almost moved her to tears.

"I walked down the Embankment," she said, half laughing and half crying, "you know, where the suicides are."

"Not as many as there used to be. The neon lighting cheers them up. I expect you noticed it, too."

"She giggled gratefully. 'I didn't get as far as even peering on the parapet. I'm afraid I couldn't even get up there. I'm too old.'"

"Well, I hope you're not too old to come to lunch with me."

"Oh, no, I'd like to come to lunch," she said quickly, eager

for a swift end to her feeling of loneliness.

"Good. What about 'The Vienna'?" Could you be there by one?"

"Easily," she replied. She cradled the telephone and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror again. Her face looked quite different.

From the moment the doors of "The Vienna" were opened for you by the commissionaire you were enveloped by a feeling of warmth, comfort, and opulence that made Hilary feel like purring with content.

She sank into a deep chair and relaxed in the atmosphere of discreet, shaded lights, the smell of food and the scent and sight of women in exquisite furs and men with the air of immaculate but casual tailoring.

Suddenly Derek was at her side, his firm hand under her elbow. They went into the tiny cocktail bar.

Although Derek looked exactly the same as he had done on the ship, Hilary felt something quite different in his attitude. The meeting was now like that of old friends rather than a casual encounter with a fellow traveller.

He looked at her, his eyes smiling, and then beckoned to the waiter. "Two martinis, please."

After their drink they went to the dining-room, where they studied the enormous, gold-embossed menu, and Hilary tried not to look at the prices of the special delicacies that Derek insisted on ordering.

"Paul," said Derek, scooping his spoon into an avocado pear, "was very wrath that he had not been able to see Jennifer this week. Has their particular apple-cart been upset? I did not dare ask Paul anything about it."

"I don't know," Hilary frowned. "Jennifer, as I told you, is beyond all understanding where young men are concerned. I was beginning to think she was becoming more natural, but apparently she isn't."

"Probably just the excitement of arriving in London," he said soothingly. "And, of course, the nervous strain of going to meet her father."

"I know, but I am so nervous about her."

"She's got her head screwed on the right way. You've no need to worry. None of us can ever do very much about another person's pet worry, anyway."

HILARY glanced at him swiftly. Had he encountered some pressing "particular problem" of his own? Was his health worse? She felt ashamed that she had dwelt on her own worries, which were not serious compared with his.

"Tell me who everyone is," she asked, glancing around the warm, scented room. "Oh, that's Vivien Leigh, isn't it? And Humphrey Bogart, and oh, how exciting!"

"Did you remember to bring your autograph book and pen?" he teased. "That's Michael Balcon in the corner. You're in luck, you don't often see him here. He raised his hand in a greeting that was returned, and then smiled at someone sitting behind Hilary."

"The Under-Secretary for the Health Ministry. You'll have to think of some excuse for turning right round if you want to have a peek at him."

"Do you know everyone?" said Hilary. "I'm sorry I'm behaving like an excited schoolgirl, but I can't help it."

"Just go on as you are. Your enthusiasm flatters my weary soul. I find such heart of grace difficult to capture myself. Probably getting old. It's an awful process."

"Oh, no," her reply was heartfelt, "there are so many compensations. When you're young you are so insecure and bothered about what you ought to do and trying not to make a faux pas. At our age you have no inhibitions. You can be frank. If I were seventeen instead of... well, what I am... I would pre-

tend that the sight of people I have seen on the screen or read about was of no interest to me at all."

He shook his head. "Not a bit of it. When you were seventeen you were as excited and interested in everything as you are now. It's just that you are such a sincere person."

"I suspect 'sincere' would describe me better," she sighed and surveyed the plate in front of her. Derek had insisted on two portions of asparagus for each of them, and she dipped the dark green vegetable into the golden sauce and ate it appreciatively. "And greedy, too. I love good food."

"So do I," said Derek. "I find in myself the peculiarity of delighting in all the refinements of cooking, and then, a day or so later, wishing I could lurch off the crusty end of a loaf of bread and hunk of cheese and a glass of beer."

"And why can't you? Surely you can order anything you want?"

"Can you imagine me coming here and asking for the end crust and a hunk of cheese?" His eyebrows quirked quizzically.

"The poor little rich boy," it was Hilary's turn to tease. "You can order it at home, even if you don't order it here, surely."

"Not so easy."

"Why ever not? Where do you live? I mean, in a service flat or a hotel or a house...?"

"A house," he said, and his voice was so suddenly sad that she was sorry she had asked. "The house I built for my wife in Surrey. It has every asset that a genius of an architect, supplied with unlimited funds, could evolve. The garden is exquisite, but the rooms empty rather than anything I have ever seen."

She wiped her fingers on her napkin and did not look at his face. She could not bear to see him twisting his wineglass slowly, "because I felt Paul ought to have a home. It isn't the slightest use to him. He is off and around every corner of the British Isles and the British Empire. Maybe he is home for one month in six, and I have hordes of visitors for week-ends, people I don't find time to talk to in the office, manager of our subsidiary companies, sycophants, cadgers, and genuine hard-ups."

"But don't you have people there, too, that you really like, genuine friends, I mean?" Hilary asked anxiously.

"Probably some of them are," he admitted, "but it's usually impossible to disentangle them."

He sipped his wine and then shrugged his shoulders. "Don't take any notice of me. I am merely playing for sympathy. I hope your tender heart is suitably wrung."

Suzettes, of course." "Please."

In spite of Derek's light tone of voice his face had a brooding look, very unlike his usual gaiety and cheerfulness.

His feverish activity, his refusal to rest and relax, the plunge into restless social life and lavish expenditure were all part of a determination to ignore the future and make the most of the present.

Surely a more peaceful and restful present might prolong and improve the dreaded future. Hilary felt she must find out more.

"What time do you go to the office in the morning?" she asked.

"Nine."

"And you get home at?"

"Any time." He shrugged his shoulders. "Sometimes I come here to dinner; sometimes I go to my club; sometimes I work at home after dinner. Often I don't go home

\*\*\*\*\*  
Hand glamour  
in CONNECTICUT  
Comes from TRUSHAY—  
nothing but  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Up near COLORADO  
Springs  
TRUSHAY'd hands  
got wedding rings.  
\*\*\*\*\*

# HOMeward VOYAGE, by MARJORE WEAVER

at all. I keep a flat in town, too, you know."

It sounded an awful life to Hilary.

"When Paul's home, of course, it's livelier," he added. "He brings a few youngsters to the house, and then I refuse to have business friends down. Those are indeed lovely interludes—but not as frequent as I could wish."

"And what do you do to amuse yourself?"

"Work."

"And when you get tired of work?"

"More work. I assure you, I live the same as thousands of other businessmen. In fact, I'm quite normal as far as managing directors go, so don't keep firing questions at me, Hilary. You sound like a psychiatrist."

"One more, please," she put some pleading in her tone that he noticed.

"What sort of a report did you get from your doctor when you got back?"

"Nice chap, Carruthers," said Derek. "He's an old friend. He comes and smokes my cigars and won't even let me have a cigarette. And he sits by the fire hugging a glass of my best brandy and tells me to stop drinking. He cannot often spare the time to come because, he says, he's been very busy, and he then takes the opportunity of telling me not to work too hard."

He ordered liqueurs and she sat stirring her coffee.

"Don't look so solemn, my dear," he said.

"But," protested Hilary, "you've told me all the things the doctor told you not to do. What did he tell you to do?"

"He told me to take out the most entertaining and engaging companions I could find as often as they would come. So stop being serious and be entertaining and engaging and give the medicine a chance."

"What entrancing medicine—at least from my point of view," she said, smiling brightly. "I do hope the prescription ordered more than one dose."

"Of course. Regular and systematic portions are essential."

She thought quickly. She had intended to stay in London only for a week and then to start her round of visits. But she could take Jennifer with her on those after the month with her father.

"Well, I'll be here for a month at least," she said quickly. "I've got to see my publishers and a man at the B.B.C. And I've still a third of my last book to finish."

"Four weeks," he said. "Good. You can see your publishers and so forth while I am also working at the office. That leaves lunchtime and the evenings. I'll book some tickets for a show tonight, and we'll go on to dinner somewhere."

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Where shall we go? The Berkeley? One of the voluminous little places that dot Jermy Street? The Savoy?"

"No, we'd have to dress..."

"Anywhere," she said recklessly. "I'd enjoy even the bread and stale cheese with you."

He studied her for a moment, and then laid his hand on hers, as if rested on the table, and pressed it gratefully.

"We must try that some time," he said as they rose.

For the first few days Jennifer was left a good deal to herself while her father was at work.

During the day she would wander round the tangled garden, peering into the barn, delighting in its musty ancient smell.

In a tiny copse of straggling hazel she discovered her first half-hidden violets on stems

like fine copper-wire. And, gathering them excitedly, she heard her first cuckoo, the clear incessant repetition of the clear notes peeping the stillness of the spring morning.

She had never imagined spring was like this. In her own country the native trees were unchanging from season to season. There was no sudden rush of bud and flower, and only gusty winds, gradually becoming dust-laden as the sun daily beat more fiercely, marked the advent of the new season.

But although her first sight of an English spring, the one of the thrilling experiences of her life, there was in the background of her mind a slight feeling of apprehension. It was uppermost each time she returned to the large empty house.

Try as she would she could not lose a feeling of restraint in her father's company. He was taciturn and reserved, and seemed wrapped in his own thoughts and feelings.

She was worried, too, by the continued absence of Hermione, and noticed that Russell's room was entirely devoid of any evidence that it had been recently shared by a woman.

Once she had timidly asked after her. Her father's reply was casual and almost disinterested. Hermione was an only child. Her parents were old and often needed her at home. The mother suffered from lumbago, and the father from a weak heart.

As though realising he was neglecting her, Russell made an effort to entertain her in the week-end. Driving the car with his usual perilous unconcern, he took her for drives through the lovely lanes of the nearby countryside. They went one day to Warwick Castle, where the sight of the old stones and the momentous scenes they conjured up shook her father out of his usual taciturnity.

RUSSELL launched on an acid commentary of early English history, debunking all Jennifer's debunking illusions. It was not until they were standing outside the Church of St. Mary and the talk was of Henry VIII that she dared to interject.

"What happened to the church after Henry dissolved it?" she asked timidly.

"The foundation was granted to the burgesses of Warwick," he told her. "Henry also bestowed charities on the town. The King's School was one of them. I'll show it to you later."

"I didn't know he did all those things," she said vaguely.

"In spite of popular opinions, Henry VIII was a very advanced man. He forestalled even Robin Hood and the British Labor Party in robbing the rich to give to the poor."

"I'm afraid all I ever learnt about him was his matrimonial record," Jennifer said apologetically.

"Another example of his progressive outlook," said Russell cynically. "Even modern divorce methods can hardly beat his record. Eight in a row. Magnificent."

"Oh, no," protested Jennifer, not liking the tone of the conversation. "Horrible. Poor Anne Boleyn. Aren't you sorry for her?"

"Not particularly. Those were tough days, and Henry had a complicated job. I admire him."

"Not for chopping off his wives' heads, surely," said Jennifer.

"What's a wife or two matter?" said Russell calmly.

"I suppose wives don't matter as long as you're not one of them," she said tartly.

"I suppose you mean your mother," he said coldly. "If I were you, I'd wait until I knew a little more about such matters before I'd pass judgment."

Jennifer snubbed and unsure of herself, found it difficult to keep back her tears. She wondered if she ought to apologise for tactlessness. But she decided it would be better to change the subject. There was constraint between them

as they walked back to the car.

The following day his words came back to her. She had taken her sketch pad to draw some cattle in the field. The scene was so typical of the still English beauty she was growing to love more and more. But after struggling abstractedly for some time, she threw her pencil down with irritation and lay on her side, elbow on long cool grass under the hedgerow.

Queer, she thought, how a trifling and perhaps purely facetious remark should rankle. Probably he had meant nothing particular and she was over-sensitive. But somehow the whole set-up at Gower Farm worried her.

Now that the initial excitement and novelty had worn off, her former instinct to run away returned. She had expected to find her father settled down peacefully with his second wife and, although there would inevitably have been some regrets that her own family trio was divided, it was a position she would have understood and accepted.

There would at least have been the well-known hand-marks of married life which might have made her think her own mother had merely been unlucky, and that marriage wasn't a bad business after all.

But her father's cynical indifference to the amenities of domestic life and his cracks about wives merely increased her lack of confidence. If only Paul were here now perhaps he would banish her doubts.

She stretched back on the grass and ached to feel him beside her. It was her own fault they weren't together now. She should have trusted her instinct, which had prompted their previous intimacy and sealed it with the engagement ring as he had wanted. What a fool she had been.

She clutched the recollection that he had promised to track her down within six weeks. The time was nearly up.

In the meantime, although the little flare-up at Warwick Castle left its mark, Jennifer was determined to make the best of the situation. When he suggested taking her to Stratford-on-Avon she responded gratefully.

He drove her through the Warwickshire lanes with characteristic abandon that made her sharply divide her attention between the road perils ahead and the loveliness of the hedgerows and meadows on each side.

"It doesn't look real," she exclaimed, as they drove into the village street. "It's exactly like all the picture postcards I've ever seen of it."

"It is a picture postcard," said her father with his quick, sardonic smile, "and on sale for as many dollars and Australian pounds as ye old simple English rustic can extract. Take your choice—Shakespeare on touting forks, ashtrays, cups, saucers, cigarette cases, powder compacts, leather writing cases, or just ordinary postcards. They don't even ask you to read his plays."

They saw everything and finished up at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which gave Jennifer a slight sense of shock. Its modern lines seemed out of place in the Elizabethan atmosphere, but she was interested in her father's description of the complicated backstage mechanics.

"And now," he said, when they came out, "we'd better find something to eat. We can go to Judith Shakespeare's Olde English Tea Shoppe or one of the pubs. The food's equally bad in all of them."

They chose one of the pubs. Winding rickety stairs led them to the dining-room, and the view from the hard seat of the curved window almost compensated for the poor meal, which was as bad as any that Ethel ever produced.

But they had sherry first and then tankards of the light golden beer that Jennifer had learned to like and which made the food seem better in retrospect.

By the time the coffee stage was reached she felt almost gay and talkative, and some of the usual restraint wore off.

"The Memorial Theatre reminds me of a story Paul used to tell," she said.

"Paul?" Russell asked. "Who is this Paul? I've heard you mention him before."

"Oh, he's just a man I met on another little illusion exposed. Perhaps one of these days I'll learn not to indulge in these wild dreams."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Jennifer.

"It was just that I had hoped foolishly, of course, that Hilary and I might patch it up—if only for your sake. That was one reason why I wanted you to come here."

"Oh," said Jennifer, genuinely surprised. "I'd never thought of that."

"I don't suppose you have. Obviously I've been indulging in the romantic dreams of the middle-aged."

"But your wife—Hermione?" she blurted out.

"Hermione left me a year ago," he said bitterly. "I suppose I should have told you, but I was afraid you wouldn't come if I did."

"I—I'm afraid I couldn't possibly speak for Mummy," she said at last, more to fill in the awkward gap than anything.

"You have spoken already," he said bitterly.

"What do you mean?" she said quickly.

"With this fascinating millionaire in tow she's hardly likely to be interested in a hard-up professor," he said in a mixture of self-pity and scorn.

"If you think Mummy's likely to be interested in his or anybody else's money you don't know a thing about her," she retorted angrily.

"No wonder you couldn't get on together."

"I think you're impertinent," he said coldly.

"And I think you're beastly about Hilary," she said with tears of vexation and indignation in her eyes.

They stared at each other across the table in angry hostility, the silence which lasted the whole trip home to Tower Farm.

JENNIFER slept restlessly that night, but when she went down to breakfast in the morning, she saw a letter in her mother's handwriting. Her heart leapt.

"Excuse me," she muttered, and turned to the notepaper, with the address of the Kensington Hotel embossed at the top. So Hilary was still staying in London!

Briefly she skimmed through the bold and characteristic handwriting. Lunches . . . a drive into the country with Derek Mitchell . . . Jennifer skipped a little and searched for a mention of Paul, but there was none.

Then she went back to Hilary's account of her visit to her publishers and a satisfied announcement of an order for more children's books, for which Jennifer MUST do the illustrations.

There was an amusing description of Hilary's first contact with the B.B.C., but the real excitement was in the last paragraph. There had just been a telephone call for Jennifer from the art agent, Walter Thomason. He liked her work very much. He wanted to see her.

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thusiasm that annoyed Russell more and more.

"And most tremendously rich, no doubt. What a catch for some designing widow—particularly if he's not expected to live long. Oh, well—"

"What do you mean?" said Jennifer hotly.

"Oh—nothing," he said with exaggerated casualness. "It's just another little illusion exposed. Perhaps one of these days I'll learn not to indulge in these wild dreams."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Jennifer.

"It was just that I had hoped foolishly, of course, that Hilary and I might patch it up—if only for your sake. That was one reason why I wanted you to come here."

"Oh," said Jennifer, genuinely surprised. "I'd never thought of that."

"I don't suppose you have. Obviously I've been indulging in the romantic dreams of the middle-aged."

"But your wife—Hermione?" she blurted out.

"Hermione left me a year ago," he said bitterly. "I suppose I should have told you, but I was afraid you wouldn't come if I did."

"I—I'm afraid I couldn't possibly speak for Mummy," she said at last, more to fill in the awkward gap than anything.

"You have spoken already," he said bitterly.

"What do you mean?" she said quickly.

"With this fascinating millionaire in tow she's hardly likely to be interested in a hard-up professor," he said in a mixture of self-pity and scorn.

"If you think Mummy's likely to be interested in his or anybody else's money you don't know a thing about her," she retorted angrily.

"No wonder you couldn't get on together."

"I think you're impertinent," he said coldly.

"And I think you're beastly about Hilary," she said with tears of vexation and indignation in her eyes.

They stared at each other across the table in angry hostility, the silence which lasted the whole trip home to Tower Farm.

JENNIFER slept restlessly that night, but when she went down to breakfast in the morning, she saw a letter in her mother's handwriting. Her heart leapt.

"Excuse me," she muttered, and turned to the notepaper, with the address of the Kensington Hotel embossed at the top. So Hilary was still staying in London!

Briefly she skimmed through the bold and characteristic handwriting. Lunches . . . a drive into the country with Derek Mitchell . . . Jennifer skipped a little and searched for a mention of Paul, but there was none.

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"Listen to this," she said. "Isn't it terrific! You remember the art agent I left some of my drawings with in London? Well, he wants to see me. He thinks he could

use me quite a lot. Imagine it! Me—working for a London magazine!" She rolled her eyes ecstatically until her father's cold look brought her down to earth.

"There is no need for you to work," her father's voice killed her exuberance. "I'm quite capable of supporting you."

"Oh, I know," she said placatingly. "But I love drawing and I must think of the future too. All girls support themselves nowadays, at least until they're married. Perhaps I'll never be married."

"If there is one thing I dislike it is what is nauseatingly called a 'career woman'."

"Oh, not a serious career. Just a job of work. I'd be horribly bored if I didn't do something."

"So you're bored," he interposed cuttingly. "I know I've had to leave you alone a lot, no doubt a jaunt to town will relieve the monotony."

"Please," she looked at him unhappily. "I'm not a bit bored. It's just that this is a marvelous chance. I'd only be away a day or two. Mr. Thomason wants me to go and see him on Tuesday morning. That means I'd better go up on Monday and then I can be back on Tuesday night or Wednesday."

She managed a tremendous smile. "That would be all right, wouldn't it?"

She looked at him expectantly and was startled to see that he had blazed into sudden anger.

"Be back," he almost shouted. "Of course you won't be back. It's a trick—a trick to get away—some man—him—this Paul, I suppose—or it's a trick of Hilary's to get you away from me."

"No, no," she protested. "Why don't you believe me? It's my work. It's important to me."

With an effort he began to regain self-control.

"Obviously," with mechanical precision he folded and rolled his napkin into a cylinder that exactly fitted the monogrammed ring. "You are your own master. I am merely a vision from a rather unpleasant past. I have no legal call on you except such crumbs as your mother and the hum-grit solicitors, who have punctuated my life with demands for more and more fees think I deserve."

"No, that's not fair," her voice was angry. "Haden's mother refused alimony and worked for everything they had had these past twenty years."

She saw that his hands were trembling.

"At least," he said. "I paid your fare from Australia so that you could stay with me and we could try to make up for all the lost years."

"What can we find if you won't let me do one thing I want so badly? I've my life to live too. I've done my best here, but—"

Jennifer was now trembling so much that she was unable to finish the sentence.

"Meaning that it's all my fault," his self-control suddenly broke again and his eyes blazed. "How do I know that this isn't a subterfuge of Hilary of your mother's?"

"That's ridiculous," Jennifer blazed in defence of her mother. "Mummy's incapable of playing any trick. Besides, if she had wanted to, she'd only to say the word before we left Australia and I'd never have come here at all."

"Of course she's perfect," he sneered. "I've always been the villain of the piece and I'm sick of it. Why should she take you away from me? She's had you all these years while I've been alone."

"Alone?" Jennifer was now too angry herself to resist the opening. But he was quick to

★★★★★  
From NEW JERSEY  
comes a letter—  
"Men like TRUSHAY'd  
hands much better."  
★★★★★

★★★★★  
"TRUSHAY'd hands  
keep men from roaming,"  
Say the wisest wives  
way out in WYOMING.  
★★★★★

## OUR COMPLETE NOVEL

realise his slip, and to her relief the one word seemed to make him pause and think.

"Well, not always alone, of course," he admitted. "I was far too lonely after your mother left me to make living alone ever possible. When you're older you'll understand these things better and be more tolerant."

"Tolerant?" protested Jennifer. "What makes you say I'm intolerant? I don't know—or even want to know—why you and Mummy separated. I only got so angry when you talked about Mummy playing a trick. She's done nothing but try to make it easy for me to get on here. She's never criticised you."

She looked at her father. How could she understand him? One moment he was absorbed in work; the next unhappy and needing sympathy, and the next he behaved with utter unreason and disregard of everyone's feelings.

First he gave the impression he was utterly indifferent to, even bored with, her. Yet, at the slightest sign of anyone else's interest in her, he behaved like a possessive, unbalanced neurotic.

Then she suddenly forgot her own hurt feelings as she realised he was hurting himself most of all. She was moved by an impulse of pity as she saw the almost despairing look in his eyes, but she screwed up her courage and faced him squarely.

"I'm not doing anything but telling you that I want to go to London to keep a rather important business appointment."

"Then go," his voice rose higher and his eyes smouldered menacingly again. "If this Paul—or Walter or whoever it is—is more important than your own father, you haven't seen since you were a baby—if you were a baby—then go. If you stopped and ran his fingers through his greying hair, I suppose I should have expected this. I was a fool to hope for anything at all."

His mixture of abuse and sympathy hardened her resolve and alienated her instinct of sympathy. She suddenly felt years older than he and, as one would placate a spoiled child, she murmured apologetically, "I'll let you know when I'm coming back. Will you meet me at the station or shall I come home by taxi?"

But he was not to be appeased. "I don't know—or care," he said angrily and turned sulkily to his newspaper.

The first part of Jennifer's journey back to London was shadowed by the quarrel and the remembrance of her father's cold and reproachful politeness which had lasted until her departure. But the prospect of working on the magazine, her delight in the expectation of seeing her mother again gradually submerged her exasperation.

As if to justify upsetting her father, the rhythmic passage of the train over the rails hammered out a continual, "I will be back. I WILL be back." But before she knew it, the train had changed its tune and was beating out its repetitive, "I MIGHT see Paul. I might see Paul."

Was it an omen—or wasn't it—that she should see her mother awaiting her at Paddington Station with Derek Mitchell at her side? She MIGHT see Paul. She MIGHT see Paul. She MIGHT see Paul. She MIGHT see Paul. She MIGHT see Paul.

She jumped on to the platform and her mother's arms were around her in comforting and unusually demonstrative warmth. Then she turned to greet Paul's father, and his smile and the tender, yet teasing expression in his eyes reminded her so much of Paul himself that she felt momentarily shaken.

"You look tired," Hilary said anxiously before her better judgment warned her that she should have said nothing of the sort.

"So would you," Derek Mitchell chided. "If you'd been racketed around for two hours in a nationalised train."

"Don't talk like that," Jennifer reproached him gaily. "English trains are marvellous." Derek gave her a wink and turned to the chauffeur as the porter waited with Jennifer's bags.

"That's evidently all, Gibbs. One suitcase." He turned to Jennifer again. "How do you manage to travel with so little? I hope Gibbs will be able to find his way out. I've never been able to get either in or out of any London station successfully except when I've been driven."

"You ought to try walking some time," Jennifer teased. "But it's nice of you to meet me all the same, particularly when I'm sure your time is worth a thousand pounds a minute."

"Never was it better spent," he said warmly. "But I'm only going to be allowed to taxi you two to your hotel. I wanted to whisk you off to eat, but Hilary seems to think you would both prefer to face whatever awaits you in the form of cold left-overs and stewed fruit and then go to your room and let your hair down and natter." He led them to the car.

her mother know how difficult it had been.

"And I've been doing all sorts of touristy things like seeing Stratford and Warwick Castle and picking primroses and bluebells and all the flowers I could collect. They're unbelievable, aren't they?"

"I'm so relieved," Hilary pulled off her hat and ran her fingers through her hair with the old, familiar gesture. "I'm longing to get into the country and wallow in primroses again."

"Well," Jennifer looked around the room, "you're not doing too badly in town, are you?" By the bedside table a large flat bowl was brimming with primroses, a vase of daffodils, delicate long-stalked tulips were on the mantelpiece; more daffodils and pale-pinked, sweet-scented freesias on the dressing-table.

"No, I'm not," Hilary smiled happily. "Derek's always sending flowers. I've been thoroughly spoiled these last few weeks."

"So I observe," said Jennifer teasingly. "Owners of expensive cars content to pick us up and drop us at a word and so forth."

"I know. It's been lovely." "And now," said her daughter with mock sternness. "I want to know what's going on. I mean, I leave you for a couple of weeks and you come back and find a situation that makes me feel like a dutiful daughter. . . . I should ask the young man his intentions."

Hilary shook her head and Jennifer saw a shadow of unhappiness cloud her face.

"No intentions," she said. "That's the trouble." "But all this . . ." Jennifer indicated the flowers, "and the theatre and lunches and dinners you wrote about. I can't, somehow, look on Derek as a sort of playboy who'll do that sort of thing just for the fun of it."

"No," Hilary was gazing through the high window. "No, you could never call him that. I went to lunch at his home in Surrey last Sunday. One of those homes you see in 'Country Life'."

"Something terr-i-f-i-c, I suppose," said Jennifer.

"No," Hilary let her hands drop on the arms of her chair. "Rather tragic. A lovely home allowed to drift into disrepair and shabbiness."

Jennifer was surprised. "Why doesn't Derek do something about it?"

There was a long pause before her mother answered and then Hilary's voice was low and tense.

"He hadn't noticed."

"Careless of him," Jennifer said flippantly.

"It isn't that. It's just that he hadn't seen it." Hilary's voice held the same subdued yet tremulous note of her previous statement.

"Men don't notice such things," Jennifer said with a hint of scorn. "Men only think of themselves."

"No," Hilary sat upright in her chair. "Many of them think of themselves last. He does. You mustn't be silly and make vague generalisations about men. Derek is naturally most observant, but—"

"But what? Too engrossed in business?" Jennifer said carelessly.

"He doesn't notice because he can barely see," Hilary said sharply.

"Can't see?" Jennifer said incredulously.

"No. Really can't see. The other night his lighter would not work and he asked me if I had some matches. I found some in my bag and handed them to him." Hilary's voice faltered and her next words broke on a note of despair. "He fumbled and then told me that when you offered matches to a blind man you should shake the box so that the sound would help him to judge where it was."

"Blind? Oh, no!" Jennifer instinctively recoiled from such a personal tragedy.

"It is coming on gradually. Ordinarily you would hardly be aware of it because he

hides it so well and he is clever enough to put up a bluff that would deceive most people. It's only when you are with him a lot that you realise. Didn't you see that he kept close to me as we walked out of the station and that Gibbs stood by his side and put his hand under his elbow as he got into the car? And after they'd put your bag in the hall, Gibbs was right beside him, so near to him that his arm was touching Derek's and that way he could warn him about the steps and when they reached the car?"

"How ghastly," Jennifer was appalled. "I never dreamed it was as bad as that."

"He can still see a little," went on Hilary. "With his glasses he can read the headlines of newspapers, for instance. But I'm beginning to notice that he always carries a walking-stick or an umbrella and—so clearly that you wouldn't ordinarily notice—feels for the edge of the pavement. It's got a lot worse since he went back to work."

"Surely something can be done—doctors—an operation—?"

"No," Hilary shook her head again. "It's doubtful, though they do talk about an operation. He told me about it after we had lunch and were sitting on the lawn. That . . . she hesitated a moment and then went on, 'That's why he hasn't what you call any intentions.' He thinks it would be purely selfish."

Jennifer stared at her mother. She could hardly believe it.

"Surely," she said thoughtfully, "you two are old enough not to have misunderstandings like that? It's just a question of being sensible."

"At what age are people supposed to be sensible?" Hilary said wryly. "I wish I knew."

Jennifer tried to put herself in her mother's place. If Paul were to go blind she would be all the more eager to marry him. All her doubts and inhibitions would be dispelled by his need for her.

As if she were following Jennifer's train of thought, Hilary said abruptly, "He would put it down to pity. Most men would be afraid that it was only pity."

"I can understand that. But couldn't you make him realise—that it was more than pity?" she said, feeling a little uncomfortable at probing into her mother's innermost feelings.

"I know," Hilary ran one finger along the pattern of the upholstery on the arm of her chair. "I've been all over that a hundred times. But I don't get anywhere. If I were to persist and persuade him that it isn't pity, all his friends will think me a penniless widow taking advantage of a wealthy man who is blind."

"Oh, no," Jennifer went to her mother's chair and sat on the arm. "You mustn't think about anyone except you and Derek. What does it matter what other people say? He would know that isn't true and that's all that matters. It's up to you to get the whole thing teed up on your own, if you ask me."

"Goodness knows, I'm trying hard enough," said Hilary simply. "I'm becoming absolutely unprincipled in everything I do and say. But nothing seems to make any difference to him. He likes being with me. I know, but I can see him keeping me at arm's length when . . . she did not finish her sentence.

"I remember Paul telling me once," Jennifer said lightly, "that if you can't think up a good enough lie, it's a good plan to fall back on the truth."

"Unless you, my sweet," Hilary managed a glimmer of a smile. "As a last resort I shall stop trying to be subtle. He can see through me anyway. I don't know how I'll do it but—oh, dear . . ." she sat up in her chair and turned to her daughter. "Here we are nattering about me and there's you and your appointment tomorrow and I'm so full of hope about it and what are you going to wear?"

"My blue suit and my one and only hat, of course, but I'll be extravagant and have a taxi. Now let's have some tea."

"I must be very lower-middle class," sighed Hilary, "when I'm offered this and that exotic and expensive drink. I often think they're not half as comforting as tea."

"If I remember rightly, Derek likes his cup of tea, too."

"Oh, he does." Hilary watched her daughter laying out the tea things. And her mind saw Derek's hand wavering uncertainly over the sugar bowl and the care with which he always replaced his cup on its saucer.

After the excitement of meeting her mother again and hearing all about the intriguing prospect of a second marriage, Jennifer suffered a painful reaction.

First, the quarrels with her father had disappointed her. It had largely been because of him this journey had been undertaken and although she hated to admit it, that part of it was obviously a dismal flop.

This, however, weighed less heavily on her than the fact that although the stipulated six weeks were up, there was no sign or word from Paul. She had expected at least to find a letter awaiting her in London. To hear no news of him at all was heartbreaking.

All at once the magic of London and the enchantment of England deserted her, and getting ready for her coming appointment she saw out of the window opposite her only a rather drab and grimy building matching her growing depression.

New scenes, new environment, new work—and, no doubt, most painful thought of all—new faces had driven her right out of his mind. Well, serve her right for behaving like a silly, impulsive child without sense or self-control.

But it did hurt. All very well to tell oneself that it was silly to have been starry-eyed and trusting, but that did not ease the sense of loneliness or help to drive him from her thoughts.

The loneliness was aggravated by the obvious absorption of her mother with Derek. Although Hilary had greeted her as warmly as ever and was obviously delighted to see her again, Jennifer could not deceive herself that Hilary had suddenly become obsessed with her own future with or without Derek.

HER mother's worries were all Derek's fault, of course. It was his obstinate pride that was creating the obstacles which were worrying her mother. Really, how stupid men were and how difficult. Take her father, for instance. Jennifer honestly felt that she had done everything she could think of to make that visit a success, and she dreaded the prospect of returning. She was beginning to get a little tired of problems, and this, she believed, was one problem that was insoluble.

What was the answer? What did the future hold? Jennifer did not know, but she wisely felt that the best way to get Paul out of her mind was to plunge wholeheartedly in work and then—who knows—she reflected more hopefully, the problem might solve itself.

So she dressed carefully and caught a number nine at the end of the road with the intention of getting all she could out of the coming interview.

She squared her shoulders resolutely as she stepped briskly along the Strand. She was a little taken aback at the rather gloomy and crowded building in Fleet Street where Mr. Thomason had his office.

But the atmosphere changed abruptly as she was ushered into Walter Thomason's office. It was warm and luxurious. In spite of the fact that it was mid-May and the sun slanted through the venetian blinds, a fire burned in the grate.

Miss Pearson, his secretary, ushered Jennifer into a room that held an enormous and comfortably untidy desk.

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several even more comfortable armchairs, another fire gleaming in a spotless grate . . . and Walter Thomason.

The man who stood up, as she entered, was quite different from anything she had imagined. Broad-rimmed glasses framed eyes that were smiling but shrewd. He greeted her as if she were an old friend who had just dropped in to pass the time of day, and her nervousness began to vanish.

"Nice of you to come and see me," he said, offering her a cigarette from a silver box on his desk, and holding out his lighter. "Finding our climate a bit tough after your glorious Australian sunshine?" he looked at her quizzically.

"I think it's lovely," she said sincerely. "I can't understand why everyone here runs down the climate and the country."

"That's very charming of you, and you said it so convincingly that anyone might believe you meant it."

"But I do," she said eagerly, sitting a little further forward in her chair, as if to emphasise her earnestness. "If you get me started on all the things I like about England I'll never stop. It might be easier for me to tell you the things I don't like . . . and there really aren't any of them."

She had spoken unthinkingly, but she realised that what she had said was perfectly true. The unhappiness she had experienced lately had nothing to do with the country itself . . . it was the sort of personal, human hostility that could happen anywhere.

"I'm interested in your impressions," he said. "You ought to go around the whole country talking like that. It would do us good. Public pep talks."

"Talks?" She wrinkled her nose in a grimace. "I'm no good at talking. I always think of what I ought to have said two weeks after I've said the wrong thing."

He laughed. "I don't think you do so badly. You can draw, too. I liked that stuff you sent me immensely." He leaned over his desk and picked up a portfolio and opened it, displaying the drawings she had sent him. "Could you repeat them to order, or are they picked sketches?"

"I think they are fair samples," she said, offering some more.

Diffidently she produced the drawings she had torn from her drawing block. He leafed them over slowly.

"They're good," he said. "They show observation. So many artists have a set formula they learned once and never use their eyes."

He turned the sketches over again and then swivelled his chair so that he faced her.

"You've got quite a touch of genius with children and babies . . . and they are the hardest illustrations of all. Hundreds of artists can draw pretty girls, and men who look like collar advertisements. But with kids . . ."

He threw up his hands in a little gesture of despair. "We are inundated with the etherical dreams of ageing spinsters and the raw realism of artists who can see no further than cut and bleeding knees and babies in dirty frocks who dribble."

Jennifer could not help laughing at his comic disgust.

"That's where you stop observing and start imagining," she said. "It's quite easy to leave out the jam and the dirty frocks . . . and still get them looking real."

"You don't think," he looked at her with solemn eyes, "that the good Lord sent you all the way from Australia to solve one of my problems, do you?"

"I hope so," she said. "Could you really use some of my drawings?"

He explained that a magazine was starting a new series of articles and he had had an

\*\*\*\*\* Says NEW HAMPSHIRE (colled the State of Granite)— "TRUSHAY—there's nothing better than it!" \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* In "peachy" GEORGIA, believes each day Ring out the praises of TRUSHAY! \*\*\*\*\*

# HOMEWARD VOYAGE, by MARJORIE WEAVER

inquiry for a suitable artist. Concocting, it was mothercraft training enlivened with a little human sentiment and perhaps a touch of humor.

There was a tap on his door and Miss Pearson came in diffidently.

"Mr. Grainger to see you, Mr. Thomason. His appointment was for half-past eleven."

Walter Thomason looked at his watch and then raised his eyebrows.

"Let him wait," he said. Jennifer instinctively retreated from the enjoyment of her talk to the nervous attitude of a supplicant for work.

"I'm so sorry if I've talked too much and taken too much of your time..." She got up from her chair.

"Certainly not," he said. "Perhaps I could come and get details of what you want some other time," suggested Jennifer.

"I'll give you the articles," He opened a drawer in his desk and handed her a pile of neatly clipped manuscripts.

"Read them and let me see some rough sketches. How long will it take you?"

Jennifer had no idea, but she said bravely, "Oh, a couple of days."

"Good!" he said. "We can settle the rest of it later. Perhaps you would lunch with me tomorrow so that we can talk it over."

"I thought we had talked it over," said Jennifer, a little taken aback.

"There must surely be something else to talk over," he insisted. "It's your duty to help me use up my colossal expense allowance."

After a moment's hesitation she nodded agreement.

"I'd love to," he said heartily. "Book at—anywhere in London would like to go?"

He turned towards his secretary and back to Jennifer inquiringly.

"Oh—would The Viennois do?" she asked impulsively, and immediately wondered if she was not being utterly stupid.

She tried to tell herself that she had mentioned The Viennois because it was the one really good London restaurant she was familiar with.

She knew Derek often took Hilary there and she knew, too, that it was also Paul's favorite. She realised that her resolution to put Paul out of her mind had suddenly broken down.

It was really the off-chance of running into him there that had decided her choice.

Hilary and Derek were at their usual table at The Viennois, but for the first time Hilary wished they weren't. She was acutely conscious of Derek sitting silent and withdrawn.

She had never seen him like this, but of course she realised that a man in his physical and mental state could not always be charming and agreeable.

Maybe it was her own fault. It had been her suggestion that they should lunch together and she felt she had forced an intrusion into his private emotion and he might be resenting that she was a spectator of his depression.

Yet he could easily have put her off. She was grateful that he hadn't. It was when he was feeling like this that she wanted to be with him and to be of some use to him, instead of merely being entertained.

But the silence was getting unbearable, so she started talking about Jennifer and her meeting with Walter Thomason.

"I do hope Jenny is successful in this job. She's so tremendously keen."

"I don't see anything to worry about. She's a very

pretty girl and she's being taken to lunch by her prospective employer. A good lunch and good health can accomplish anything."

Hilary kept her face expressionless. It was a shock to hear Derek speak with such an undercurrent of bitterness.

"Maybe," she said slowly, "it is because I'm wondering what this Walter Thomason is like himself."

"You mean, would he make Jenny a good husband?"

"I suppose so," Hilary managed a smile this time. "It is hard not to look on all men one's daughter becomes enthusiastic about as possible future sons-in-law. And she did talk about him a lot. Apparently he's got a good sense of humor and they got on well, even in the brief interview at the office."

"That's part of his job, my dear. Don't let Jenny be taken in by the shrewd businessman's stock-in-trade. And do try to keep your mind off marriage all the time," Hilary bit her lip.

"I can't help it," she said slowly, "I believe in marriage."

"Even after your own experience? It couldn't have been a very good advertisement of the state for Jenny, you know."

"I've been all over that. We've both been all over that." Her voice sharpened in spite of herself. "One of the first things I remember talking to you about was this same thing. When we were on the ship, you said yourself that she would probably get over her inhibitions one day and settle down happily."

"Did I?" He slid his hand along the table, grasped his glass and raised it to his lips.

"One says and does a lot of things on board ship," he said, gently lowering the glass to the table.

"I would have said Paul and she were as good as engaged before we got to Tilbury. And what happens? Apparently he has not even been to see her. So let's forget it. Control your marriage-complex, my dear, and don't worry and you'll be a lot happier."

Their plates had been whisked away and the cheese had arrived. When a waiter offered her what was practically an international cheese display on a silver chafin, and set crisp curls of butter in front of her plate, she was more worried than ever.

DID Derek mean more than a mere discussion of Jennifer's problem when he advised her to control her "marriage-complex" or was he thinking of the bond that had grown up between them that was deeper than mere friendship? Or did he think she was a designing widow or divorcee or whatever name described her unsatisfactory state?

Anyway, it did not much matter. He was obviously in a really bad mood, and knowing so well what a rare occurrence it was made it easier to endure.

"What's the time?" Derek pulled back his sleeve, but his voice held interrogation. "A quarter past. It can't be."

"Just half past two," said Maurice and his eyes flickered from Derek to Hilary.

"It's that second hand," muttered Derek. "Always looks like the minute one."

Gibbs was waiting just inside the wide glass doors. Imperceptibly his sleeve was against Derek's as they walked to the car.

"Where can I drop you?" Derek turned his face to Hilary.

"Why don't you go straight home, Derek?" she said with a concert she could not check.

"You look tired."

"You mean I look old and done for. I'm quite all right. If I've been a bad host and given you the impression that I'm

"Please stop, Derek. I only said you looked tired. I'm sorry. I know it's a depressing thing to be told. Anyway, I'm going shopping. I'll walk. Walking will, maybe, counteract all the lovely food you've

fed me with these last weeks. I've enjoyed it."

As she spoke she felt as if it were some sort of farewell and, as if he appreciated it, too, Derek held out his hand and she slipped hers into it.

"It's been fun, though," he said almost gaily.

"Oh, yes," she said, tightening her fingers on his. She watched him sink on the seat of the car. "Goodbye, Derek."

"Goodbye," he said, pushing away the rug that lay beside him and setting his stick upright near his right hand.

Hilary stepped back a pace. She heard Gibbs say: "We'll be there in plenty of time. Dr. De Frue said any time between half past and a quarter to."

Hilary pulled the old-fashioned bell. She heard it clanging in the distance and then the noise was drowned by the excited barking and yapping of dogs.

The door opened and Derek stood outlined against the light of the hall.

She felt nervous for the first time since she had started her impulsive journey. All the way down, in the train, she had been sustained by breathless but unwavering determination.

It was a situation that was too good to either of them, and although she was a little surprised at herself, she had decided to take matters in her own hands and go to see him at his country house, where he would be staying for the week-end. It had seemed the only sensible thing to do.

"Who is it?" Derek asked sharply, then, as the dogs stopped their barking and sidled ingratiatingly around Hilary, his voice became less defensive. "Come in, won't you?"

"I expect you are surprised to see me," Hilary walked past him into the paneled hall.

Hilary closed the front door and stood still. "This light is so bad. I must get Smithers to clean the globe. I did not recognise you at first. Give me your coat. But Pat and Tuppence told me it was a friend they approved of."

Hilary watched him lay it on an old oak monk's table. She laid her hand on Pat's golden head and followed Derek into the study-room.

Derek moved easily around the familiar room.

"Something to drink?" he asked, going to the small table by the side of his chair and reaching for the decanter.

"No, thank you."

"You don't mind if I do?" She watched him splash whisky into a glass and held herself back determinedly as she saw him fumble for the silver jug of water and carefully pour it into the whisky.

She must control her longing to do even so small a thing as pour out his drink. In no way must she interfere with his wish to appear completely independent.

"You must be wondering why I am here?"

"Coals of fire, no doubt." Derek sipped his drink. "After lunch today I never expected you to speak to me again."

"That was the idea, wasn't it?" she said nervously.

He took another sip of his drink and then turned to set the glass down on the table. He misjudged the distance and the tumbler hit the raised mahogany rim and the whisky and water spilled over his trousers.

"Yes." He got up quickly, measured three paces, and turned and leaned against the high mantelpiece. "Yes. That was the idea. What other explanation could there be? I don't want to be pitied. I don't want any woman feeling she should act as nursemaid and valet and guardian angel to me."

"So you know what is in my mind." She sat rigidly in a wing chair.

"Naturally!" He turned and picked up a cigarette box and offered it to her. He lighted both their cigarettes with only a momentary wavering of his lighter. "But I wanted to save you trouble and distress."

"You are very kind." She felt her body stiffen and suddenly knew that the only way to penetrate his defences was

to goad him to the point of exasperation. "You are making quite a nice little dramatic picture out of us, aren't you? Good enough for a film. Heart throbs. The intense sacrifice of a woman impelled by deep love."

She saw him throw his cigarette into the fire. She heard his quick, indrawn breath.

"But what a film would not show"—he spoke painfully—"would be your heroine mopping up a hundred spilled whiskies...sponging the stains of the food he had dropped on his clothes...cutting his nails...arranging for the barber to trim his beard. How"—he gave a sudden laugh—"would you like me with a beard."

"I think it would suit you," she said. "But it would take quite a while to grow and you might feel differently by then."

"I won't ever feel differently," he said shortly.

"Neither will I." Her voice halted him for a moment and she hoped that he would change his tactics. Then she exclaimed impulsively, "Derek, what did the doctor say?"

"You're being singularly obtuse, Hilary," he replied. "Surely you realise that I've been trying to guide the conversation away from myself?"

"Rubbish! You've been indulging in a perfect orgy of self-pity. Heroics and demonstrations of independence and childish petulance. I don't think I've really deserved it."

She clasped her hands in her lap to hide their trembling. "I came down with only one thought in my mind—that you might be able to help me."

"Help you?" The surprise in his voice encouraged her.

"Yes," she said. "With Jennifer busy I'm absolutely on my own. London's a lonely place by yourself, and now that you have dumped me I feel absolutely lost. Hilary plunged in, watching the expression on his face and realising she had at last struck the right note.

"It sounds different when you put it that way."

"Of course," Hilary plunged on. "If you advise me to put an advertisement in the personal column of The Times—you know—widow. Lonely. Seeks position companion-housekeeper to respectable gent, in return for home. But it's 16/- a line."

"I wouldn't want you to waste your money," Derek said uncertainly, and Hilary breathed again.

He turned and leaned on his elbow on the mantelpiece, gazing down into the fireplace.

"I'm sorry," he went on after an interval. "I didn't mean to be rude just now. No, that's not true. I did mean to be rude. I wanted to be as insufferable as possible, but it doesn't seem to be working the right way, does it?"

"Of course not, because you've got the wrong idea about me. You will keep imagining I'm trying to be a martyr when I'm an impoverished divorcee angling for a wealthy husband," she said lightly.

"Exactly. I always thought the worst of you." He answered in the same tone, and the tension between them was suddenly lessened. They both laughed.

"Anyway," Hilary went on boldly, "if you don't want to marry me, at least you should have a decent housekeeper. My cooking isn't too bad."

"I wouldn't consider that," he answered quickly, "but before you take this reckless impulsive plunge you must have a clearer picture of what you would be let in for. Let's stop being clever and try to be practical for a change."

"About time," agreed Hilary, who had never felt less practical in her life.

"To begin with, Herbert de Frue didn't pull any punches this afternoon. He told me that I might pop off in a couple of years. Alternatively, my eyes might get worse and I may become totally blind."

She felt her heart fill with pity and with admiration for the calmness with which he described so brief a future.

"On the other hand," he went on, "with great care and giving up my work, I might potter along as I am for quite a while. I might," he allowed a flicker of a smile to lighten his face. "I might even be one of those people who live to nearly a hundred, to the confusion of the doctor who condemned them. But that is most unlikely."

She started to speak, but he interrupted her.

"No, let me finish before you say anything. Whatever happens, I'll have to stop working. That means that I'll probably only have a quarter of the income I have now. On the other hand, I can assume that I've only a few years to live and I can spend all my capital."

"For goodness sake, don't be so pessimistic," she said sharply. "The reason so many of you businessmen die young is overwork. You think you know everything and can do everything, but the one thing you haven't learnt is how to relax."

"You think you could teach me that?"

"I could try. Now it's my turn to tell you what I think."

I seemed curious to be discussing their future in such a measured phrase and with such calmness, but she found comfort in his matter-of-factness.

"Your not being rich doesn't matter to me in the slightest. I can imagine nothing lovelier than a cottage in, say, Wiltshire—with a garden. When your eyes get worse you can learn Braille, or I can read to you. And we'll have music and neighbors and just potter about. And I'll keep fowls."

"But the other part, Hilary," he said after a pause. "It worries me more than money. Have you really thought what it would be like to be tied to an invalid? All sick people get querulous, and I'd probably give you an awful time sometimes."

"Even if you did, I hope I would have the intelligence to realise why you were giving me an awful time, and that would take the sting out of it. And I think you're too pessimistic. No, I've considered it all quite dispassionately...or, perhaps I should say, extremely so. And I'm convinced, too, that a quiet life without responsibilities or worries would work wonders. What sort of a chance have you while you racket about the way you do?"

"I know," he said. "They all say that. To relax...sounds easy, but how do you do it?"

"I've suggested a way," she said. "But, of course, if you think...Her voice trailed away uncertainly."

Then she got up swiftly and went over to him. She sat on the arm of his chair and he lifted his hand and laid it on one of hers.

"You're making it very hard for me to refuse your proposal," Derek said softly.

"Then you've got to say 'Yes.' You must." Her voice trembled and she laughed, shakily, because she felt so near to tears. "This is the first time I've ever proposed to anyone, you know, and it's a very nerve-racking business."

"Bless you!" He turned and drew her down towards him.

Jennifer, perched on the high stool of the miniature bar of The Viennois restaurant, was trying to feel very woman-of-the-worldish. She hoped, now that she was trying to launch herself into London professional life, that she did not look as gauche as she felt.

She need not have worried. Walter Thomason beside her swivelled sideways for an undisguised stare of approval as he took in every detail of her frock and hat, his eyes finally resting on her animated and eager face. For she had thrown off much of her unhappiness, partly through interest in her new surroundings and partly because of an absurd feeling that she might bump into Paul at any moment.

"I was showing some of your work to Gerry Arnold, one of the editors of United Periodicals," Walter Thomason was saying. "If you get on the right side of him, you are as good as made. He controls at least a dozen magazines, all good clients of mine."

"How do you get at his right side?" Jennifer asked.

"Well, a good introduction helps."

"I imagine it would need more of a command than an introduction as far as I am concerned," said Jennifer modestly.

"You undervalue yourself," said Walter. "Obviously you are the modest, shrinking violet that needs a little gentle shoving."

"A gigantic push would describe it better, I think," said Jennifer.

"I'm one of the greatest pushers in London. But perhaps," said Walter, looking at her questioningly, "you don't care a tinker's curse for commercial success. Already I fancy I can hear the faint sound of wedding bells."

"Oh, no!" Jennifer protested.

"I'm greatly relieved. I feared there might be a wealthy station-owner waiting impatiently for your return to Australia. It would be a pity to lose your work to the world of wool—not to mention, of course, losing you."

Jennifer recognised this as the opening gambit of a heavy flirtation and was momentarily embarrassed. It is a little difficult to be flirtatious with one man when you have one eye on the door for another.

"Neither would be much loss," she said demurely, "but I wouldn't need much tempting to stay in England. I love it here so much."

"I shall study new and better ways of tempting," he assured her. "I'm going to start by ordering another martini."

"An even better way would be to answer my question about 'proper introduction'."

Jennifer insisted, remembering that this was business.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "Gerry knows his stuff all right, but he's inclined to distrust his own judgment a little in art work. He prefers established reputations to obscure unknowns such as—as..."

"Such as visitors from Australia," Jennifer finished for him.

"Exactly."

"Which is where you come in, I suppose."

"I hope so," he said.

Jennifer realised that she would have to make a decision. Walter Thomason's interest in her was obviously a little more than professional. It was as if he were offering to help on certain conditions. She had only a vague idea of what those conditions might be, but the conversation did not sound altogether businesslike.

But there was no mistaking the prospect he was holding out to her.

There would be lots of work, good pay, money to spare to support herself and repay her mother. They would, moreover, be able to live in England, which Jennifer wanted now as much as her mother. The idea was alluring. The only doubtful factor was what else Walter's enthusiastic support would lead to.

Walter saw her uncertainty and hastened to reassure her.

"Anyway, plenty of time to think about it all," he said. "In the meantime, I suggest we eat."

She climbed down from her stool and followed him thoughtfully into the restaurant.

As the meal progressed she felt herself drifting into an easy companionship that held many possibilities. It was, she told herself, because their

\*\*\*\*\*  
in CALIFORNIA,  
"stars" are gay—  
For lovely hands  
they thank TRUSHAY.  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
The ARIZONA girl  
demands  
Lovely TRUSHAY  
for her hands.  
\*\*\*\*\*



# HOMeward VOYAGE, by MARJORIE WEAVER

August sunlight flooded the room.

"I think this is the loveliest meal of the day," she said, starting to pour out the tea and trying to forget the worrying thoughts that thronged her mind.

Derek agreed with a sigh of satisfaction.

"The Michaelmas daisies are starting to flower," he said. "Soon be time to start planting bulbs. We'll look through the catalogues tonight and send in an order. And I must find out something about the best pears and apricot trees to buy. I'm thinking of trying to grow them on the south wall of the cottage."

She watched him tenderly. It was comforting to hear him contemplating tasks that would take some years to fulfil. It proved that he was living with the feeling that life held some future for him after all.

He had not been like that during the first weeks of their marriage. He had been happy enough, but his happiness had been based on a breathless demand for everything that their surroundings offered. In an exhausting grasping of each precious moment he had almost drained himself of energy.

The garden had proved his salvation. The slow sequence of the planting, waiting, caring and then the growth of the flowering absorbed him.

Hilary loved the cottage itself and her pride and joy in it increased every day. There was only one disturbing element. She was so anxious about Jennifer.

As she thought of this once more, she gave a little sigh. "That sounded very doleful," Derek took another glance and, as if satisfied that there could not possibly be anything wrong in her world, settled back comfortably in his chair again.

"It's Jennifer. I thought she looked dreadful. So pale and so obstinately cheerful and determined not to let me know anything was wrong. I don't know what to do."

"Do? Is there any need to do anything?"

"I don't like the sort of life she's living at all," said Hilary. "Cocktail parties, night clubs, theatres, arty people—it's not a bit like Jennifer. And she's got so terribly thin."

"Don't worry," said Derek. "She does what she does because she's that sort of person."

"I'm not so sure. You probably don't notice because you do. She's always had her difficult moods, but she's never been so withdrawn from me. I can't touch her at any point. It's not that I want her to pour out her heart to me like a sentimental child. That would be awful."

"The truth is," Derek began slowly, "that your beloved ex-husband succeeded in convincing Paul that Jennifer was 'practically engaged'—those were the words he used to this art agent Thomason."

"Oh!" said Hilary, covering her face with her hand in her distress. "How could he! I might have known Russell would do something like that. I should have known!"

"It seems incredible that he should deliberately mislead Paul like that, but Paul told me this himself. I can't think why he did it."

"You can depend on it, it was for some reason to help himself," Hilary said bitterly. "Russell never did anything in his life for any other reason."

"He's evidently slightly abnormal."

"He has a cruel, malicious streak," Hilary said. "I used to hate—and fear—him for it. A possessiveness that amounts to madness. He'll resort to almost any trick to get and keep what he wants."

★★★★★  
All the belles  
in ALABAMA  
Soy TRUSHAY's  
"the cat's pyjama."

★★★★★

"At the moment, Jennifer, I suppose," said Derek. "I'm most terribly sorry, not only on your account, but for Paul and Jennifer, too."

"But he mustn't be allowed to get away with it," she said angrily. "I fought my own way out of it, and I'll fight Jennifer's. I'll—I'll—I don't know what to do," she finished weakly.

"That's just the trouble," Derek said. "If I'd known what to do I'd have told you before and we'd have got busy. But you can't just go up to a newly engaged couple and say, 'Sorry, there's been a mistake. Please sort yourselves out all over again.'"

"I know," she said. "Oh, what a cruel thing to do!"

She felt sick with disappointment at the turn of events. She blamed herself entirely. "I might have known; I might have known!" beat on her brain endlessly.

Russell spent trouble, always had spell trouble, for her and many others. What a fool I was, she thought, ever to give him another chance of hurting her, and more particularly Jennifer.

"He's done himself no good, anyway," she said presently. "Jennifer's not going back to him, ever, she says. She's looking for a small flat or a couple of rooms in London."

"Or she may really be interested in this Walter Thomason," Derek said optimistically. "She might marry him later on and everybody live happily ever after."

"I don't think she's remotely interested in him, except professionally," she said. "She's still young," he said comfortably. "Plenty of time for her to get married, if she ever wants to."

Derek got up and went to sit on the arm of Hilary's chair, putting his hand comfortingly on her shoulder. "You mustn't worry so much and try to take it all on your shoulders. These things happen and everyone has to work it out for themselves. But we can try to help a little. I'd like to go my share of it, too. We can be interested in her work. We'll invite her down as often as she will come, so that she can have the comfort of a real home."

"You're sweet," she reached up and touched his cheek. "But what's going to happen if Paul comes when Jennifer is here? I mean?"

"She managed a fearful smile. "I can't expect you to refuse to have your own son here just because my daughter may still be in love with him, can I?"

His fingers tightened on her shoulder.

"We're only guessing about Jennifer's feelings, aren't we? And anyway we must let things take their natural course. No one can usefully do otherwise."

"You mean that we shouldn't try to keep them apart?"

"I think that would be futile. They're likely to meet in all sorts of places, and it might as well be here as anywhere."

"I suppose so. At least we would have an idea then of what's going on," Hilary said despondently. "But somebody is going to be badly hurt."

"I'm afraid all we can do at our age is to sit on the sidelines and watch," Derek said gently, "and be on hand to pick up the pieces if required."

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n her basement flat in West Kensington Jennifer pushed an untidy wisp of hair wearily from her forehead and threw down her pencil in exasperation.

She had a commission from Walter Thomason for a sketch of a child at play for a soap advertisement. Walter had said it was worth fifty guineas for one small sketch, if she could produce the goods. It had seemed easy money, but the drawing just would not go right.

She sat wearily on the divan bed that stood in the corner of the room and tried to read.

She found she could not concentrate on this either, and she sank back and stared moodily at the dingy wall across the street, which the September mist was developing in an ever-deepening gloom.

Suddenly she sat up with a start. A pair of legs in a familiar grey suit and brown suede shoes had paused uncertainly by the gate on the pavement above her. The top of the window cut the figure off at the waist, but there was no mistaking the stance, and even the hesitancy.

Her heart beat almost painfully.

"Oh, no," she said desperately to herself, "he shouldn't have come here."

The gate swung open and the hesitating footsteps took sudden decision and descended the area steps and Paul's whole figure came into view. There was a knock on her door and Jennifer lay a moment longer, with a feeling that she should wait until he went away.

But she had not the strength to do this and she went to the door. Paul eyed her doubtfully.

"May I come in?" he asked quietly. "I just had to see you. I saw a letter addressed to you when I was at Dad's place weeks ago. That's how I knew where you lived. And I've been trying not to come ever since."

"Why did you?" she said, unhappily. "What's the use?"

"I want to explain," he said nervously. "I thought it might make it easier for us."

She made no pretence at not understanding why he said "us" and not "me," but she shook her head. Nothing could make life easier for her.

"Explanations don't help," she said. "I know what happened. I know what my father did. There is really nothing more to say, is there? It's over and done with."

"But I'd like you to know what I felt, what I feel about you, Jenny."

"It won't do anything," she said miserably. "I must tell you, at least, that I never changed my mind about you," he insisted. "It was that I thought you had changed your mind about me."

"You didn't trouble to make sure," she said bitterly. "Anyway, you know I hadn't—haven't."

"Well, at least I know now that you're not engaged."

"That can't mean very much now."

He took a step further into the room and stood before her. Then he took both her hands and tried to draw her near. But she stood stock and still, knowing that she would be lost if she weakened only a fraction. If she did that, a flood of feeling would be let loose that could never be stemmed.

"You haven't really changed, have you, Jenny? It was only a misunderstanding, wasn't it? I'd like to know. I think things would be a little easier if—"

he left the sentence unfinished and looked so unhappy that her antagonism vanished.

He looked steadily into her eyes and she turned her head away so that he would not see the tears that filled them. His arms went round her and, blindly, she surrendered herself to the blissful comfort of his embrace. The tautness of her body vanished and she clung to him, holding him with pathetic tightness, as if afraid ever to let him go.

"I'm just hopeless without you," he said.

"Oh, Paul."

She was carried away by an irresistible feeling that she made no attempt to arrest. There wasn't much in the future for her, and surely, she could snatch one scrap of happiness before facing the bleak days ahead.

years of hurtful, inward conflict.

Tomorrow . . . she felt Paul's lips on hers and banished to-morrow from her consciousness.

"What a mess I've made of things," said Paul, after a while, running his fingers through her hair.

"It was as much my fault. I shouldn't have been so silly when we were leaving the ship. I was so frightened it wouldn't last."

"But it has, hasn't it?" he said, smoothing the hair back from her forehead.

She gave him the ghost of a smile.

"Worse luck," she said ruefully. Then, as awareness of their situation could no longer be thrust aside, she pushed him gently away. "We are in a mess, aren't we?"

He nodded gloomily.

"Heaven knows why I was so crazy as to ask Myrtle to marry me, poor kid. But when I heard you were engaged to Walter Thomason, nothing seemed to matter. Myrtle and I had always got on well in a light-hearted sort of way, and I thought it would be enough. But it isn't, you know. It isn't enough for either of us . . . for any of us."

"But what are we going to do?" Jennifer asked desperately.

The mention of Myrtle had emphasised the hopelessness of their position. She knew that Myrtle had wanted Paul, but it was no good thinking of that . . . and the fault was more Paul's than Myrtle's.

"I'll be able to see you sometimes, Jenny."

"No," she shook her head. "I couldn't bear seeing you, loving you as I do and knowing that you were going back to Myrtle. You know I couldn't. Nobody could. And we ought not to. I love you far too much for that, as you should know now."

"I'm not the least bit in love with Myrtle, you know."

"I know. But you'll have to stay with her. Some time, somehow . . . I must forget it all. I don't know how. I must find out. I can't spend all my life thinking about you two together. It isn't only the big things. It's the little things that hurt. Thousands of them."

all piled up, growing more and more. Like meeting you when you come home from work and pouring out a drink for you. Or laughing at the same things. Or you drying the dishes while I wash them. Everything, if it comes to that."

"Don't," he said, almost harshly.

Jennifer was silent. She seemed to have suddenly lost the capacity for either thinking or feeling. She was drained of feeling and numb with exhaustion.

She went slowly across towards the mirror and smoothed her hair. Looking over her shoulder, she said, "I'm glad you came, Paul. But there's nothing we can do. You can't possibly let Myrtle. So there's nothing but to think of each other as little as possible. Which, of course, we won't; but at least we mustn't see each other again."

It was Paul's turn to be silent.

"As you say, Jenny." He was thinking of his forthcoming visit to Myrtle and dreaded to say goodbye. The growing consciousness of what he must do made him restless and he paced uneasily around the small room. He was late already, and there would have to be explanations . . . pre-tenes.

"I must go," he said quickly. She nodded. She felt she dare not turn round and face him again and knew that he would understand. That was half the trouble. He always understood so much how she felt. That was why it was going to hurt so much.

"Bye, Jenny."

"Bye, Paul," she said without moving, and he was gone. She did not even turn to the window to watch him go up the area stairs.

that would now be demanded of him forever. He would have to act an unending role, which would make almost every moment a burden.

What, in heaven's name, had made him think that to marry Myrtle would be any consolation for not marrying Jenny? He tried to think back to the blind impulse on which he had acted when he first believed that Jenny had virtually forgotten him.

Myrtle's obvious affection had been comforting, after Jennifer's perpetual indecision. He had not expected great happiness, but he had imagined that things would hurt less and less, and that, perhaps, he would feel less lonely in trying to make her happy.

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t was not working altogether that way. After the usual tourist plunge in London and the excitement of their holiday with her father in Switzerland, he was finding it hard to keep her entertained.

She was not really interested in any of the things he liked, and rarely wanted to do what he did, but he had become resigned to the difference in their tastes and had noticed that many married couples were like this.

Myrtle sometimes protested that Paul was too absorbed in his work, and had friends and prestige of which she was vaguely jealous.

London, too, was an affront to her egotism. In Australia her father was "someone" and she had basked in reflected glory . . . much photographed. But here she was nobody. It was all very well to capture a rising young Englishman with impeccable manners, and a good social and intellectual background, but what was the good of that when you could not trot him round and show him off to your envious friends?

But it would all, she told herself, be quite different when they were married. Her father would give her a cheque that would enable her to furnish their home so that it would really look something.

And they would have their own circle of friends and she could entertain old friends from Australia and show them the photograph that had been taken of her when she went to the Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

When Paul arrived at the flat her father had taken in Park Lane, Myrtle was listening to a B.B.C. variety show. It was the only radio feature that appealed to her.

"You're late," she said. The programme had been very funny and Paul was looking extremely "English" and good-looking in his grey suit, and most important with the soft leather brief-case he carried.

"I'm sorry," said Paul, realising that he could not have blamed her if she had been angry that he had kept her waiting.

"I suppose you were so wrapped up in those test-tubes, or whatever it is, that I could die of boredom for all you cared." The wireless changed into a dance tune and she promoted around the room. She stopped suddenly and looked at him.

"Talk to me," she demanded.

"What shall I talk about?" He tried to turn it into a joke, but the truth was that they never had any real conversation. It had merely always been a question of a certain amount of mild and good-natured irony on his side, which she had never really understood, but which she found vaguely flattering.

"Oh, something," she said. "But not what's in tonight's paper, or books or music or international politics. I'm bored in this flat and I want to be entertained."

Momentarily he remembered that Jennifer lived in a London flat, too. But what a different flat. And how courageous she was about it all. But he mustn't think of Jenny. He just had to forget her, somehow, and it was up

to him to make the best of things.

"I was thinking we might go out somewhere tonight," he said quickly.

"Oh, goody," Myrtle clapped her hands. "Where?"

He opened his newspaper and ran his eyes down the entertainments. The last thing he wanted to do was to go out. It had been an exhausting day and he felt weary beyond words. But it would help him round the corner. And it would distract Myrtle and, perhaps by tomorrow, the sense of Jenny's nearness would be lessened.

"There's a French film at the Curzon," he said hopefully.

"I hate foreign films," Myrtle protested, "the people are always so poor and shabby."

"They mostly are in Europe," he said. "However, let's find something else."

They finally chose an American musical.

They arrived just before the curtain rose and Myrtle was soon entranced with the music and dancing and noise. Paul sat through it in a daze, his mind roaming back to when he had first met Jennifer at the cocktail party of her mother's, through the happy days on board ship, and then the shock when he had called to see her and been faced with her father and his distressing message.

He was hurt by the memory of her tired, drawn face and her taut figure, standing in front of the mirror, blinking back her tears and too scared to look at him. But more vivid than anything was the recollection of Jenny, soft and compliant, clinging to him desperately as they snatched their fleeting happiness.

He was beginning to pay the price now in misery and rejection. Was it costing her just as much?

Myrtle, though, was in high spirits. Probably, he thought grimly, the whole of their life together would be like tonight. It would only be by doing the things that Myrtle wanted to do that they could achieve any sort of companionship at all.

After the theatre he took her to dinner and she was completely happy watching the other diners and clapping the indifferent floor show.

When they got back to her father's flat she made him sit on the couch and snuggled up close to him.

His mind cried out until he was almost afraid he would utter the words aloud. "Oh, Jenny . . . Jenny . . ."

"They're not really as good as the samples you showed me, you know."

"I quite agree," said Jennifer promptly. "I think they're rotten. Somehow they just wouldn't go right. I feel absolutely clueless at the present moment, but I had to try."

She was once more in Walter Thomason's office. She had brought him the sketches for the soap advertisement, which she had forced herself to finish. It had been hard work, and she had had to exert all her will power to keep her mind on the job and stop herself from going over and over again the last hour with Paul.

"I'm just no good on my own," she thought, as she gathered the sketches together with hands that she was horrified to see were trembling.

Walter noticed it with concern.

"Perhaps I could give them a trial," he said, taking the sketches from her and again turning them over. "This one, for instance . . ." He picked one at random, realising that if he did not handle her carefully he would lose one of the best bets he'd had for a long time.

"You have the reputation of

★★★★★  
In ARKANSAS,  
every Daisy Mae  
Says that she  
"goes for" TRUSHAY.  
★★★★★

★★★★★

# HOMEWARD VOYAGE, by MARJORIE WEAVER

your firm to consider. I suggest I burn them," she said promptly.

"I was thinking more of YOUR reputation. You can do it, you know. Perhaps a holiday."

"Yes, perhaps," said Jennifer, anxious to save him the embarrassment of an outright rejection.

"Talking of holidays," said Walter, "when are you coming down to my place in the country? A change from stuffy old London would do you good."

"It's kind of you to ask me," Jennifer said dubiously, "but I don't think I'd better."

"There'll be others there. As many as you like," Walter reassured her.

"I'm not worrying about that," she said emphatically. "But you've entertained me so much. It's all so new to me."

"But you'd be doing me a favor," protested Walter. "All I ever see of you is in the crowded restaurants and theatres. If you only knew it, I'm not a bit of a restaurant sort of person. I'm the open-air type."

Why, we've even got a cow down there," he finished with a smile.

"I'd be terrified of it," said Jennifer.

"I never go near the beast myself," he admitted. "The married couple do the milking. And the house is two old cottages turned into one. You have all the advantages of being able to bash your head on the low oak beams and have a modern bathroom at the same time... well, not quite the same time, but you know what I mean."

Jennifer smiled. She liked Walter. He was honest and she needed his friendship badly. She would be lost as far as work was concerned if he were to drop her now. If she played her cards properly he would probably offer to marry her. If she did, she would be able to go on with her career and Walter would help her to a success she would never achieve on her own.

But what, to be fair, had she to offer Walter? It was only a second-rate love.

She hesitated before replying, and Walter saw his advantage and decided to follow it up.

"I'll even provide a chaparron, if you want to be old-fashioned," he said. "I know a woman who can be relied on to disappear when required like a conjurer's assistant."

"I don't think we want a watchdog," she said frankly. "I only suggested it in the last extremity. You'll come? No strings attached, of course."

She shook her head. "I do decide to go out of town. I want to see Mummy and Derek. I've neglected them."

"Very well," said Walter resignedly. "Perhaps you could come, too. I'd drive you down. I'll put in a couple of weeks-end with the in-laws... so to speak."

"You may as well know," she said with sudden frankness, "that I'm all mixed up. There was someone..."

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Walter gently, "but thank you for telling me. I guessed it was something like that."

"Still want to come?" "I do, indeed. It would be a tragedy. It isn't as if she hasn't got people here who care for her." Walter turned towards Jennifer. "You can't seriously..."

"Oh, for goodness sake, let me decide my own affairs in my own way," said Jennifer exasperatedly. She got up abruptly from the table and threw her napkin down angrily. "You're all talking as if I were a child or half-witted. I surely know what's best for me. Stop it all of you, please."

"We weren't trying to tell you what's best for you, yourself, but what we wanted for ourselves," Derek said gently, to fill the awkward silence.

"Sorry," she said miserably, as she hurried out.

She slipped through the gap in the hawthorn hedge in the back garden and out across the stubble of the wheatfield, to pick up the path that led to the river.

Perhaps on the other side of the world, living the old life.

farther towards the garage, and seeing Derek, went to join him to leave the two women alone.

"Darling, you look tired," Hilary said sympathetically, "and thin. I don't believe you eat enough. You must stay here while we fatten you up. No more flat life."

"I don't know," said Jennifer doubtfully. "I haven't decided what I'm going to do yet."

"Plenty of time," Hilary reassured her.

"How's Derek?" "Better than we hoped for. Of course, he has to be terribly careful, but the point is that he is being careful. He has started to run down and relax, if you know what I mean."

"He has got you to thank for that," Jennifer said.

Hilary took Jennifer to her room and then they pattered in the kitchen while the potted plants were watered.

"You've arrived in the nick of time, Jenny," Derek said at lunch. "The herbarium border has to be dug up and plants divided and replanted, not to mention sweeping up all the fallen leaves."

"If I did all that, there would be nothing left for you to do," Jennifer demurred.

"Don't you believe it. Hilary won't let me do half the things needed. As soon as I really get down to it, she follows me round with cups of tea."

"He just doesn't know how to stop," explained Hilary.

"I think the garden looks very nice," Jennifer said politely.

"Yes, doesn't it?" Hilary said promptly. "But he won't have a gardener, although I'm always telling him to. He definitely needs an assistant. If it comes to that, so do I. I don't know which of us gets the more exhausted, he working in the garden or me trying to stop him working in the garden."

"You both look very well on it," said Jennifer. "I think anything I did in the matter would be intruding."

"Oh, Jenny," protested Hilary, "what a horrid word. Intruding indeed. Derek, tell her not to be so silly."

"Jennifer, you're not to be so silly. If you don't come to bed and live with us, I shall have you shanghaied."

"As a matter of fact," said Jennifer, timidly, "I'm thinking of going back to Australia."

"Oh, Jenny," said Hilary, with deep concern.

Such an idea had never occurred to Hilary. She knew how much Jenny had loved England and she must be in a bad way if she were thinking of leaving it. The idea of her daughter living on the other side of the world filled her with dismay.

"I hope you won't decide hastily," Hilary continued anxiously.

"Of course I won't decide hastily," Jennifer said, with slight irritation.

"I think it's an idiotic idea," said Derek frankly. "I think Walter agrees with me."

"I do, indeed. It would be a tragedy. It isn't as if she hasn't got people here who care for her." Walter turned towards Jennifer. "You can't seriously..."

"Oh, for goodness sake, let me decide my own affairs in my own way," said Jennifer exasperatedly. She got up abruptly from the table and threw her napkin down angrily. "You're all talking as if I were a child or half-witted. I surely know what's best for me. Stop it all of you, please."

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Perhaps on the other side of the world, living the old life.

perhaps there, she might forget.

"Oh, please," she whispered, "let me forget."

As if to fortify herself against the feeling of hopelessness that obsessed her, Jennifer persisted in her determination to return to Australia.

After a few futile attempts to make her change her mind, Hilary and Derek said no more about it. Hilary was extremely unhappy about it, but she knew that her daughter must be allowed to work out her own solution to the problems that faced her. The only thing she did insist on, and Derek seconded her wholeheartedly, was that Jennifer must stay with them until she sailed.

It was not as easy to book a passage to Australia as Jennifer had thought. All the Australian tourists, who had poured into England for the spring and summer and autumn, were now crowding the outward bound ships so that they would avoid the English winter and arrive back for the Australian summer.

She realised that her desperate longing to obtain a passage quickly was doomed. She would be out of England when Paul and Myrtle were married, but the weeks crept on and September was drawing to a close.

It would make it so awkward for Derek, she thought, if she stayed with them right up to and during the wedding. She was sure that both he and her mother must have made it their business to see that neither Paul nor Myrtle visited the cottage while she was there and she knew it must have made things complicated for them.

With the marriage only a month ahead, she felt she must leave them for a while. They had been so kind and considerate that she had been going, but as the earliest booking she had been able to make was in early December, she would be able to return to them after the wedding was over and stay with them until she left.

She made the excuse that she wanted to do some more work before she left, although she realised that they did not believe her and understood her motive as well as she did herself.

She had disposed of the lease of her flat and went to stay in a clean but depressing hotel in West Kensington. It was run by a man and his wife, who came from Poland. The staff, they boasted, could speak French, German, Italian, Polish, Ukrainian, and Russian. "Everything, but English," she had written to her mother.

She discovered that most of her letters were full of such attempts at humor, as if she must cover up her loneliness and unhappiness. They did not deceive her into thinking that her mood had lightened or that she had become reconciled to the future. They probably did not deceive her mother, either.

She really did try to do some drawing, because she felt that anything she could achieve in England would improve her prospects in Australia. Nevertheless, she avoided Walter unless a business interview proved an absolute necessity.

He was hurt by her decision to leave England as much as were Derek and Hilary, but he sensed her determination and was thoughtful and strong enough to do and say nothing to add to her dilemma.

She hated each of these days in London. Deliberately, she refused to accept any of the things the city offered because she knew that, so soon, they would all be out of reach. She sat in her sparsely furnished bedroom and tried to concentrate on her work.

She went down to the dining-room and ate her meals at a solitary table set amidst

similar solitary tables occupied by silent spinsters and widows. No conversation enlivened the room, except an occasional whisper, and the impact of the clutter on china was loud and unvarying.

Just around the corner, she knew, was a feast of music at the Albert Hall. A bus ride would take her to the theatres in which she would normally have revelled. All day long the art galleries and museums opened their doors so that she might go and see their treasures.

But, like an anchorite who tantalises himself with the pleasures he spurns, she read the entertainment columns of the papers and then retired to her room and tried to work.

This had been going on for more than a week when she came home from a walk one evening to find a message tacked into the tapes that criss-crossed the balze notice-board in the hall. It was from her mother. "Would she ring immediately she came in, please."

She shut herself in the tiny box that enclosed the telephone in the hallway, and poured all the silver and copper from her purse.

Having asked for her number, she heard the distant sound in the night of the exchange after exchange.

Why did Hilary want her to ring so urgently? Was Derek ill? Was her mother ill? Breathlessly she waited for the

request to insert an assortment of coins in the box, and then she heard the burr-burr of her mother's telephone.

"What's wrong?" she asked, as soon as she heard her mother's voice.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing. But this is most important. I'd like you to come down tomorrow morning. Why?"

"Oh, just that I do and that you must. You need only stay for the day if you're busy... I want to see you, for one thing, too. I'm sorry to be so vague... It's just that everything is all right and I want you here... You can have breakfast on the train if you catch the nine-five... I'll be at the station."

Jennifer had not the right change needed for an extension, so she promised to come and left it at that. Probably her mother was getting jittery about her leaving for Australia.

Maybe she and Derek had some suggestion for a job that would keep her here. It would not alter her plans, but the least she could do, after all their kindness, was to go. She could come back on the last train.

The countryside, as the train wound its way to Wiltshire, was incredibly lovely. Jennifer was impelled to watch it, even though she had determined to see no more of the beauty of England because it made her decision so much harder.

Hilary was waiting for her at the station and, as they smiled at each other, she said, "We'll wait until we get home."

She threaded through the narrow streets of the cathedral town and then out into the open countryside.

The trees, thought Jennifer, were a deeper and, if possible, more beautiful color than ever. There was a tangle in the air that suggested the loveliness of a tramp along the valley and up to the bare, lonely heights of the plain. Maybe a picnic lunch under a haystack...

One of the million things she had once pictured herself doing with Paul.

She blinked her eyes and hoped that the tears that filled them would be explained by the rush of wind through the window. She mustn't start crying now. She had schooled herself beyond that.

Hilary drew the car to a standstill behind a parked butcher's van and she handed her daughter a letter.

"I was told not to give you this until we arrived at the house, but you know what I am. I can't wait. I don't think it is necessary to wait, either."

Jennifer glanced at the signature of the letter and when she saw the familiar scrawl of "Paul," she almost did not read it at all. Why give herself added pain?

"I'll drive slowly while you read it," said Hilary, and started the car along the white hedge-lined lane.

Jennifer read it. As the car wound in and out of the turns and twists of the narrow road, she read it four times.

She was incapable of feeling joy or sorrow. She was dazed and unbelieving. Her world was topsy-turvy again. Just when, by an incredible effort, she had started to succeed in attuning herself to the grim necessity of turning her back on everything in the world she wanted, here it was... all suddenly tossed in her lap without the necessity of a single effort on her part.

As so often happens on the receipt of exciting and unexpected news, her mind fastened on trivial and almost irrelevant details.

She would have to buy some new clothes. She had neglected her appearance dreadfully lately and even her hair was overdue for professional attention. Somehow, she had been so utterly depressed that that sort of thing had not seemed to matter. As long as it was washed, that was enough.

And she would have to ask Paul about a really good present for Derek's birthday, because he had been so kind, and she just had to buy him something nice. And she would have to pay back the £200 he had lent her for her passage. She would not want that now.

She read the letter over again and did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Everything is all right, Jenny. I had almost steeled myself to telling Myrtle everything. I realised it would be a dreadful thing to do, so I decided against it. And then her letter came. It's all right, my dear. This time I'm going to fasten on to you so securely that nothing in heaven or hell is ever going to separate us, Paul."

WASNT that just like him, she thought, as she blinked back her tears again. Just saying that everything is all right and not saying how and why. She did not know whether to believe it or not. Desperately, she pretended to herself that his cheerful words were not true as a bulwark against further bitter disappointment.

Hilary drove the car into the drive, and when she had switched off the engine, laid a hand on Jennifer's arm.

"Go into the sitting-room," she said softly. "Paul did not know you had left the flat and could not find you. And I wanted you to meet him here. God bless my darling."

Jennifer clasped her mother's hand and then went through the thatched porch and turned into the book-lined room at the end of the cottage.

Paul stood by the window in the morning sun. They looked at each other and she clenched her hands behind her in an effort to appear outwardly calm.

"Hello, Jenny."

"Hello, Paul."

His eyes travelled over her hungrily and the silence became intolerable.

"I don't understand," she said, gazing at the sampler that Derek's great-grandmother had stitched so painstakingly when she was twelve, and which hung beside the door.

"I can hardly believe it myself," he said. "I went to your flat yesterday and found you'd gone. Then I came here, in case you were here. And I was too late for the last train to town and your mother insisted on getting you down here today where we could talk undisturbed."

"But tell me," she glanced at his letter, which was still tightly grasped in her hand as if it were some talisman.

Her impatience to know why she had been dragged from her preparations for flight to a meeting with the one person from whom she was flying bewildered her.

"It's just that it's all right, Jenny. I mean, all right for you and me."

"You keep saying that. Once again she glanced at his letter, still unbelieving. "But how?"

"Myrtle went to Paris with her father... to buy the rest of her trousseau. And they met the Mannings at the same hotel. Do you know them? They're graziers in New South Wales, over here on a holiday trip."

There was a Sylvia Manning at school," Jennifer said, still in a dream. "Terribly pretty and terribly rich. She had two brothers who sometimes came to Speech Day and all the girls fell in love with them."

"That's it," Paul drew a little closer, but he did not attempt to touch her. "I got a letter from Myrtle. She told me she had decided that she would never like living in England... that it was all right for a holiday, but she missed all the things she was used to. That she and Ted Manning had known each other since they were kids and that, and this was the part that made me feel an absolute bounder. She hoped I would not be frightfully cut up but she had sent back the ring by registered post and would I put a 'tered post' notice in 'The Times'."

"She thanked me for all the lovely times I had given her, and she knew she had behaved badly and her father was furious, but even he was glad now that she would not be living so far away from him."

"Oh dear," Jennifer looked back at the sampler again. "I feel I want to laugh, and that isn't right at all, is it? It's just that the letter is so typical of Myrtle. So ingenious and so formal at the same time. And," she took a pace towards him, "I'm so glad she met Ted Manning again."

"So am I." A glimmer of a smile lit Paul's face and then he became serious again. "I was desperately worried about her. I would never have made her happy. He will. She would have been miserable with me no matter how hard I tried to please her."

Jennifer sobered at his words.

"It was never wholly your fault," she reminded him. "I've always been the one who messed things up. I've been the muddled one. It wasn't Myrtle's fault, either. Only mine."

"Well, this is your last chance," he held out his arms and she went towards him. "This time you've got to make up your mind. Otherwise..." His smile belied the mock-severity of his tone.

"Oh, I have," she said, feeling his arms tighten around her. "Now and for all time."

"For all time," he echoed gently.

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good girls pray,

"For my hands,

please send TRUSHAY."

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The most kissed hands  
in ILLINOIS  
Are TRUSHAY'd hands  
(just ask the boys!).  
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SOLYPTOL SOAP, with its rich, creamy lather, its emollient oils and Antiseptic cleansing action ensures a healthier skin. Only a healthy skin can be really beautiful, that's why more and more women are using SOLYPTOL SOAP.

THE QUALITY OF  
SOLYPTOL PRODUCTS  
IS GUARANTEED BY  
**F. H. FAULDING  
& CO. LIMITED**  
*Australia's Leading Manufacturing  
Chemists Since 1925*

Hospitals have proved.....  
There's Safety in Solyptol  
That's why You should use

**Solyptol**  
ANTISEPTIC

for certain, safe  
Hospital Hygiene  
in your home.



When accidents happen use SOLYPTOL Antiseptic immediately. There's Safety in SOLYPTOL... that's why it is used by Doctors and Hospitals throughout Australia.



Buy it  
at your  
Chemist  
or Store.



**Solyptol BABY POWDER**  
Nothing could be finer for your baby or for you. SOLYPTOL Baby Powder is satin-soft and silk-soft... and you'll like its fragrant perfume!

"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

# NESTLÉ's MILK CHOCOLATE Croquettes



In the family circle . . . the party circle . . . these circles of delicious, smooth, creamy Nestlé's milk chocolate, each hygienically wrapped . . . these alluring discs of delight . . . excite more "Yes, please!" than almost any other Nestlé's chocolate you can offer.

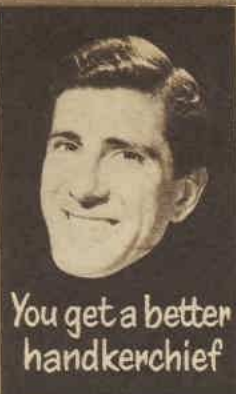
**Good**  
and good to eat often!

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, determines to help the people of Z escape from the domination of the Rollies, giant spherical balloons which keep them enslaved. Learning that the men of Z have no weapons against the Rollies, Mandrake shows them how

to make sharp spears and bows and arrows with which to pop their oppressors. Returning to his own world through Dr. Boyd's mysterious doorway, Mandrake smashes the door to make sure that the entrance of Z is kept forever closed. NOW READ ON:





You get a better handkerchief

...when you make sure it's **Polo!**

Because Polo Handkerchiefs are made from the finest Egyptian cotton with exclusive woven designs, there is no running, no fading of Polo's colourful and exclusive patterns—they're there to stay, even after repeated launderings.

Available singly in handsome cellophane wrappers... white, 2/9; coloured, 3/3. Or in the new 1/4 and 1/2 dozen free gift boxes—white, 8/3 and 16/6; coloured, 9/9 and 19/6. Initialled, 9d. extra. Ladies' also available; 1/9 each or 5/3 box of three.

Better looking Longer Lasting

**Polo**  
Handkerchiefs

Manufactured by  
Thomas Heaney & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney

★★★★★

OF TRUSHAY they say  
in NORTH CAROLINA—  
For beautiful hands  
there's nothing finer.

★★★★★

Speedy relief from  
**BACKACHE**

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pains, headaches, etc. because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

★★★★★

In SOUTH CAROLINA—  
land of cotton—  
"TRUSHAY for the hands"  
is ne'er forgotten.

★★★★★

**ASTHMA COUGHERS  
GIVE THANKS FOR  
LUCKY DISCOVERY**

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendozo, the famous new American scientific tonic. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendozo from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1954

**TEENA** *by Linda Terry*



HOW DO YOU THINK I'D LOOK AS TH' B'LOVED WIFE OF A GENSATIONALLY RICH MAN WHO PAMPERS ME AND SHOWERS ME WITH PRICELESS FURS AND FABULOUS JEWELS, AND—



WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE...



IT'S A PRETTY SHALLOW AMBITION IF YOU ASK ME... WITH ALL THAT HUMANITY CRYING TO BE SERVED...



...SUCH AN EMPTY, USELESS KIND OF EXISTENCE... I MEAN, ACTUALLY... THAT SORT OF THING COULD NEVER MAKE ME HAPPY...



PERSONALLY, I'M GOING TO WORK HARD AND BECOME A FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS OR SOMETHIN', AND—



—AND HAVE ALL KINDS OF PRICELESS FURS AND FABULOUS JEWELS AND—

**Fashion FROCKS** *Petula*

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CHERYL." — Baby's nightgown and matching jacket made in white flannelette.  
Ready to Wear: Size, infant's. Nightgown, 13/6; jacket, 8/9. Postage and registration, 1/- extra.



*Cheryl*

Cut Out Only:  
Nightgown, 7/6;  
jacket, 4/11. Postage and registration, 1/- extra.

"PETULA." — Attractively designed skirt styled with all-round fullness is obtainable in plain and printed Everglaze. The color choice includes printed Everglaze featuring a floral pattern in navy and white, pink and white, green and white, blue and white, and maize and white. The plain colors include white, navy, pink, aqua, strawberry, and green. The skirt is obtainable ready made only. Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 32/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

"DELIA." — A smart slimline skirt obtainable in woollen tweed in grey, green, blue, and brown, also in rust-brown gabardine. The skirt is available ready made only. Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 59/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

*Delia*

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 41. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

**PAIN goes quicker with DISPRIN**

... because DISPRIN is soluble



You get faster relief from pain with Disprin because it quickly dissolves and enters your stomach in solution, thus ensuring rapid absorption into the bloodstream. Because ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. merely break up and enter your stomach as undissolved particles, they cannot act on pain as fast as Disprin. You can end pain faster with Disprin.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 26, and the handy 8 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or ordinary a.p.c. into separate glasses of water. See how Disprin really dissolves; see by contrast how the others merely break up. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.



**DISPRIN** Regd.  
THE NEW Soluble ASPIRIN



Look on the window  
For the FRIGIDAIRE\* sign,  
It's your guarantee  
That food's fresh and fine.

Shop here  
where food is  
**Frigidaire Fresh**  
C.F.E.  
FRIGIDAIRE  
M.V.T.A.  
\*Regd. Trade Mark  
FRIGIDAIRE MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS



**FREE TO MOTHERS!**

A SAMPLE OF

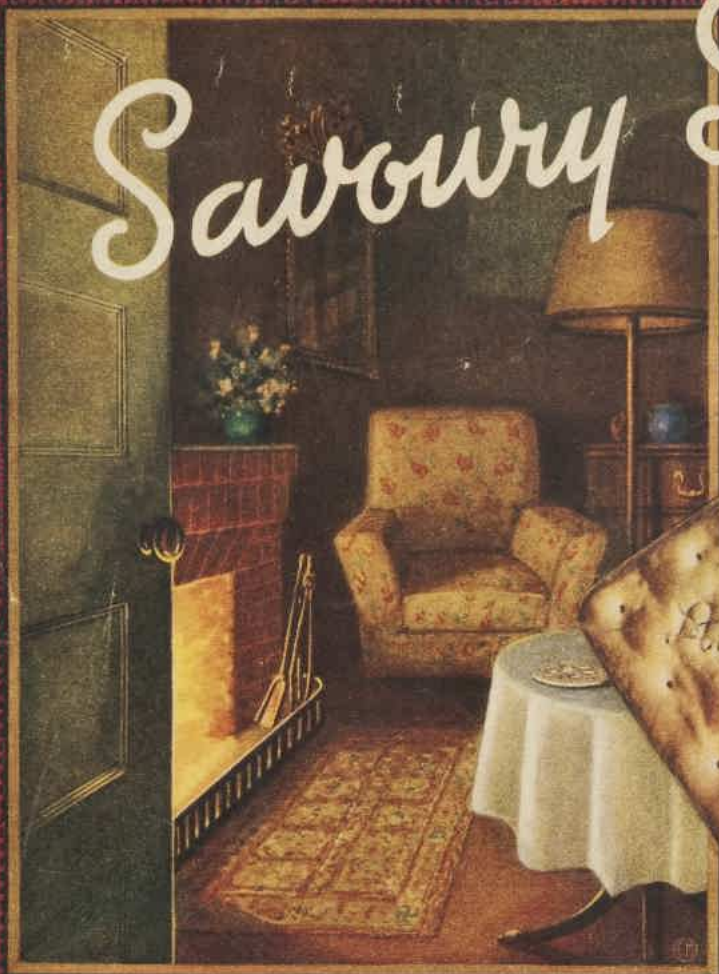
**Ashton and Parsons Infants Powders**

These wonderful powders make teething easier, ease baby's pain, and induce normal sleep.

To J. C. Eno Pty. Ltd., 104-118 Queensberry St., Carlton, N.3. VIC. Please send me a free sample of Ashton and Parsons Infants Powders.  
NAME  
ADDRESS

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# Savoury Suppers



Only  
**Arnott's**  
*make*  
**Sao** (Regd)  
**Biscuits**



At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS"  
 Grate a little cheese over them, and then sprinkle with  
 pepper.  
 One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

*There is no Substitute for Quality.*